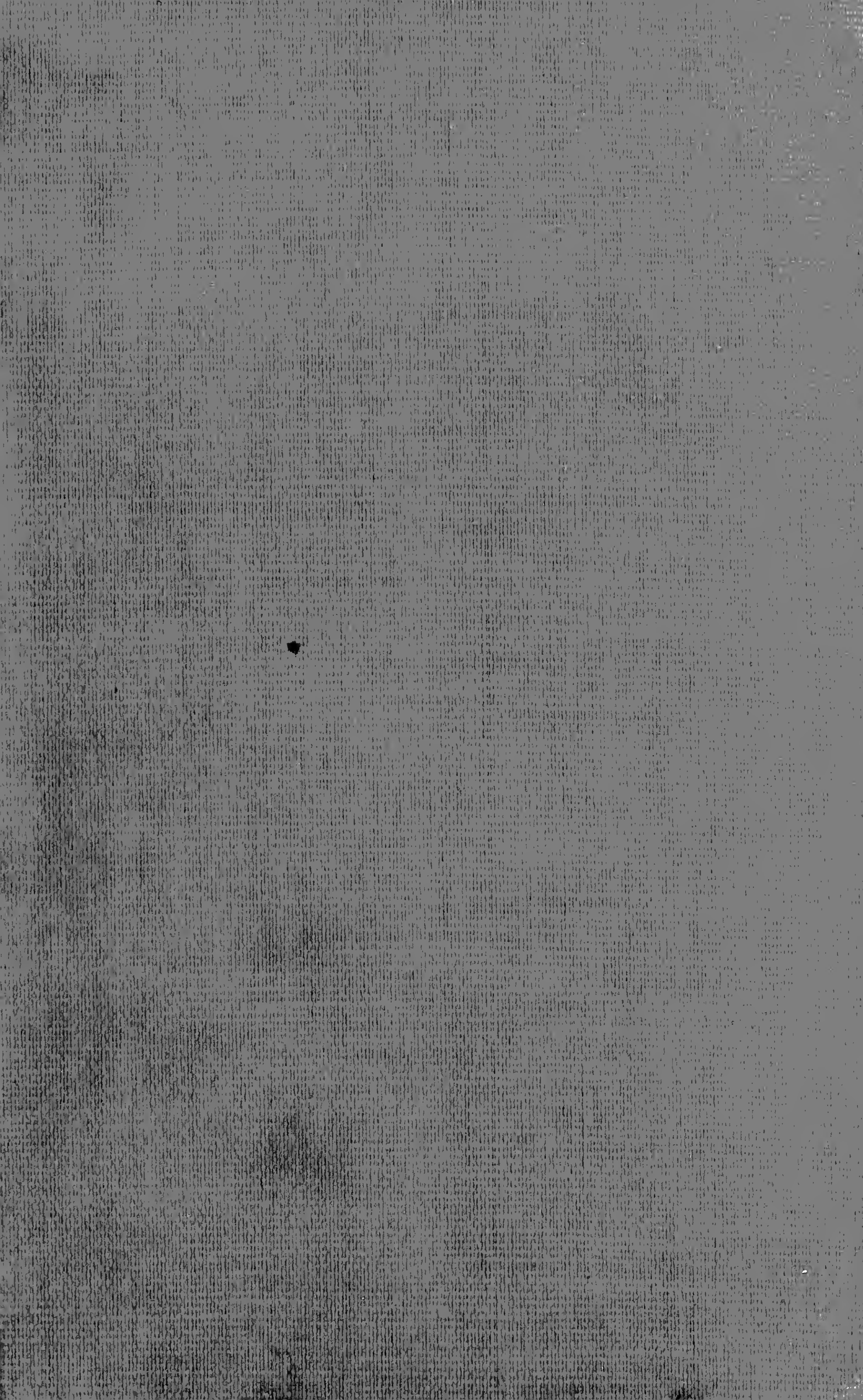

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OUR JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

An Illustrated Record of a Year's Travel

OF FORTY THOUSAND MILES THROUGH

INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, EGYPT, PALESTINE, GREECE, TURKEY, ITALY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ETC.

BY

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

WITH

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN FAR OFF LANDS

As Seen Through a Woman's Eyes

BY

MRS. HARRIET E. CLARK

Superbly Illustrated

WITH STEEL-PLATE PORTRAITS, AND UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED CHOICE ENGRAVINGS, MAINLY FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM LIFE, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY EMINENT ARTISTS; AND A MAP SHOWING THE AUTHOR'S JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

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HARTFORD, CONN.

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS

1894

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TO

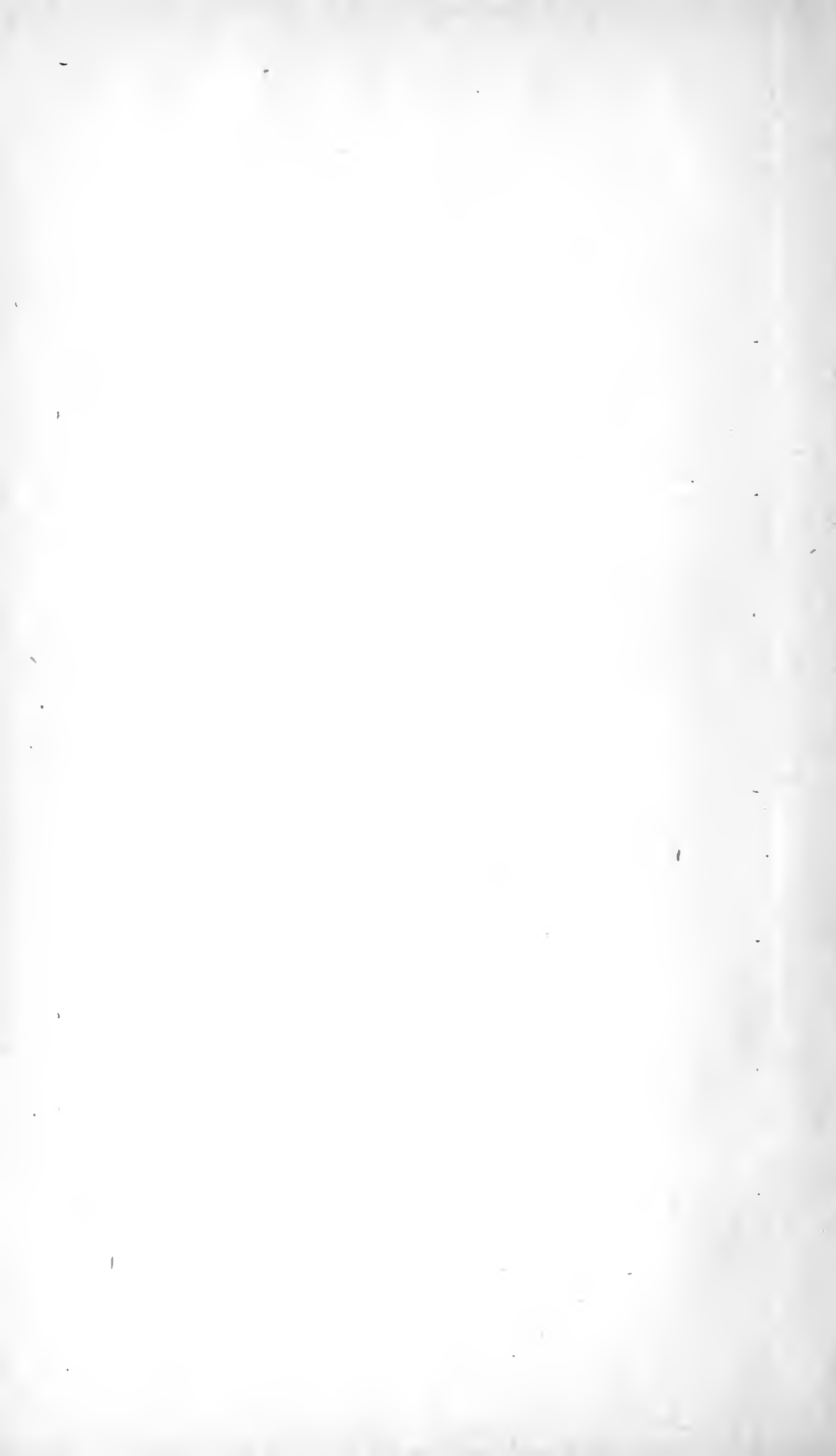
The Father and Mother

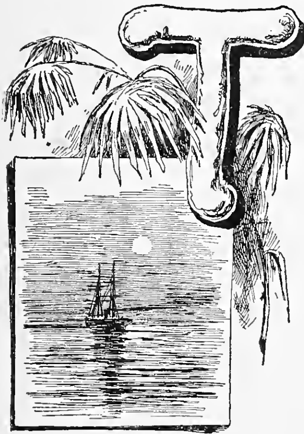
WHO

FOLLOWED THIS JOURNEY

WITH

LOVING INTEREST AND EARNEST PRAYERS





THIS book is a record of a long journey, such as, owing to the peculiar circumstances attending it, does not often fall to the lot of man to make. The ordinary trip around the world — a common enough thing in these days — largely follows certain well-defined routes of travel from America to Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, and thence to America again, *via* Europe. The traveler necessarily is obliged to keep in these lanes of travel, especially in the far East, and the objects he sees are largely those which the guide-book and a paid conductor point out to him.

In the journey described in these pages we were "personally conducted" by kind friends, familiar residents of every country which we visited. We were able to see phases of life and national characteristics usually denied the hasty traveler, and we have tried to share them with our readers, and in our tour to conduct them over the same route made so pleasant for us.

Some months before this journey began we received numerous pressing and hearty invitations to visit Christian Endeavor conventions in the different colonies of Australia.

These invitations were supplemented by many others from missionaries and other residents in Japan, China, India, Turkey, Spain, France, and England. It was to attend these conventions and to visit these mission stations that the journey was undertaken. At the same time, though the conventions and other engagements were very numerous, leisure was afforded between the meetings for sight-seeing, which was made doubly valuable by our kind and generous hosts who served so often as our guides, piloting us to the very spots we wanted to visit, and showing us the oddities and unique customs and ways of living which otherwise we should have missed. They often took us into the homes of the natives, and introduced us to their manner of domestic life.

To these hosts and guides, whose kindness, if space permitted, I should like to acknowledge in detail, and whose names I should like to record in full, is due anything of special or unique interest that may be found in these pages.

Little is said about the special object of the journey, or the scores of meetings we attended, or the many delightful conventions in which we had part. The relation of the journey to the Christian Endeavor movement has been discussed in other publications, and this volume is distinctly a book of travel.

Yet, though it contains little moralizing, it is devoutly hoped that these pictures of life and scenes in many lands may create a warm interest in the heart of every reader in the people to whom English-speaking missionaries have gone, and in the noble work that these missionaries are doing; and that these pictures may also illustrate the world-

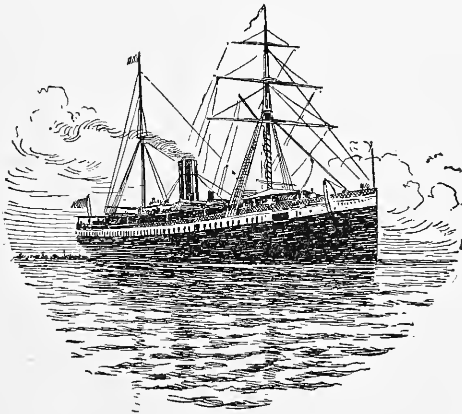
wide brotherhood, and blessed international and interdenominational fellowship, of the Christian Endeavor movement.

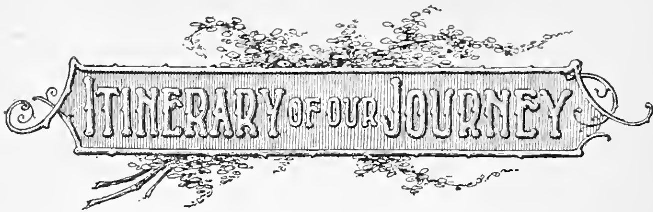
It only remains to be said that the names of two of the "pilgrims" may be found upon the title page, and that "the little pilgrim" was a lad of thirteen, who, to say the least, got quite as much fun out of the trip as did his father and mother.

As may be imagined, the journey was not, by any means, a mere holiday trip, though the holiday side of it is usually presented in these chapters.

A supplementary chapter will give members of Endeavor societies, and others particularly interested, some knowledge of the results of the journey; while the additional chapters from the feminine pilgrim will show her sisters some glimpses of life in far-off lands, and tell how the wide world looks through a woman's eyes.

Francis E. Clark

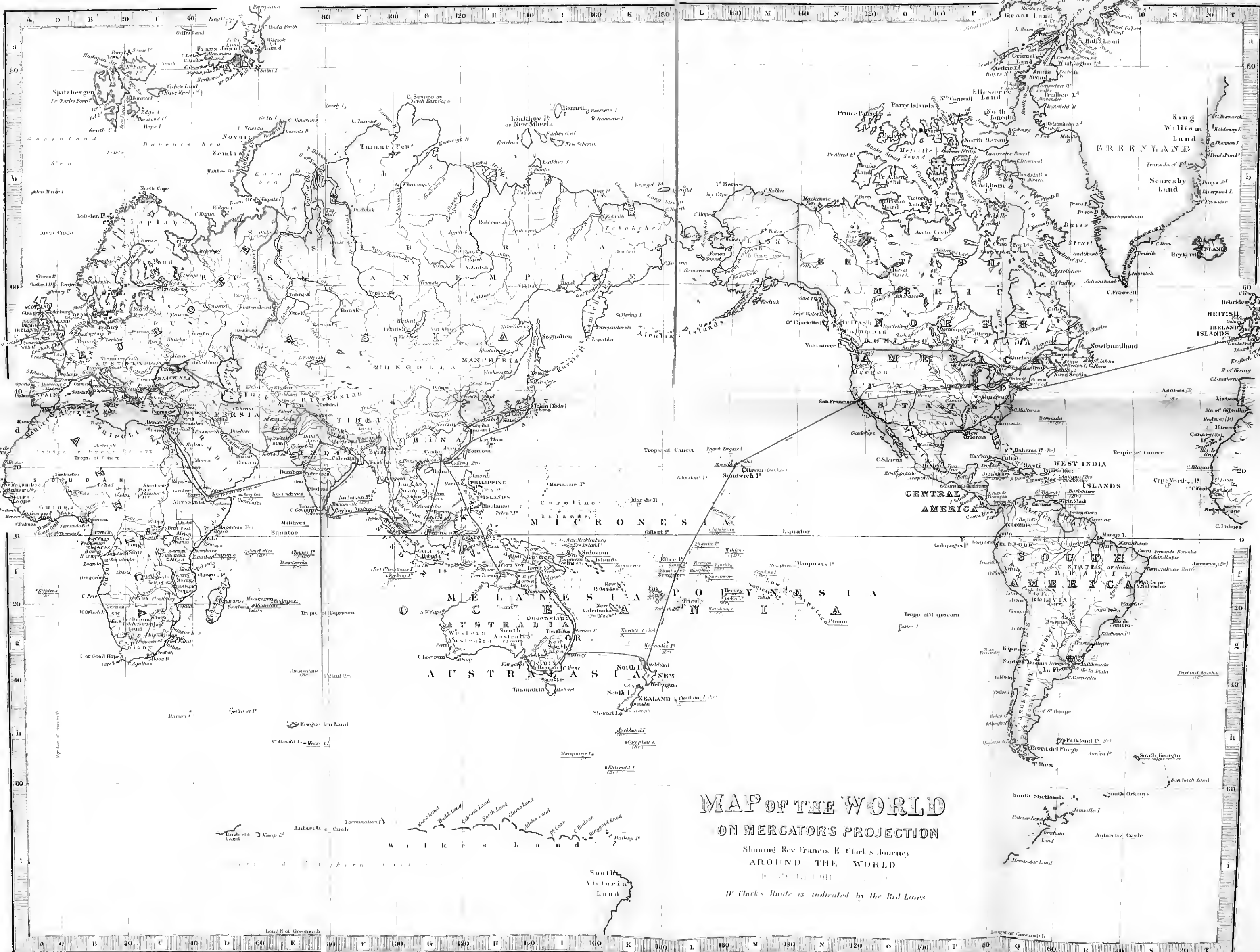




Shown in Red Lines on the Map.

FROM Boston to New York; thence to San Francisco; thence to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands; thence to Samoa, Navigator's Islands; thence to Auckland, New Zealand; thence to Sydney, Australia; thence by rail to Melbourne and Adelaide, and return same way to Brisbane; from Brisbane by sea to Port Darwin; thence to Hong Kong; thence by land to Canton, and return to Hong Kong; thence to Yokohama; thence by rail to Tokio; thence by rail to Kioto and Kobe; thence to Shanghai by sea; thence to Hong Kong again by water; thence to Colombo, Ceylon, through the Straits of Sumatra; thence to Tuticorin, in Southern India; thence by rail to Madras; thence by water to Calcutta; thence overland across Northern India, *via* Lucknow and Agra, to Bombay; thence across the Arabian Sea and through the Red Sea to Ismalia; thence by rail to Cairo; thence by rail to Alexandria; thence by sea to Jaffa; thence to Jerusalem and back to Jaffa by rail; thence by sea to Beyrout; thence by sea to Mersin; thence overland through Turkey, through the Cilician Gates, *via* Cæsarea and Angora, to Constantinople; thence by water to Athens; thence by rail to Patras; thence by water to Brindisi; thence by rail to Naples, Rome, Genoa, and Marseilles, to San Sebastian in Spain; thence to Paris, London, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin; thence to Liverpool; thence to Queenstown; thence to New York.

'onn.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Dr Clark's Route is indicated by the Red Lines
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MONGOLIA
MANCHURIA
TIBET
PERSIA
CHINA
ARABIA
AFRICA
SOUDAN
TRIPOLI
ALGERIA
ABYSSINIA
EUROPE
AUSTRIA
BLACK SEA
GREENLAND
ICELAND
BRITISH ISLANDS
NORTH AMERICA
CANADA
UNITED STATES
CENTRAL AMERICA
WEST INDIA ISLANDS
SOUTH AMERICA
BOLIVIA
MICRONESIA
MELANESIA
POLYNESIA
OCEANIA
AUSTRALIA
AUSTRALASIA
Queensland
Western Australia
South Australia
New South Wales
Victoria
Tasmania
NEW ZEALAND
North I.
South I.
Wellington
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
Spitzbergen
Franz Josef Land
Nova Zembla
Lapland
Taimur Pen.
Soghalien
Aleutian Islands
Newfoundland
Nova Scotia
Oregon
San Francisco
Washington
New Orleans
Texas
Havana
Cuba
Hayti
Sandwich Is.
Caroline Islands
Marshall Is.
Equator
Tropic of Cancer
Tropic of Capricorn
Antarctic Circle
Arctic Circle
Wilkes Land
South Victoria Land
Kerguelen Land
Tierra del Fuego
Falkland Is.
South Georgia
South Shetlands
South Orkneys
Graham Land
Alexander Land
Bombay
Madras
Calcutta
Canton
Hong Kong
Formosa
Tokio (Yedo)
Ceylon
Maldives
Mauritius
Madagascar
C. of Good Hope
Cape Colony
Madeira
Azores
Canary Is.
Cape Verde Is.
St Helena
Rio de Janeiro
Buenos Ayres
Montevideo
La Plata
C. Horn
Lisbon
Gibraltar
Liverpool
King William Land
Scoresby Land
Smith Sound
Baffin Bay
Davis Strait
Hudson Str.
Parry Islands
Banks Land
Victoria Land
Grinnell Land
Grant Land
Lincoln Sea
North Devon
Lancaster Sound
Cockburn Id.
Fox Chan.
Juliaashaab
C. Farewell
Reykjavik
Long E. of Greenwich
Long W. of Greenwich

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Engraved on Steel by John J. Cade, from a Photograph taken expressly for this work.

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There stands the city proudly on its hills as of yore. It has withstood the decay of centuries, the tramp of conquering armies, and the destruction that comes in the wake of war and pestilence and conquest. He must be dull indeed who looks on Jerusalem for the first time unmoved, as he remembers all that has occurred within those time-stained walls.

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Thus thatched, our jinrikisha man looked almost like an animated haystack. His rain cloak covered him almost from head to heels. In the crowded streets he was continually shouting at the top of his voice, "Hi-hi" which may be translated into English, I suppose, as "Look out there," "Get out of the way," in order to clear a passage for our little procession.

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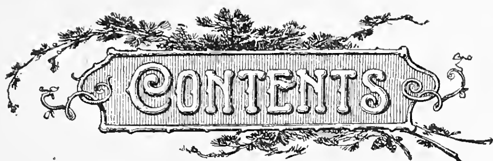

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As Seen Through a Woman's Eyes.

BY

Harriet E. Clark

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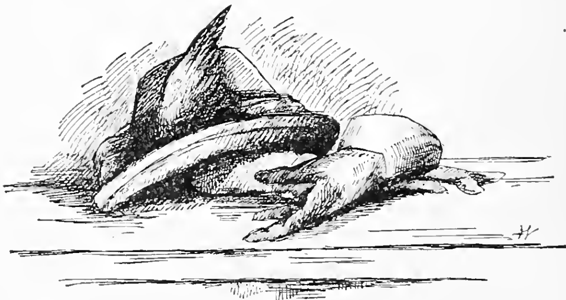
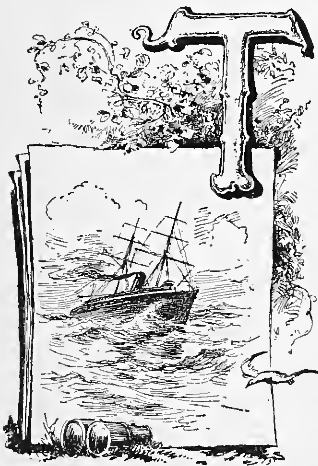


OUR JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

CHAPTER I.

OUR START — LIFE ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

The Journey Begun — Daily Life on an Ocean Steamer — Always Journeying Homeward — Who is "We" — Taking the Reader into our Confidence — A Parting Look — "God be with You till We Meet Again" — The "*Mariposa*" — Our Fellow Passengers — Gambling on Shipboard — Betting on the Day's Run — Where to read "Penny Dreadfuls" — Lord Blank and his Guardian — One Day on a Pacific Steamer — A Flexible Bath-tub — Something of which there is Enough — At the Dinner Table — Sighing for Home-made Bread and Butter — Wanted, Milk from a Cow instead of from a Tin Can — Mrs. Bostonese Brains — The Tramp, tramp, tramp of the Passengers — Ring-Toss and Shuffle-Board — Sunday on the Ocean.



THE traveler on his way around the world is always journeying homeward. Every revolution of the car wheels, every vibration of the steamer's propeller brings him nearer to the point of his departure. He has no weary miles of sea or land to retrace. When deserts daunt his spirits, and dreary wastes of interminable, tumbling waves oppress the very imagination, as they are sure to do before his journey ends, he can say to himself: "I shall not go this way again. I have but to keep on and the desired home haven will be reached."

I assure my readers that before the wide open doors of

the Golden Gate had been left many days in the distance, we had reason to summon all our philosophy and to extract all the sunshine which we could obtain from such sentimental cucumbers; for, to make the best of it, there are, on such a journey as this book relates, monotonous days and homesick (not to say seasick) hours, and discomforts in abundance, to offset the new experiences, novel sensations, and charming memory pictures which such a journey also affords. But it shall be my object on this "personally conducted" trip which I invite my readers to take with me, to eliminate from *their* journey just as many of these disagreeable and monotonous features as possible, and to give them the pleasures of travel without its discomforts; as many roses and as few thorns as may be in my power to pluck.

The preface tells the reader of the chief object of this journey; and the purpose of this book is to take my friends with me over sea and land and show them the objects and the people, the customs and the manners, the homes, streets, and native life that most interested me. How often have I wished that these friends were with me as I have silently called the roll of their names—hundreds and thousands of them; that some fabulously rich Count of Monte Cristo might put a steamer or a whole fleet of steamers at our disposal so that we could make the journey together. But since that could not be, we will go together in the pages of this volume if they will kindly follow me.

We started—but where shall I say we started? From Boston, where our trunks were first checked, or from Jersey City, where hundreds of generous friends from New Jersey and New York and Brooklyn gave us occasion to remember the parting scene as long as we live; or from Chicago, where equally warm welcomes and warm farewells were extended; or from Denver, or Salt Lake City, or Santa

Cruz, or San José, or Oakland, or San Francisco? If one starts from the place where he leaves dear friends and receives kind and affectionate adieus, then we started from all these places, and many others which it is impossible to mention.

However, since the trip across the American Continent is a matter of daily occurrence to hundreds of travelers, and since I need not weary you with such a twice-told tale, we will start, dear reader, as, in fact, "we" actually started from the Golden Gate on Friday — by no means an unlucky day, let us hope.

The "we" is not altogether an editorial we, but refers, when particular designation may be necessary, to the three individuals whom we will call the Pilgrim and Mrs. Pilgrim and the Young Pilgrim, whose personality is explained a little more fully in the preface.

This book is not to be a journal of what these pilgrims did and said and how they felt and what kind of weather they experienced, and how many times they paid tribute to Neptune, and so forth. Such diaries are apt to become egotistical and wearisome; but this shall be made up of experiences and pictures which we would have live in your memories and ours.

It matters comparatively little whether the Pilgrim had a fit of indigestion on the 20th of September, or whether Mrs. Pilgrim had an attack of the blues (as though such a thing were possible) on the 25th of November, or whether the young Pilgrim caught the measles from a too close inspection of the steerage; such facts may have appropriate place in a private diary, but only old Samuel Pepys could make them interesting to other people.

But we shall take you all into our confidence in regard to matters of common interest. We will, in other words,

look for you through the most powerful field-glasses we can command, at everything high and low, commonplace and extraordinary, which we think would interest you. We will not merely gaze at the sun, moon, and stars, the lofty mountain peaks, and sublime characters which come within our range. We will look for you at the common people and their common ways; at the little street gamin as well as the lords and ladies of high degree; at the trivial things which many travelers think beneath their notice; and especially at the unusual and the uncommon which it is necessary to travel ten thousand leagues of sea and land to view.

Now that we understand each other so fully, dear readers, let us take a parting look at "the land of the free and the home of the brave," which we shall not see again for nearly a twelvemonth.

The steamship *Mariposa* is moving away from her San Francisco pier. The fluttering white handkerchiefs of the crowd of Californian Endeavorers on the dock, whose welcome has partaken of all the unbounded hospitality of the Golden West, are growing dimmer every moment, their "God be with you till we meet again" sounds fainter and fainter, until at last they are lost to eye and ear, and with a lump in our throats at the thought of the land and friends we are leaving behind us, we turn to look at the good ship which for nearly a month is to be our home, and at the passengers who are to be our neighbors.

Not a matter of small moment is this of home and neighbors on such a voyage as that from San Francisco to Sydney. On a little run of five or six days on an ocean greyhound across the Atlantic, it matters little, comparatively, what are one's surroundings. One can misanthropically take to his berth or shut himself up in his stateroom for such a journey; but when it comes to the magnificent dis-

tances of the Pacific it is quite a different thing, and one feels almost as much interest in his surroundings as a minister in his new parish or a freshman in his new classmates.

All modern ocean steamers for passenger travel have many things in common; they are all long and narrow, with staterooms and dining saloon below, and a promenade deck or social hall above. The Pacific liners, especially those for the Australian ports, are built more for hot weather than the Atlantic fleet, with the most desirable staterooms on the upper deck, and with awnings to keep off the sun which on the North Atlantic is always more agreeable than otherwise.

But let us look at our fellow passengers. As all Gaul was divided into three parts, so all the passengers on an ocean steamer may be divided into two parts; the gamblers and the non-gamblers. I am sorry to say that on our steamer the former outnumber the latter. Not that they are professional gamblers for the most part; they would be shocked at any such remote suggestion, but they help make up "the pool," take a chance in the "Calcutta Sweep," and eagerly scan the record of the ship's run each day to see whether they have lost or won.

The moral sense, on the matter of gambling at least, seems to be blunted on shipboard; the sea air has a demoralizing effect on the finer sensibilities. There is Lord ———, for instance, who looks like a green country youth from the backwoods of America, only that his clothes do not fit so well as the average cowboy's fit him. One would think, to look at his innocent face, that no guile lurked behind it, but he spends day after day in the reeking atmosphere of the smoking room, with his pile of money and "chips" before him, as eager over the cards as though his life depended on them. There, too, is Sir ———, a great man in his own

land, I understand, who, doubtless, poses every year at election time as a model of all the virtues, and an example to all the youth. He can find nothing better to do than to bet on every day's run, and to abet the young lord whose temporary guardian he is, and before whom he should set a good example, in all his gambling operations. There, too, is Mrs. ———, who doubtless, considers herself a perfect lady. Alas, I believe the register says she is from Boston! She is eagerness itself to know whether her little venture in the Calcutta Sweep is like to yield her any dividends.

But there are some, I am glad to say, who have as much principle on sea as on land; who are not tempted to lay aside their ordinary morals because of the comparative seclusion of an ocean steamer.

The fact is, a voyage of this sort brings out and accentuates the traits which on shore are covered up by the conventionalities of life. An ocean trip is a kind of a judgment day in its revelation of character. In this little company of a few score of people is a little world with all the hopes, fears, joys, and ambitions of the larger world from which we have come. The gambler at heart, who on shore has not a chance because of public opinion to risk a nickel or turn up a card, is here a gambler in reality; the tippler, who at home seldom takes a drink, here without any reproach can have his bottle at every meal as well as between meals; the impatient mother (we almost always find one such) here has little to do save to scold her unfortunate babies; the devoted lover can hold his sweetheart's hand all day long; the flashy novel reader, with no bread and butter to earn, can peruse his "penny dreadfuls" from morning to night.

The real lady and gentleman, I am glad to say, are also on board, and their kindness and unassuming unselfishness

are also accentuated as they show us how, amid the trying circumstances of life on shipboard, true courtesy can exist.

Perhaps you would like to know how we pass the day. *Sed uno disce omnes* (from one learn all) is a Roman proverb which applies particularly to life on a Pacific Ocean steamer, where the monotony of daily life is scarcely ever broken even by the unwelcome advent of a storm. Bright skies, brisk but not violent trade winds, dancing white caps, and a perpetual, long, nauseating swell, are the characteristics of sea and sky, and one day is as much like another in all outward aspects as the proverbial two peas in a pod.

Before daylight we hear the deck hands washing off the decks, for scrupulous neatness is one of the virtues of these ocean steamers, then we know that there is time only to stretch and yawn and coquette with Morpheus for a little while before rising, for the early morning hours in these tropical latitudes are the choicest of the day and we would make the most of them.

At six will come the salt water plunge. A huge canvas bath tub is arranged on the after-deck, well screened from eyes polite by sail cloths; and toward this novel bath may be seen stealing in the early hours certain nondescript male figures clad in Indian pajamas. A large hose brings the water in great volume straight from the briny ocean to the flexible bath, so that every few minutes the water is changed. Into this cool and wholesome tank we plunge, while the undulating deck continually splashes the water of our bath into the sea again. But there is plenty left. We need not fear a famine of salt water, or be sparing of the refreshing fluid. If there is one thing of which there is enough in this world, it is the Pacific Ocean. We are glad to make such good use of a little of it. After the bath we dress for breakfast, promenade, read, write, or watch the

ever restless ocean, as the mood seizes us, until the gong for breakfast sounds.

The meals on shipboard are much like hotel meals on shore; the different steamer lines vary just as hotels vary, some having a good, some a bad, and some an indifferent cuisine; but even on the best of steamers an appalling monotony comes to prevail after a little. The meals seem to accentuate the sameness of the voyage. The fried sole tastes like the mullet and the mullet like the cod; the chops and the steaks seem to be cut off of different sides of the same animal, and to have been cooked in the same frying-pan; the tea and the coffee are often of the railroad eating-house order, and, on the whole, the less said about breakfast, dinner, and supper at sea the better. Let the gourmand and epicure beware of a long ocean voyage. Even the most uncomplaining man may be excused for sighing for his mother's home-made bread and butter, and for milk drawn from a cow instead of from a tin can.

Breakfast is soon over and then the passengers, except those who find their pleasure in the smoking-room, stretch out their steamer chairs and in turn stretch themselves out on them, and the lazy life of a lazy day at sea begins.

"But why do you not arouse yourselves to intellectual activity?" I hear Mrs. Bostonese Brains inquire. "What glorious hours to read! What high communion you may have with Shakespeare and Milton, with Dante and Goethe! What rare opportunities for writing and meditation and communion with nature!" "Ah, yes, my dear Mrs. Brains, that all sounds very well on paper, and doubtless if this were a work of fiction it would contain some rare passages concerning the intellectual activity of its traveling hero and heroine; how they learned three languages by the Meisterschaft System and conquered the intricacies of the Integral

Calculus, and became proficient in Astronomy and Theosophy during a four weeks' voyage to Australia. But this is a veracious chronicle of actual fact, and, if it is not very flattering to the voyagers to say it, it must be confessed that there is very little stimulus to intellectual exertion on shipboard. Even the best sailors acknowledge this, and the worst are too much occupied with agonized thoughts of their stomachs to expend much on the cultivation of their minds. So, instead of finding the deck transformed into a busy hive of intellectual workers after breakfast, you will see a long line of steamer chairs, each with its lolling occupant, who looks as though the chief end of man was to pass away the time as comfortably and expeditiously as possible.

"Books and work and healthful play" are represented, however, even on shipboard; the former, it must be confessed, mostly by volumes drawn from the *Mariposa's* library, which is significantly made up, nine parts of novels and one part of books of travel. The "work" is represented by the crochet and embroidery of the ladies, and "the play" by the two or three small boys whose natures seem to be the same in mid-Pacific as anywhere else.

My young readers will like to know what games are in vogue on shipboard. The standard games outside of the smoking-room are ring-toss and shuffle-board. Ring-toss is too familiar to need description, but shuffle-board seems to belong peculiarly to the ship's deck, and furnishes excellent exercise for those who have some little muscle at command.

The game requires not only considerable muscular power, and hence furnishes good exercise, but gives occasion for much skill in knocking the opponent out, and occupying the highest squares, for the motion of the ever-undulating deck must be calculated, the roll to right or left must be considered, and a light or heavy stroke with the

cue must be given, according as the vessel pitches backward or forward.

Four usually play the game, and the implements are six black and six white disks of solid wood, about six inches in diameter and an inch thick, and four crutch-like cues or sticks with which to push them along the deck. A space on the deck is then marked off with chalk and numbered as follows:

10 ON		
8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2
10 OFF		

SHUFFLE-BOARD.

The players stand some fifteen feet from this chalk-lined figure on the deck, place their disks on a line and try to shove them into the squares marked with the highest numbers. The great object is to shove the enemy out, and land your own disk within the coveted square. At the end of each bout the whites and blacks reckon up their gains, counting only the disks that are wholly within the squares and not touching any line, and the side that obtains sixty-one points first is the winner.

I do not know who the champion shuffle-board player of the world may be, but he deserves to have his name inscribed on the immortal roll of base ball and tennis champions, who, I suppose, have made up their minds that their earthly fame, at least, is secure.

At two bells (one o'clock) usually comes lunch, and at four bells (six o'clock) comes dinner. These are more or less imposing formalities, the social customs on some steamers requiring evening dress for dinner. After dinner come the

choice hours of all the day. The glaring tropical sun has sunk to rest, the monotonous voice of the pool auctioneer is stilled, the passengers become social and friendly. All nature is aglow; the phosphorescent gleam appears where-ever the ship's prow parts the waves, the evening clouds assume fantastic shapes on the western horizon, the rosy rays of departing day foretell a bright to-morrow, one by one the southern stars come out and twinkle down upon a thousand dancing wavelets, which, like so many tiny mirrors, catch up their broken light and send it heavenward again.

Back and forth, back and forth, over the unsteady deck, tramp the passengers, taking their evening constitutionals, while the piano-girl thrums the keys inside the social room, which is too warm in these latitudes to attract many visitors. In this way the evening passes until bedtime comes, early or late, while the good ship plunges on and ever on into the darkness, and through the inky waves with their silver edges. Thus one of the prosaic twenty-five days between San Francisco and Sydney is numbered with the past.

But one day of the week on sea, as on shore, is unlike every other. Hard as men try to secularize it, desperate as the efforts are to degrade it, on sea as on shore it is still George Herbert's:—

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;
> Bridal of earth and sky."

At least, such is it to the Christian heart. Whether the sun shines, or the clouds lower, or the winds blow, it is still the Sabbath, "bridal of earth and sky." Even the inveterate gambler feels the difference. He dares not outrage the sentiment of the day by rattling his poker chips, so he puffs his cigar and sits around disconsolately on deck, complaining that Sunday is the dreariest day of all the week.

The ship must plow on her way, the sailors and deck-hands and stewards must go through their daily routine of work, but even they seem to feel a different atmosphere, and some of them join the worshiping passengers, who, at eleven o'clock, assemble in the social hall for divine service. How different from our Sunday surroundings on shore! This unsteady cabin for our sanctuary, a flag-draped shelf for the pulpit, a few devout souls of different nationalities, and creeds almost as various as the individuals, for worshipers. And yet there are some things that are ever the same. God is here. The boundless sea and infinite sky only seem to bring Him nearer. Christ is here, and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Rock of Ages," never sounded more sweet on land. The spirit of devotion is the same when accentuated by the solemn requiem of the sea and the ceaseless swash of the waves, as when borne aloft by the music of the deep-toned organ.

What is the meaning of that text—"There was no more sea"? Some of the homesick, seasick passengers would like to take it literally and believe that the Revelator meant to state a fact in the physical geography of heaven. But with vision clarified by many days on the ocean wave, can we not see other meanings in the familiar text? The sea is a symbol of separation. In the fair country of which John wrote there will be no separation of friend from friend; for "there was no more sea."

The ocean is typical of isolation. On this long voyage we have not seen a single sail for weeks on the far-off horizon. We have been completely shut off from all mankind. The redeemed soul in heaven can never be set apart by himself. He is not shut up in solitary confinement. There is no isolation of the "Saints in Light." "There was no more sea."

The sea is symbolic of mystery. Straight on into the unknown we have been plunging ever since leaving San Francisco. Only ten or a dozen miles into the west toward which we are constantly hastening can we see from the steamer's deck; all beyond the horizon is profoundest mystery, typical of mysteries no less profound in science and faith, which surround us on every hand. In the land of which John wrote all problems will be solved, all mysteries will be cleared up. "There was no more sea."

The sea, to the landsman at least, will always mean danger. Until he becomes accustomed to their baseless terrors the fierce gale, the sudden hurricane, the treacherous wave, all seem waiting to engulf him. To the ancients in their little shallops these dangers must have been intensified and quadrupled. But John in the Revelation saw a country where the inhabitants were never afraid — "There was no more sea."

"Lord, bring us, when our voyage of life is ended, to that blessed Land of Friendship supernal, of Knowledge unbounded, of Security eternal," is our prayer on this Sabbath on the sea.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN — WELCOME AUSTRALIA.

The Joys of *Terra Firma* — The Playground of America — Bewildering Vegetation — Brown-skinned Divers — Rum and Missionaries — Ten to One — The Future of the Hawaiian — Our Departure — "Fire, Fire" — Between the Flames and the Sea — An Exciting Race for Life — The Navigators Islands — The First Glimpse — The Samoans as Nature Made Them — Stalwart Oarsmen — On Shore Again — Costumes not from Paris — Babies in Brown Coats — The Great Event of the Month — A Splendid Race — The Sabbath Day Holy in Samoa — A Kingly Romance — A Royal Salary — Tappa and Kava — An Appetizing Process — Farewell to the Oasis — An Awful Storm — A Mournful Spectre — Our Frolicsome Companions — A Week without a Wednesday — An Exaggerated English Channel — New Zealand's Stern and Rugged Shores — Goodbye *Mariposa*.

WHAT the green oases of the desert with their sweet fountains and their sentinel palm trees are to the traveler across the sandy Sahara, such are two ports at which the Oceanic steamers call, to the voyager on Pacific waters. These two oases are Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, and Apia in the Samoan group.

After only seven days on the wilderness of waves we can truthfully say with Tennyson:

"We have had enough of action and of motion; we
Rolled to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in the sea."

and now, very early on the seventh morning after the "God be with you" sounded in our ears from the San Francisco pier, we see a faint cloud-like form in the dim horizon. Is it a cloud or a mountain? Is it a mist-bank or solid *terra firma?* The strengthening daylight soon and joyously resolves our doubts. That blue cloud-like mountain is land; solid, substantial, stable soil; good gritty ground, which we are eager to tread at the first possible moment.

We do not have long to wait, for soon the *Mariposa* steams majestically into the harbor, dwarfing with her huge bulk all the little pigmy boats that come out to meet her, and very quickly she is made fast to the Honolulu pier.

What a new world we are in! How suddenly our green oasis has risen out of the blue desert of the waters! It cannot be that we are only 2,100 miles from San Francisco. By all the ordinary analogies of travel we have come, at least, twenty millions of miles. We could easily imagine ourselves on a different planet.

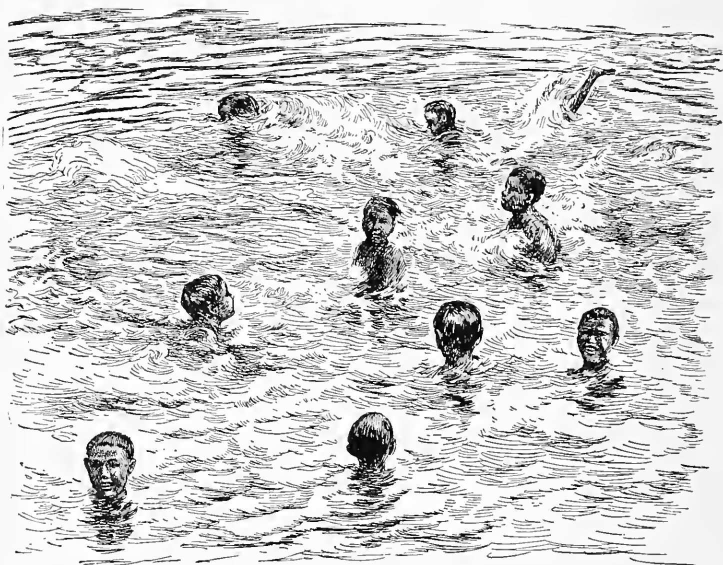
The vegetation is strange, the people are unique, every thing is different from the land we have left. The drive, rush, and nervous haste of an American city has given way to the languor and luxurious ease of a tropical pleasure resort.

As Switzerland is the summer playground of Europe, the Sandwich Islands some day will become the summer and winter playground alike of America, for, with its delicious air and equable temperature, rarely too warm and never too cool, all seasons are its own.

What magnificent palm trees are these of almost countless varieties! Cocoanut palms, tall and stately, with the yellow nuts hiding far up under the tufted fronds; date palms with their clusters of golden fruit; royal palms with their weeping plumes and tassels; breadfruit trees, alligator

pears, tamarinds, and feathery algeroba trees (on whose "husks" the prodigal of the parable would fain have fed). The variety is bewildering to a traveler from temperate climes.

The people, too, always more interesting than trees or vegetables, are as varied as the trees which wave their "fronded palms" above them. The little naked, brown-skinned divers on the wharf attract our attention first.



YOUNG SWIMMERS OF HONOLULU.

They are all ready, like little lads of fairer skins, to pick up an honest penny wherever they can find it. So we toss a nickel into the water and over they leap. A dozen brown heads disappear beneath the waves, two dozen whitey-brown soles appear wriggling vigorously where a second before the heads appeared, a momentary but unseen struggle for the coveted nickel takes place beneath the water, and then

the little brown heads bob up serenely, and the brown hand of the victorious urchin appears above the brine, holding up the piece of money to show that he is the winner, before he deposits it in that ever ready bank — his mouth. Then, with his companions, he is ready for another dive and another struggle for the coveted piece of silver.

But we must not linger on the steamer or on the wharf, for there are equally novel sights on shore. There is China-town with its swarming Celestials, Portuguese settlements with their swarthy, gaily bedecked inhabitants, beautiful American and English homes embowered in palms and tropical plants of all kinds, and the quarters of dusky natives in scanty clothing and with gay wreaths around their hats, happy, improvident, good-natured, and lazy.

The lover of the picturesque in human nature, as well as in nature physical and geographical, can find enough to interest him for many a day in Honolulu.

Are the natives destined to extinction? Ah, that is a question that only time will solve. But, if they are, it must be remembered that it will be due to civilization's vices and not to civilization's virtues or Christ's religion.

When it is borne in mind that even before Capt. Cook's advent, the islands and the islanders had passed the climax of their glory as a race; that they were engaged in destructive wars with each other which were sometimes wars of extermination; when we remember that probably ten ship loads of rum have been sent out from Christian England and America for every missionary they have dispatched; that it has taken the Latin races eighteen centuries, and the Saxon races nearly as long, to reach their present unstable Christian equilibrium, and their still imperfect civilization; we are surprised, not that the islanders are so imperfect and so prone to fetishism and idolatry, but that in a few years

they have acquired so much of the Spirit of Him who was pure and harmless and undefiled, and who went about doing good. The missionary influence is still strong in this beautiful land, and it shows no signs of waning.

Many of the most beautiful residences are owned by missionaries' sons, who are loyal to the faith of their fathers, and much of the business of the islands is in the hands of these Christian men. They are influential in the halls of legislation and shape the affairs of government. So long as such men are to the fore there is confident hope for this lovely oasis of the Pacific Desert.

But the *Mariposa's* warning whistle sounds; we must hasten to the wharf. As we stepped aboard, our friends, according to the beautiful Hawaiian custom, covered us with garlands of jasmine and sweet-scented leaves, and loaded us with fruits and beautiful flowers. The royal Hawaiian band of forty pieces played "God Save the Queen" and "The Star Spangled Banner," and we were off once more across the watery waste, bound for another paradise of the Pacific — Samoa.

At about equal distances are these two oases situated between San Francisco and Sydney,— Honolulu twenty-one hundred miles from America, Apia twenty-one hundred miles, or seven days, further. But, though we are sailing over summer seas and there is little to disturb the dreamy monotony of this particular journey, let not the reader think that the voyages are always uneventful.

Such was not the case on that voyage of the *Mariposa*, when very early in the morning, so early in fact that only the sailors of the morning watch heard it, the dreadful cry of "Fire — fire" resounded throughout the ship, and, on opening the hatchway, a dense volume of black smoke poured up, stifling all who came too near. The hose was

turned on, but the huge stream of water had no effect on the burning flax which composed the cargo. Then the hatches were battened down, a small hole bored through the partition, and a steam pipe turned in upon the fire, but that was equally useless. Several men who went below to hoist up the burning bales of flax were asphyxiated, and with much exertion were brought back to life again. At length the captain, seeing that nothing could prevail, stopped up every possible crevice leading to the cargo, turned his vessel about, and steamed for Auckland, the nearest port, more than three hundred miles distant.

What can be more awful than a ship on fire in mid-ocean? Between the two devouring elements, who can hope to escape? The unpitying fire within, the remorseless sea without! For those who knew it, what an awful secret must the knowledge of that smouldering cargo have been? But few comparatively knew of the disaster. With rare presence of mind Capt. Hayward and his officers kept the matter to themselves. The good ship fairly seemed to leap through the water. Never did she do better credit to her builders. She seemed to realize that she was racing for life. The passengers — most of them — did not notice that she had turned about and was headed west instead of east. The captain suggested a concert in the evening to divert attention, and it was carried out in the highest style of nautical art. The awful secret was blazing in the hold, and the tell-tale smoke sometimes escaped and wreathed itself above the deck. And still the *Mariposa* plowed on and on and on, until at last the welcome headlands of Auckland harbor loomed up and the wharf was safely reached: the treacherous cargo was discharged, and two hundred lives that hung on a thread so slender were saved.

It was soon after noon on a gray and squally day that we first caught sight of the hills that rise behind the town of Apia, and, after that, with the eagerness of landsmen long at sea, we could not keep our eyes off the enchanting spectacle. Little by little, the encircling bay of Apia with its fringe of majestic palms, its outer coral reef on which the surf was dashing high, and its row of native huts interspersed with a few European cottages, came into view, and we feasted our eyes to our hearts' content on this lovely shore. Immediately behind the village rises a conical hill, some six or eight hundred feet high, and in front the shore is lapped by the bright azure-tinted water, whose depths sparkle with coral and sea anemones and bright-colored fish.

But we are still more interested in the Samoans than in Samoa; in men and women and boys and girls, than in hills and palm trees and coral reefs and fishes. And here they come: Samoans of both sexes and of all ages, for the arrival of the monthly mail steamer is a great event in Apia. Some of them are in neatly painted white rowboats, but most of them put off to meet us in their native dug-outs, long, shallow, and exceedingly narrow boats that would tip over in a twinkling, even though the oarsman's hair might be parted in the middle, were it not for the inevitable outrider with which they are all rigged. This outrider consists of a long piece of light cork-like wood, nearly the length of the canoe, attached to it with braces at each end. In these light, frail canoes the natives ride in the greatest security and go through the heaviest surf. What a picturesque sight it is! There is a young girl with a bright shawl about her waist sitting as composedly and as self-poised as a queen in her little canoe, while around her feet is a wealth of cocoanuts, mangoes, pineapples, and bananas, which she offers for sale in a dignified way; a whole bunch of the latter "for two

bits" (twenty-five cents). There is another large boat approaching bearing some official from the island, and rowed by half a dozen stalwart, bronze-colored natives, whose bare skins, rubbed down with abundant cocoanut oil, glisten in the sunlight. Their muscles stand out like whipcord as they row in perfect time and splendid form, the despair of any Yale or Harvard crew that might witness the sight. There is another native boat loaded with fresh fish, neatly bundled up in huge green leaves, while sparkling shells and coral branches make up the rest of her little cargo. And here is a native who somehow has scrambled aboard the *Mariposa* in spite of the efforts of the crew to keep him off, and he jabbers and gesticulates at us in true hackman style. We could not understand a word he said, but the unspoken language of a cabman is the same the world over, so we accepted his offer, which we understood was to take us ashore for "two bits," the universal standard of value in these regions. We crawled down the ship's side by the rope ladder, aided by two strong pair of arms, and were soon landed at the little pier.

There a strange and novel sight, indeed, greeted our eyes. The wharf and the streets were swarming with natives, young and old, in all kinds of costumes and in no costumes at all, who had come down to the water's edge to see the great event of the month, the arrival of the mail steamer from America. If ever there was a picturesque throng of people this was one. The Mother Hubbard dress seemed to be the most popular for the women, and for some of the men, too, for that matter, but as few could indulge in such vanities as an everyday affair there were all kinds of variations from the standard mode.

One man strutted proudly by with as much dignity as a Beau Brummel or a Lord Chesterfield could assume, with a

piece of the native tappa thrown negligently across his shoulders; another stalked past with a bright red tablecloth about his loins; a group of young girls evidently just out from the mission school, went tripping past arrayed in a piece of white cloth, with a beautiful garland of flowers across their shoulders, while babies were invariably arrayed solely in the beautiful brown coat which nature first gave them.

The Samoans are a splendid race, physically considered: the most stalwart, as well as the most gentle of all the South Sea Islanders. I did not see a single ugly or malignant face during my stay at Apia. Homely features there are as in every crowd, but few malevolent, vicious, sinister faces; smiling looks, unsuspicious manners, intelligent and even courtly politeness I saw everywhere.

After seeing these men and women I could easily believe what had been told me — that all the natives were Christians. About five thousand of them are Catholic, five thousand more are Wesleyans, and the rest of the forty thousand inhabitants are under the care of the London Missionary Society, which, through its excellent missionaries, most admirably looks after their spiritual interests. "Oh, but they are only nominal Christians," I can hear my skeptical reader exclaim. Well, dear reader, if we may judge them by their fruits their Christianity is not so "nominal" as that of most of the people who live in New York and Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. If our steamer had entered the harbor of Apia on a Sunday not a single canoe or gaily decked native would have come out to welcome us. Not a cocoanut or a bunch of bananas would have been offered for sale. All the canoes would have been hauled up on the beach, high and dry, and at church time every man, woman, and child in the place, barring the sick, would have

been seen wending their way to church. Not such a nominal religion is that which thus remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

If we should enter any one of these native huts at breakfast time we should see all the heads reverently bowed while the Divine Blessing was asked, and afterwards all the family would come together for morning prayers. If we should live among them we should find them honest, gentle, peaceable, kind-hearted, affectionate neighbors. Not merely nominal Christian graces are these.

To be sure they have their faults. They are lazy and improvident. The family tie is not observed as it should be, and doubtless they have minor blemishes. But tell me, dear Mrs. Beacon Street or Mr. Fifth Avenue, are you ready to cast the first stone? The white light of Christianity has been beating upon your head and the heads of your ancestors for eighteen hundred years. It is but little more than sixty years since the Sun of Righteousness arose upon Samoa. You, all your lives, have been inhaling the air of Christlike devotion, which once made the martyrs strong to do and dare for God. These people, until within sixty years, have lived in the fetid atmosphere of heathenism. For many generations your forefathers have been growing strong while feeding on the Bread of Life. Only one generation has passed away since the symbolic bread was broken and the emblematic wine was first poured in Samoa. Who will doubt the power of Christianity, or deride the value of missionary labor after studying the history of Samoa? And yet there are self-sufficient, purblind people who, with an air of knowing all about it, will tell you that the missionaries have done more harm than good, that they are responsible for the gradual extinction of the natives, and that when converted, the natives are not worth the labor expended.

One finds many men and women who talk in this way on the very steamers which visit these islands, and among those who actually see these transforming wonders of Christianity. I have always noticed, however, that the men who talk thus spend most of their time in the smoking-room playing poker or betting on the ship's run, while the women who express such opinions seem to have no souls above the fancy work or the pack of cards they hold in their hands. I, for one, should be perfectly willing to set off Samoan morality against theirs.

The *Mariposa* only remained in Apia long enough to exchange mails and discharge a little freight, so we had but one or two brief, delightful hours on shore. But these were enough to fill us with a longing to spend as many weeks. However, we had time to see the long straggling street; the new native church, a beautiful and commodious stone structure; the consulates and land commissioners' offices of the three powers, America, England, and Germany, that really govern Samoa; the beautiful grounds and pleasant buildings of the London Missionary Society, and the royal hut of King Malietoa surrounded by palm trees and luxuriant tropical plants of all kinds. This good King, like some sovereigns of more extensive domains, has had his ups and downs. Nearly twenty years ago he was elected King, and for about ten years he reigned in tranquillity, protected by treaties with Germany, England, and the United States. Then, however, owing to the interference of the Germans, who had cast a covetous eye on Samoa, which Uncle Sam was none too quick to see and to resent, feuds arose, a rival claimant tried to seize the sceptre, and King Malietoa was sent as an exile to a distant island in the western Pacific. But Germany's avaricious plans were frustrated, the spurious claimant whom she had supported was defeated, and

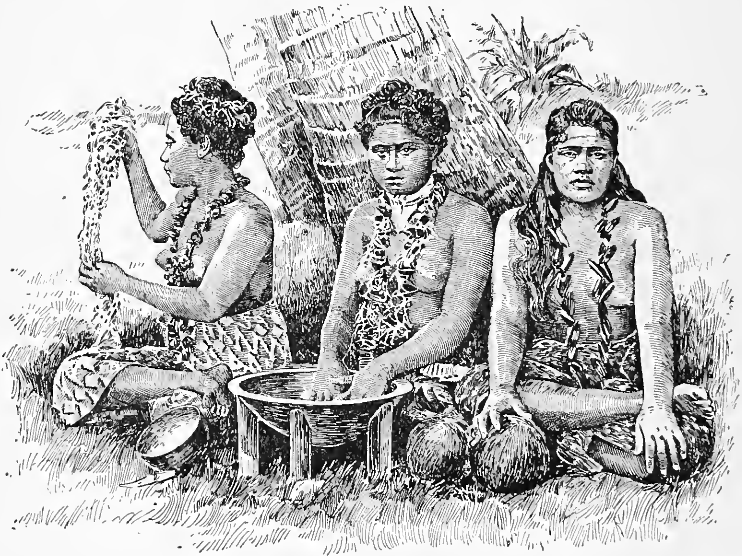
Malietoa was brought back and re-established on his throne, which was then protected by the presence of a man-of-war from the United States Navy. He is a good and thoughtful Christian man, who sets a kingly example to all his people. I am glad to hear that his salary has just been raised and that he now receives the royal sum of one hundred dollars a month.

While we were on shore a slight shower arose — a very common occurrence in Apia — and as we were without umbrellas or mackintoshes we sought shelter in a friendly native hut, which consists simply of a thatched roof open on every side to the winds of heaven. We were received with the utmost politeness, and though there were no chairs or lounges, and we were obliged either to stand or to sit on the floor, we felt none the less welcome. While thus taking shelter we bought from one of the natives a large square of tappa, the native cloth, which is ingeniously made of the inner bark of a mulberry tree. This bark is first laid in the bed of a running stream to soak. After a sufficient time the pieces of bark are laid, layer by layer, upon a log, and then beaten out to the width required by heavy wooden mallets. When the strips have been beaten for some time they become blended into one mass, which, by the addition of fresh bark, can be increased in length and width as required.

In the beautiful museum at Honolulu the Curator has arranged squares of this tappa, which are dyed in all imaginable beautiful colors, in a window through which the western light shines. At a little distance one can hardly believe that it is not delicate stained glass.

Another peculiar product of Samoa is kava, the South Pacific native drink. Miss Emma A. Adams in her pleasant little book about Fiji and Samoa tells how it is made: —

"Kava is prepared from the root of a species of pepper tree, found on most of these groups. The shrub attains a height of five or six feet, and has a pretty green foliage, tinged with purple. The root, having been thoroughly washed, is cut in small slices, which are distributed to young persons with perfect teeth to be masticated, by which process they are reduced to a complete pulp. Mouthful after

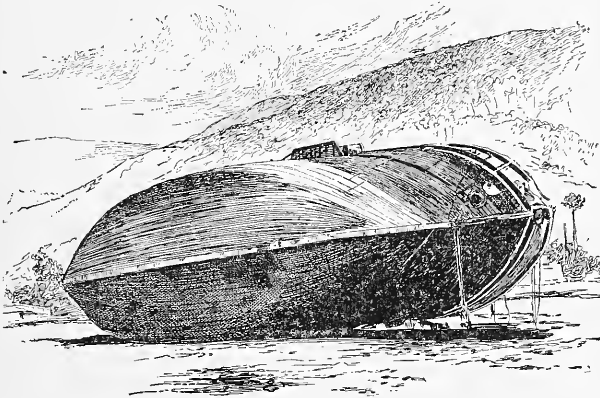


SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA.

mouthful of these little pulpy masses is thrown into a large bowl, ceremoniously placed in front of the one who is to serve the beverage, and water is then poured upon them. The mass is now worked with the hand until all the strength and virtue of the fibre is expressed, when it is deftly strained away with a bunch of long fibre from the inner bark of the hibiscus, and the liquid is now ready for drinking. Its appearance is like that of weak tea, its taste like that of medicated soapsuds." Will you have a cup, my reader?

But our brief respite from the desert of the sea is nearly over. Our hour in the Oasis is spent and the deep-toned whistle of the *Mariposa* calls us on board again.

Reluctantly we tear ourselves away from our brief glimpse of paradise, but go we must. On the way back to the steamer we pass the gaunt and mournful spectre of the *Adler*, one of the unfortunate German men-of-war, which, in the awful gale of March 15, 1889, was lifted bodily from the water and with great fury cast upon the top of the reef and



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE "ADLER."

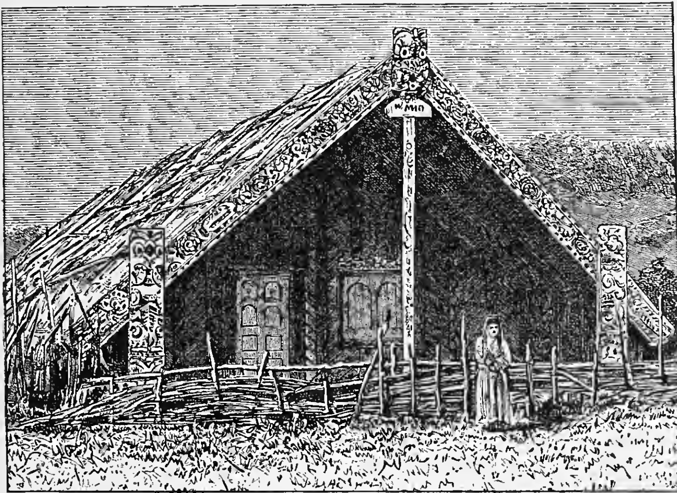
turned over on her side. There she still lies, her poor ribs exposed and bare, with the daylight shining through them everywhere, an awful spectacle of the fury of a tropical storm in this quiet bay. Near by, but under the waves, lies her companion gunboat, the *Eber*, and the two United States steamers, *Vandalia* and *Trenton*, which were wrecked and utterly destroyed in the same fearful gale in which there perished four American officers and forty-seven men, and nine German officers and eighty-seven men. Nine hundred men were saved from the wrecked shipping in the harbor, who were provided for with the utmost generosity and

humanity by the native Samoans and the foreign residents. As the *Mariposa* steams out of the quiet coral reef with the frail native boats dancing all about her, it is hard to realize that this peaceful bay was ever the scene of such devastating fury.

Now we may congratulate ourselves that we are more than half way to Sydney, more than five thousand miles behind us, less than three thousand miles before us. Boundless skies above us, endless seas around us; that is the history of the next six days. Boundless skies flecked by many a cloud and sometimes gray and angry with the Storm King's wrath; endless seas flecked by never a sail and darkened by no trailing steamers' smoke, for, saving the Arctic and Antarctic seas, we are on the loneliest ocean of all.

Only an occasional school of gamboling dolphins, "skip jacks" the sailors appropriately call them, enliven the scene. In the perfect abandon of good spirits they chase each other through the water, tumble over each other, dive under each other, and sometimes bear down upon the ship, leaping high in the air and turning their yellow bellies to the sun for the mere fun of the thing, as boys dive off a log one after the other to work off their animal spirits. Then after chasing the ship for a dozen miles or more they disappear as suddenly as they came and leave us to the sole companionship of the mild-eyed, curious albatross, which circles around and around and around and sometimes falls behind but never allows the steamer to get out of sight. The last thing at night our albatrosses are there, sometimes following in our wake, sometimes circling over our very heads. The first thing in the morning, however early we rise, there they are again, the most graceful birds that fly, just lifting their wings and steering their course and allowing the wind, apparently, to do all the work of flying for them.

Thus convoyed we sailed on over the watery waste. The necessities of longitudinal reckoning gave us one week without a Wednesday. We went to bed one Tuesday night and waked up on Thursday morning and yet we had only slept our regulation eight hours. My readers, who will remember that we pass the 180° meridian of longitude between Samoa and Auckland, will understand the reason



A MAORI HOUSE.

for this week with only six days in it. But this week was quite long enough. We are very ready to spare one day out of it, and very willing to welcome the bluff and rugged shores of New Zealand on the sixth day out from Samoa.

This wonderful island, whose shores look not unlike the rockbound coast of our own New England, deserves to have a whole book devoted to it. Its wonderful natural resources, its curious vegetable and animal products, its warlike race of natives, the fierce Maoris, and its intrepid and enterprising colonists, who have already made New Zealand

one of the brightest jewels in Her Majesty's crown, tempt the chronicler's pen to linger long. But we only had time to see the fine, solidly built streets of Auckland, with its fine business blocks, its handsome government buildings, and its great tabernacle erected by Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, a son of

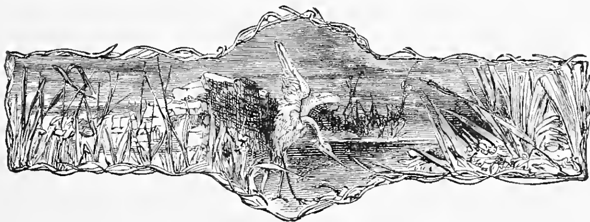
MAORI IDOLS.

the famous preacher; to receive a most hearty welcome from Auckland's ministers, and lay Christian workers, to attend a thoroughly enthusiastic Christian Endeavor meeting in the Ponsonby Baptist Church, and then we were off again; always off, for the restless *Mariposa* will never be satisfied until she reaches her dock at Sydney.

Then came five days more of ocean traveling across the

wide and turbulent channel that stretches between New Zealand and Australia. This particular strip of water has a very bad reputation. It is considered a kind of exaggerated English Channel, and my readers who have experienced the bitterness of that piece of salt water between Newhaven and Dieppe, or Dover and Calais, will understand all the miseries which such a voyage implies. Think of spending five days tossing about like an intoxicated cork on the English Channel, and you will know something of what the voyage between Auckland and Sydney often is. But, fortunately, on this voyage Neptune did not seriously test our courage or our seamanship. We had bright skies and comparatively smooth seas, and on the morning of the fifth day from Auckland and the twenty-fifth from San Francisco, "land ahead" was the welcome cry; Sydney Heads loomed up in the distance; we found our way through the narrow channel which Capt. Cook so narrowly missed a hundred years ago, and, after three and one-half weeks of rolling and tossing and pitching and heaving on the vast Pacific, found ourselves safe within the splendid land-locked harbor of Sydney, to which our good pilot had steered over 7,000 miles of trackless lonely waves.

Goodbye, *Mariposa*. Welcome, Australia.



CHAPTER III.

A NEW CONTINENT — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

A New Continent — A Magnificent Harbor — Torres' Mistake — The Flight of the Dove — "The Endeavor" — An Important Astronomical Discovery — A Vast Noah's Ark — Great Grandfather Animals — The Bushman and His Fate — What the Savage could not do — Uncertain Rain and Certain Drought — Australian Oddities — Confused Trees — Topsy-Turvyness — Preconceived Notions — The Englishman the World Over — The Evolution of the Yankee Drawl — Colonial Days — "The Great American Desert" — Mother and Daughter — How the Old Lady Treats Her Child — English or American — Architectural Differences — Big Names — "Elevator" or "Lift" — "Barber's Shop" "Tonsorial Palace" — American Inventions in Australia — The Home of Anarchy and Unrest — Country Life *versus* City Life — The "Bluey" and the "Billy" — The "Larrikin" — A "New Chum" — Modesty Becoming a Literary New Chum.

TRAVELER'S first impressions of a new land, while not always the most accurate, are usually the most vivid and interesting. How many pulses have thrilled with curiosity and pleasure as they have seen the rough coast of old Ireland for the first time when approaching the Old World from the New, for there in the shadowy distance, somewhere behind the frowning cliffs of Erin, lies all the mystery of antiquity, all the historic associations of 2,000 years. In fact, the accumulation of 6,000 years of history and civilization are represented by that little stormy

strip of Irish coast to the voyager from the land which has few monuments and no ruins, and only a brief history.

With every new land one approaches, these first impressions are renewed, and so when the bluff lines of Sydney Heads rear themselves on the horizon we eagerly crane our necks and strain our eyes for a glimpse of the new Australian continent which is about to open before us. We do not have to wait long for a fuller revelation of the fair vision, for very soon after the headlands are sighted we steam in between the two sentinels that guard the magnificent landlocked harbor of Sydney.

No wonder that the New South Welchmen are proud of their harbor, "as proud as though they had scooped it out themselves," as some one has ill-naturedly remarked. It is one of the harbors that cannot be overpraised. A small dictionary of adjectives might be emptied upon the description and it would scarcely be overdone.

It has hundreds of miles of coast line, and on the map looks like a great octopus which has been flattened out by some tremendous kind of hydraulic pressure, whose arms and tentacles run far up into the country, affording numberless beautiful bays and lovely retreats, which, in many places, are as wild and rugged as when Capt. Cook first sailed by the narrow entrance; for it is a singular fact that this bold navigator, though he discovered Botany Bay only a few miles distant, entirely passed by this most wonderful harbor, so straight and narrow is the way that leads to it from the open sea.

In fact, the early navigators all seem to have had difficulty in finding this great continent. One would think that a magnificent stretch of land which occupies so large a portion of the earth's surface could have been easily discovered, especially by those who are searching for it, but in those

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days in the little shallops that were at the command of the explorers, it was no easy thing to discover even such a vast island as Australia.

To-day the navigator sets sail from San Francisco, 7,000 miles away, and, precisely on schedule time, to a single hour probably, with trusty compass and skillful pilot, he will steer straight through the middle of the narrow passage that leads to the city of Sydney. But 300 years ago, without chart or pilot, it was a different thing to feel one's way across these misty, unknown seas at the mercy of the uncertain sails and the certain gales of the Southern Pacific. Although it seems that he could not have missed the island continent he was searching for, yet it is said that Torres, the bold navigator, sailed directly through the narrow strait which now bears his name, and which separates Australia from New Guinea, without knowing that there was land on either side; certainly without knowing that he was almost within sight of one of the mightiest divisions of the earth's surface. He missed the glory by a hair's breadth, as it were, of adding to his laurels and perhaps giving his name to a continent.

Other early navigators had the same difficulty in finding this elusive land. The Dutch in the *Dreyfhen*, or *Dove*, a little vessel which stretched its wings and flew away from Holland in the year 1606, first saw the main land of Australia, but the Dutch had no use for it, and did not think it worth while to claim possession.

Perhaps from their standpoint of a home-land half submerged with water, they did not appreciate such a high and dry continent as Australia proved to be. At any rate they made no attempt to explore or colonize the land, and it was left to Captain Cook, more than 150 years later, to make the first discovery which was really of value to the European

world. He set sail in the little ship *Endeavor;* suggestive name that, considering the purpose which has taken the writer of this chronicle to Australia. His principal purpose was to make observations in regard to the transit of Venus which was not visible in the Western Hemisphere, but he combined discovery with astronomy, and not only proved from the transit of Venus that the sun was something more than ninety millions of miles away from the earth, a distance which, up to that time, had not been accurately measured, but also proved that there was a vast unknown land in in these southern seas waiting for the first occupant who might raise the national flag and take possession in the name of modern civilization and Christianity.

Geologically, Australia is said to be one of the oldest portions of the earth's surface, and in its physical aspects and natural products it is extremely interesting to the naturalist. In fact, it is a kind of Noah's Ark in which has been preserved the animals and the plants which long ago died out of Europe and America. The animals which in the older world flourished in the secondary and tertiary period, but which are now as extinct as the Dodo himself, are still found in large numbers in this land. The kangaroo and the wallaby and all the allied races of marsupials which once were common in Europe and America, are distinctive and characteristic animals of Australia.

The reason, says the naturalist, for this strange survival of these great-grandfather animals which long ago gave up the ghost in Europe, is, that Australia has not been subjected to such fearful convulsions of nature as the rest of the world. She has not been drowned out by the flood or ground down by the glacier, or had all her animal and vegetable life frozen up in a great ice age; so these interesting animals of a pre-historic period still live and flourish on her

vast inland plains. Australia, however, could never become a great and important factor in the world's progress without the aid of civilized men. Her natural resources, though great, required to be developed. The rainy seasons are uncertain over a large portion of the continent, and the droughts alone can be relied upon. They come with provoking regularity.

MALE ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN.

The savage could not tickle this ground with a hoe and expect it to smile with a harvest. He could not plant a cocoanut tree and live under its shade and on its nuts all the rest of his days. The arid soil, the intense heat, and the lack of moisture were against him, and as he could not cope with these natural disadvantages without the appliances of civilization, the poor fellow became a very abject and wretched specimen of a human being; not fierce and strong like the North American Indian, not vigorous and warlike

like the Zulu, not gay and careless in the abundance of tropical bounty like the South Sea Islander; he degenerated into a poor, miserable, abject bushman, who has already been, for the most part, "civilized" off the face of the earth.

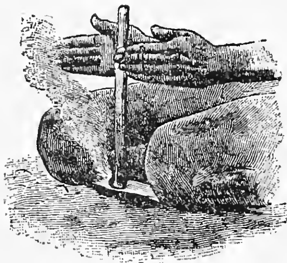
But poor as was the country for the untutored savage when the white man came with his plow and his spade, his steam drill and his locomotive, this neglected continent

FEMALE ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN.

became a new land and has yet a great place to fill among the nations of the earth. Civilized man with the history of the ages behind him, was able to make the desert blossom as the rose; to store the water of the wet season for the exigencies of the dry; to find in the nutritious buffalo grass the best fodder in all the world for his sheep, and to discover in the bowels of the earth the richest stores of gold that have ever been unearthed since the days of King Solomon.

Where savages could not live the Englishman has built some of the most magnificent cities on the surface of the globe; where the poor bushmen grew thin and emaciated, with scarcely strength or spirit left to spear a kangaroo, the Englishman has grown stout and healthy, hearty and happy, and is founding a new nation which will surely be in the future ages the greater Britain.

When one first comes to Australia many things strike him as being strange and out of place, but he soon begins to ask whether possibly his notions and ideas are not at fault, and not the country, and whether he is not carrying his traditional prejudices around with him. Why, for instance, should not the trees put forth their buds and leaves in September instead of in April? It looks odd enough at first when the traveler reaches Australian shores after the scorching days of midsummer and the early breezes of fall have begun to blow, to find that summer is not behind him but before him, that it is not autumn, but spring; that the trees, instead of doffing their fall livery, are donning their spring dresses, and that all nature is waking up for a new year of growth and activity.



ABORIGINAL METHOD OF PRODUCING FIRE.

It is said that the trees that are transplanted from Europe or North America, are themselves very much confused by this change in their surroundings; that at first they make a few feeble attempts to bud forth in May and drop their leaves in October, but they soon accept the Australian seasons as they are made for them.

A most excellent thing it is for a man of unreasonable prejudices and provincial proclivities, to take such a journey

as this. All his preconceived notions are knocked on the head, so to speak. His ideas of what is fit and proper for Nature to do are completely upset, and if he is a wise man he will begin to say, perhaps, after all, wisdom will not die with me, possibly my ancestors did not know everything there was to be known, and there may be new ways and methods which are not to be despised simply because I was not educated in them. I know of more than one good man whose eminently respectable ideas I would like to have turned topsy-turvy by some such transition from a northern to a southern hemisphere of thought.

But it must be confessed that in other ways besides turning the seasons end to end, Australia works havoc with our preconceived notions of things. The cherries, for instance, instead of covering up their stones with a good layer of flesh, wear their hearts upon their sleeves, so to speak, or at least, bear their pits upon the outside, instead of beneath the skin, as all well-regulated cherries are supposed to do. The Eucalyptus trees, and some other varieties, instead of shedding their leaves, have a strange fashion of shedding their bark, and one sees great forests of them standing bare and gaunt, with the bark falling off in shreds and ribbons while they stretch their white arms heavenward, but their tops are always covered with a dull green leaf which they never part with under any circumstances.

Much of the Australian wood, instead of floating as all well-regulated wood should float when thrown into the water, sinks to the bottom. Many of the flowers cover the outside of their petals with bright colors instead of the inside, as modest English flowers almost always do, and there are various anomalies of this sort, which, however, are only anomalies, I suppose, because of our imperfect and narrow vision. I did not hear that water ran up hill in Australia, or

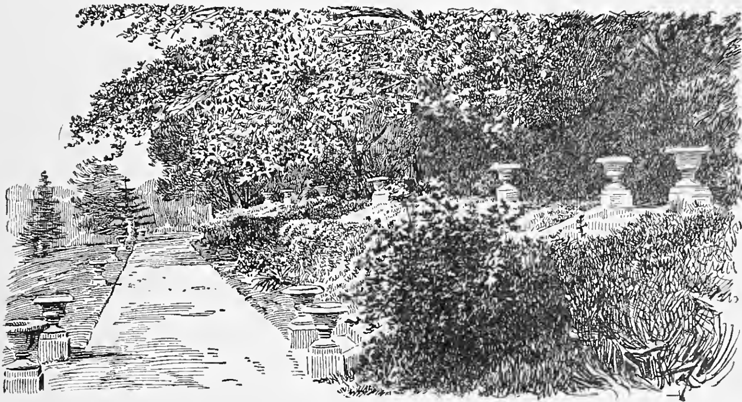
that rain was dry and snow hot, but I should scarcely have been surprised to learn of such discrepancies before I went away.

After all, civilized human nature is very much the same, however natural products and inanimate nature differs in different parts of the world. Love and hate, joy and sorrow, fear and hope, I find, are exactly the same at the Antipodes as in the countries with which I am familiar. Human nature does not differ in its characteristics by being transplanted from one hemisphere to another. The Englishman is very much the same sort of a creature wherever he is found, whether transplanted to America to acquire the alleged "Yankee drawl" and the sharp features which I must say I think exist largely in the humorist's novel, or whether he crosses the southern seas to take up his abode in Australasia; — he is the same sort of a being — resolute, aggressive, pushing, fearless; sometimes haughty and arrogant in his treatment of inferior races, often prejudiced and unjust in his judgment of others, but nevertheless a mighty and potent factor in the world's civilization. Without him what would be the vast prairies of America, or the mighty sea-girt continent of which I am writing? If ever there was a providential race raised up of God to do a particular work in the world and exert a mighty civilizing agency, that race is the Anglo-Saxon.

I feel that it is necessary to be cautious in recording my impressions of the English race in Australia lest I lay myself open to the same charges which I am tempted to bring oftentimes against other hasty travelers who have skipped through America at the rate of a mile a minute and then made up their minds that they know all about it. My warm American blood sometimes boils with not a little indignation as I hear our institutions slurred and our public men de-

famed by those who know nothing about either one or the other. So I must be careful not to raise the blood of anyone else to the boiling point with unfounded criticisms. Still, as everyone must give his impressions, I would say that the Colonies, so far as I have seen them and talked with representative Australians, strikes me as being in a period corresponding to the Colonial days of America before the glorious era of 1776 dawned upon us.

Not that the Australian Colonies are 100 years behind



IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.

the times by any means. They are fully abreast of the most recent civilization. All the appliances and inventions and elegancies of civilized life are found here, and I imagine that a new invention of Edison, or a labor-saving contrivance of McCormick, would be introduced quite as soon into these progressive, go-ahead colonies as they would in any part of America, and far more rapidly than they would be likely to be introduced into England. The fashions, too, are as recent, for aught I know; the store windows are certainly as elegant, the streets of such cities as Melbourne are as wide, and the public buildings as magnificent as any that can be

found in all the world. Yet I am reminded every day that in some respects Australia is very much like North America

> "In the good old Colony days
> When we lived under the King."

The population of these Colonies is very nearly the same as of the 13 original States that made up the Union in 1776, something like three or four millions of people forming a fringe of settlement along the seashore for thousands of miles. The far interior, for the most part, is a *terra incognita*, waiting for the hardy pioneer and the adventurous settler.

When I was a boy, and that is not so very many years ago after all, the old geographies still had a tract of land covering nearly the whole area west of the Mississippi, labeled "The Great American Desert." Gradually this great American Desert has grown smaller by degrees and beautifully less until it is now confined to a comparatively narrow strip of outlying plains, which themselves are not beyond hope of ultimate redemption. So I have no doubt the vast deserts and unwatered plains of the unexplored interior of this mighty land will one of these days yield to the prowess of the pioneer and the sturdy toil of the settler until all Australia blossoms like the rose.

In its political features, too, the Australasian Colonies are not at all unlike the American Colonies before the Revolution. Jealous of their rights, they brook no interference from the Mother Country to which they still owe allegiance. If she should attempt to impose a tax on tea there would be the greatest tea-party in Melbourne Harbor that was ever seen. The Boston tea-party would scarcely be a circumstance to this Australian "tea-meeting." If an obstinate King George III was on the throne instead of her Gracious Majesty ("her Goodness-Gracious Majesty" some of the

Australian papers call her) Queen Victoria, it would not be long, probably, before these Colonies would set up house-keeping for themselves, and cut themselves wholly adrift from Mother England, that keeps house at home. But, as it is, they feel no pressure of maternal authority.

The old lady sometimes scolds, to be sure, and is sometimes considered indifferent to her children's welfare, but she never attempts to "boss" them ("boss," by the way, is as good Australian as it is American), and so the Colonies give a willing, if not in all cases a very enthusiastic, allegiance to the Mother Land.

In the "good old Colony days," too, of which we sing, if I read history aright, our different colonies were very jealous of each other — each afraid that the other would gain the advantage and obtain some predominant power.

History is repeating itself again in this Southern world. Whether the principle of free trade or protection is the true one I have no occasion to say in this chronicle, but it does seem very strange that the Colonies should protect themselves so zealously one against another. They are raising their tariff duties higher and higher, I understand, not only against all the rest of the world, but against their sister colonies. The oranges of New South Wales must be taxed before they can come into Victoria, and the rugs of New Zealand must pay a heavy duty before they can be wrapped round Australian knees. It is as though New Hampshire should protect herself against the dread incursions of Vermont maple sugar, and Vermont should set up a barrier against the exportation of New Hampshire granite, and Florida should object to Maine ice unless it was duly taxed, and Maine should retort by putting an impost on Florida oranges. However, federation is in the air just as it was in the North American air in the latter part of the last century.

There is federation already in sentiment and purpose against the aggression of all the rest of the world. There is federation of Christian sentiment and religious purpose, and, doubtless, before the 19th century comes to a close there will be political federation, just as the close of the 18th century marks the political federation which has ever since been growing stronger and stronger between the states of the American Union.

Another impression which I have received is that Australia is a mixture in about equal proportions of British conservatism and American aggressiveness, a splendid mixture that, since both qualities are needed to make up the ideal race, and either alone, though admirable in itself, can be carried too far. Sydney is said to be very English, Melbourne very American, and I think there is some reason for this distinction, which the Australians often comment upon themselves. Sydney was settled 100 years ago, and its narrow streets and crooked lanes remind me of the picturesque city which, like all loyal Bostonians, I regard, of course, as the "hub" of the Universe.

Melbourne, on the other hand, is a modern city built within the last 50 years, and its wide streets and elegant boulevards, its magnificent public buildings, and extensive stores, would lead one who was set down in it with his eyes blindfolded to imagine he was in any one of half a dozen of our most wide-awake western cities. To be sure he would find it rather cleaner than most of them, and with no dense pall of smoke hiding its beauties. He would heave a sigh and wish that our streets might be as well paved and kept as clean, but, with the exception of a few minor matters of this sort, he would be eminently at home in the beautiful city of Melbourne.

In Sydney almost every house has its balcony, and this

is also a common method of architecture in Melbourne. Houses in Australia are built for hot weather (throughout the largest part of the American continent they are built for cold weather) hence the slight differences of architecture which we notice.

There are, indeed, very many things that remind me of the old country, but these are all balanced by Americanisms which appear at every corner.

For instance, I have more than once seen the sign "Mangling done here," which always reminded me of the unfortunate Mr. Mantalini. We should call the establishment a laundry, I suppose. The druggists are almost all "chemists," and they have no extravagant marble fountain with forty-two different kinds of American drinks issuing therefrom, in the front part of their stores. "Beef and ham" shops I have often seen, but why a man who sells ham should not also sell lamb or other butcher's meat I cannot quite determine.

The street cars are all "trams." The elevators are all "lifts," and the railway cars are all "coaches." "Why is it that you Americans always give such a big name to everything," said an Australian gentleman to me the other day. "Why do you call a lift an 'elevator,' and why is your 'classroom' a 'recitation hall,' and why is your barber's shop usually a 'tonsorial palace'?" I am still pondering these questions, and have not arrived as yet at any satisfactory answer.

But, if there is much that is English there is also as much that is distinctively American about these colonies. Upon a dozen articles of common use I have seen the name "Salem, Mass.," or "Springfield, Mass.," or "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania," or "Chicago, Illinois." American books, American watches and typewriters, American lamps and

bicycles, American incandescent lights and telephones, and alas! many "American bars" from which, as the signs tell us, American drinks are dispensed, are to be seen everywhere. I am not at all proud of this last Americanism, but in many of the Continental cities of Europe the American bar is the only American thing that you will see in all the city.

On the railway between Sydney and Melbourne, Pullman cars of the very best construction are used, and on the Melbourne streets the swift cable cars which I think must have been made in Troy, New York, give one the impression that he cannot be far from Kansas City, or Omaha, or San Francisco. In one very important way, however, the Australian colonies differ from our early American colonies, and that is in the predominance of the city life over the country life. I should think that fully 50 per cent. of the people of Australia live to-day in the cities, large or small; nearly one-half of the inhabitants of Victoria are gathered together along the beautiful streets of Melbourne. So in New South Wales, Sydney absorbs a large proportion of the population, while in South Australia, Adelaide is not only the capital and metropolis, but the one center for a vast territory.

The rural population of America is in some sections sadly on the wane. The great cities are great magnets everywhere which draw the people from the country to themselves. Until the poles of this magnet can be reversed in some way, both in Australia and America, and the people find that their happiness is not in the crowded streets of an overpopulated city, but amid the peace and plenty of country life, a great danger will always menace these two great continents. Discontent, anarchy, and revolution, with all their hideous evils, are breathed in the great cities; the fresh country winds blow the cobwebs out of the brain, and dis-

content out of the heart. Until both Australia and America become filled with small landholders, each cultivating his own little piece of God's earth, the problems of their future destiny will not all be solved.

But, predominant as city life is in Australia, the influ-

IN THE BUSH.

ence of the early settler, the squatter, and the bushman is still felt. Most of the distinctive Australian slang which I have heard can be traced back to these sources — thus the "billabong" is the backwater of a river; the "lagoon," we should call it at home. The "bluey" is the blanket of the frontiersman in which he wraps himself at night and lies down to sleep wherever he may be, under the silent stars.

The "billy" is the can in which he cooks first his tea and then his meat. We may be sure he relishes them both because of the splendid appetite sauce which was always upon his table. These terms have now degenerated to denote the properties of the tramp, and the bundle which he carries upon his back is his "swag." The "larrikin" is the street loafer, and a very unpleasant type of street loafer he is, too, as developed in these colonies. I, myself, am a "new chum," as every new arrival is styled in Australian dialect; and, until I had been here at least five years, I could be only a "new chum," corresponding to the "tenderfoot" of our mining camps. It is surely becoming that a new chum should be careful in his commendations and modest in his criticisms. Perhaps it is high time, therefore, that I should bring this chapter to an end, before I commit the usual indiscretion of a literary "new chum" in a strange land.

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRALIA AND AUSTRALIANS—LITTLE MATTERS ABOUT A GREAT COUNTRY.

The Houses the People Live in—Stone Instead of Wood—An Englishman's Castle—Plenty of Soil—"Strathroy" versus "1229 E. 341 St."—"Bacchus, Cestus, Festus"—How They Travel—The Railways—Inside the House—At the Dinner Table—A Pleasant Custom—Scarcity of Cold Water—The Newspapers—Sometimes Dull but Seldom Sensational—Some Budding Poets—Specimen of Obituary Poetry—Outdoor Life—National Games—A Mighty Curse—The Turf Adviser—The Totalisator—Church Life—Great Conventions—The Singing—Cable Absurdities—A Mexican Invasion—Kissing his Wife on the Street—Gum-chewing Girls—Chicago Girls and Boston Maidens—Introducing Friends.

SOME of the little things that seem to me to be characteristic of Australian life may seem hardly worth mentioning in serious converse, and yet it is these little matters that differentiate our Australian cousins from their American relatives.

In other lands it is easy to paint the picture with broad touches of the brush, but in a country so much like our own, and among a people who, so far as all outward characteristics go, live across the street, instead of across the Pacific ocean. we find peculiarities and differences only in minute things.

The house in which the Australian lives, for instance,

though a most comfortable one, and often an elegant mansion, is different in some slight particulars from that in which his American relative would take up his abode. It is almost invariably built of stone or brick, even in the country, instead of wood: the reason being, I suppose, that timber is scarce and high, comparatively speaking, and the native woods do not easily lend themselves to the house-builder's art.

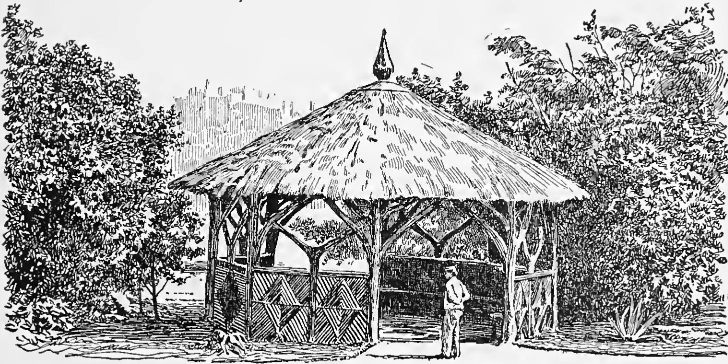
At any rate, one sees very few modern houses of the style which make our suburban cities and country villages so bright and attractive, with their many colors and their varied styles of architecture.

Many of the houses here, even of the better class, are one-story buildings, with bedrooms as well as parlors and dining-rooms on the ground floor, but they are high and commodious apartments and doubtless have some advantages in this hot climate over the many-storied structures with which we are acquainted. Moreover, for every Australian his house is his castle, and in this matter he shows his English breeding and training. He shuts himself in from all the world with high hedges and fences. The crusade for the abolishment of fences and hedges, with which we are so familiar, would meet with no favor in this land.

So it comes about that the streets of the suburban towns have a more forbidding and unsocial aspect than our streets at home. There is none of the park-like effect which is given to a beautiful suburban town, by removing all fences and obstacles to the view, and allowing the premises of adjoining neighbors to come together with only an imaginary line between them. But after all when you once get behind an Australian's fence or an Englishman's hedge, there is a joy in the sense of seclusion and quiet retirement which one can hardly experience in the open thoroughfare of an American

town. You find, too, that what you took for exclusiveness is only a national reserve and that the warmest kind of hospitality is extended to those who get behind these forbidding fences.

The Australian believes in having plenty of land about him, and why shouldn't he? If there is one thing of which there is enough in this great continent, it is Mother Earth. Only a little fringe of her soil here as yet has been subdued. No wonder that the Australian householder chooses to have



IN ADELAIDE.

a good generous quota for his house-lot and garden. The result is that these cities spread out enormously, and Washington must yield the palm of being considered "the city of magnificent distances" to Melbourne and Sydney and Adelaide and Ballarat. In Melbourne, for instance, there seems to be no residential portion of the city for the better classes within less than three or four miles from Collins street, and thousands of the business men live half a score of miles or more away from their offices.

When we get to their houses we find that each one has a distinctive individuality of its own, which is very pleasing to one accustomed to residences known only by an unsympa-

thetic number. For instance, it is much more pleasing, in my estimation, to live at "Strathroy," or "St. Kilda," or "Haroldine," than to have your abode at "1229 East 31st street." How can children ever have an affection for "No. 627"? How can the household gods ever be permanently set up on a six-story flat in "429½ A, 79th Avenue"?

But to have a home of your own with its distinctive name which is appropriated by no one else! Ah! there is a sensation of homeliness comes over one when we but see the name upon the gate post!

However, some of these names, I must say, strike me as peculiar. In order to get a different home designation from any one else, children's names are sometimes used, and I have seen "Emma House" and "Alice Terrace" and "Maudina" and "Susana." One row of houses which I have seen was named "Voltaire," "Rousseau," and "Renan." How any builder could hope to let such houses to a Christian, I do not understand.

Still another terrace of houses I have seen labeled "Bacchus," "Cestus," and "Festus." With all my love for individuality and for distinctive names, I must say I think that this is a little overdoing it. I should always feel ashamed to live in a house that bore the name of the old inebriate "Bacchus"; and as for dating my letters from "Festus," I would pay a largely increased rent rather than submit to any such indignity.

I have found the modes of roadway traveling in Australia much like those to which we are accustomed, with the exception that our friends here very much affect a certain species of English trap which I have never seen at home, in which the driver has the best seat of all, and the people whom he drives, if there is more than one, get along as best they can on a kind of perch with their backs to the horses.

while they are careful to avoid the driver's reins which are always in close proximity to their ears. However, this trap has the advantage of being roomy and easy to enter, and for father and mother and a small family of children is just the thing.

The railroads seem to me well managed and well equipped. The road beds are splendidly ballasted, the stations are substantial though not elegant, and everything about the rolling stock is on a par with our first-class American roads.

To be sure they cling to the old, exclusive, English compartment system for the most part, but the cars are well upholstered, and nearly all who can afford it seem to ride first-class, whereas in England it is a common saying that only lords, fools, and Americans ever patronize the first-class railway carriage. I have seen no third-class cars, and the second-class are very comfortable, though far outnumbered by the first-class compartments.

On some of the roads Pullman cars are in constant use. On others, Mann boudoir cars are preferred. Grade crossings are abolished as far as possible, and more care is taken of life and limb than on our average railway lines. Here one steps immediately from the platform into the car, instead of going up two or three steps as in our cars, and a bell about the size of a dinner bell, vigorously rung, announces the hour of departure.

To show how much custom has to do with our views of the fitness of things, I was amused to hear an Australian friend, who had been traveling in America, say that it seemed strange to her to climb a short flight of stairs before getting into our cars, and that it seemed preposterous for the engineer to ring a bell as big as a church bell whenever the train started. Well, I had always regarded the three

or four steps as the most natural means of getting into a railway car myself, and as for the church-bell to which she alluded, I had never regarded it in that preposterous light. But I thought I would be careful after hearing her remark about saying anything about the Australian railway dinner bell, or any other little peculiarities which struck me as oddities.

We have found now our Australian home and the means of locomotion by which we reach it. As we enter the average home of the well-to-do, we find a large and commodious parlor, a well-stocked library, a dining-room and a breakfast room, which in the season (and almost every season in Australia is the season of flowers) are gay with blossoms from the abundant garden.

The dining-room always interests the hungry traveler, so we will enter it. A beautiful fashion, which I have never seen practiced to the same extent elsewhere, is that of decorating the table, for it is typical of the Australian as of the Englishman that he makes a good deal more of the dining table than is usually done by the average American family.

He indulges in four meals instead of three, though the late supper at night is often a very informal affair, and he frequently finds room for a cup of tea between meals. As for getting along on two meals a day, as some of our more æsthetic New Englanders are accustomed to do, he would spurn the idea. The center of the table is beautifully decorated with bright velvet or brilliant cloths of other kinds, and is gay with flowers, and often in the evening with fairy lamps, which add to the brilliant effect. The average Australian does not indulge in so many hot biscuits, porterhouse steaks, buckwheat cakes, etc., as his friends across the sea, but his table is always abundantly and often lavishly spread with cold meats, bread of different kinds, pastries and pud-

dings, and "sweets" under which generic term are grouped marmalade and jam, jellies and syrups of various kinds.

Of course the teapot is there, occasionally the coffeepot, very often the syphon of seltzer water and ginger ale, and, most rarely of all, the water pitcher. In fact, I think that some of my Australian friends scarcely know the taste of unadulterated water, and, as for ice water, I imagine they would abominate it as an invention of the arch enemy of mankind. I have seen hands held up almost in horror at the thought of the dreadful American practice of drinking ice water on all possible occasions, and under all circumstances, and it seems to be a standing wonder with many, how any of us manage to survive the period of infancy with all the various iced drinks and the vast amount of plain water that we make way with.

After breakfast we, of course, take up our morning paper, and here it is, damp from the press. I must say, that to my somewhat vitiated taste, perhaps, some of these daily papers seem extremely dull, but I am inclined to charge this impression to two facts. In the first place, they contain almost no American news, unless, possibly, John L. Sullivan, or some such slugger, happens to have received an unmerciful pounding (in which result we all devoutly rejoice). In the second place, a stranger never knows where to look for what he wants in an unaccustomed newspaper, so, though it may contain many morsels which he would be glad to read, he is apt to throw it aside impatiently with the reflection that it is dull and stupid.

But if this charge can be preferred with some force, there is something far worse than dullness, and that is the outrageous sensationalism which disgraces many of our own papers. These papers are at least dignified, and, for the most part, high in their moral tone. Some of the afternoon

journals, to be sure, are imitating a bad American example, and deal in "scare heads" and "penny-dreadful" stories, but the leading papers are all comparatively clean, if not aggressively on the side of religion and morals.

The Melbourne papers pay exceedingly little attention to religious matters, and seem to ape the "London Times" in the silent contempt that they visit upon anything or anybody that is not patronized by an earl or a lord at the very least. Their snobbishness is often spoken of by the people of Melbourne themselves, and it is not shared, I am glad to say, to any extent by the leading papers of Adelaide or Sydney. These are quite as good as newspapers, and far better as moral agencies in supporting and advancing the great religious movements of the day.

In addition to the column of births, marriages, and deaths, a "memorial" column is published in many of the papers, and anybody can get his funereal lucubrations published at so much a line. I do not know but this is wise forethought on the part of the newspaper publishers. If their subscribers work off their poetic afflatus in some doggerel verses concerning a deceased relative, they are not so likely to deluge the editorial sanctum with poems on "Spring," "Love," and such threadbare subjects. I think some publisher could make his fortune by collecting the choicest of these verses under the title, "FUNEREAL POETRY AS SHE IS COMPOSED." Here is one that I have found, and it is quite equal to the average, neither better nor worse. I commend the use of the verb in the last line to all our budding poets.

"Farewell, Mother; we did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized.
Thus angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized."

Another one, for which a friend of mine vouches, read as follows:

> "I heard that my Mother had met with a sprain,
> I left Ballarat by the 4.50 train,
> At Melbourne a cab took me quick to her side,
> But when I got there, alas, she had died!"

My friend suggests that no wonder the good lady departed this life before the arrival of a daughter who could perpetrate such verse.

After the breakfast and the paper have been disposed of, we will go out to see something of the national life, for there is a vast amount of outdoor life in Australia; too much, I am told by those who know it best, for the young men and women, in consequence, often spend too little time at home. The fine climate makes very much of outdoor life possible and delightful; and athletic sports have been carried to an extent that is not known in America or in England. This devotion to athleticism will, doubtless, produce a fine race of men physically. May this development not be gained at the expense of moral qualities which are vastly more important.

As baseball is the national game in America, so football is the great national game of Australia. To be sure, cricket is played and famous elevens have beaten the best English cricketers. Australian oarsmen are renowned throughout the world, but football is *the* national game *par excellence.*

The betting on these games, and especially the gambling on the horse races, are the worst features of outdoor life in Australia. It seems to me that I never saw the gambling spirit so rampant, even in England itself, as it is here. It certainly has not taken hold of the better classes in America as here. In some quarters there seems to be very little conscience about the matter. The races are patronized by

the governor-generals and the leading men in political life, and the protests which are raised by Christian people are sneered at by many of the papers as the feeble attempt of "sniveling parsons." A premier of one of the leading colonies, himself not averse, as I found upon the steamer, to a chance in the "Calcutta Sweep," assures me that the spirit of gambling is the awful and growing curse of Australian youth. This testimony, certainly, is not from an unduly prejudiced source.

Not only do the wealthy classes and the bookmakers bet, but the clerks and schoolboys and the ragged little bootblacks themselves invest a shilling in the sweep. Immense prizes, sometimes as high as $50,000 each, tempt the cupidity of rich and poor alike. In fact, these horse-races are simply huge Louisiana lotteries legalized, and established in all the colonies, which must debauch the youth by the wholesale if they are allowed longer to exist.

I have seen a sign over a very respectable looking house in Melbourne which read "Turf Adviser." It was not, as the uninitiated might suppose, a landscape gardener's office, or the establishment of one who gave instruction in regard to a model lawn, but of one who professed to have some special knowledge in regard to the races, and gave the unwary a supposed "tip" as to the winning horse. Such establishments, under one name or another, are very common, and even in times of depression and suffering the horse races and the bookmakers are the last to feel the pinch. Every little town has its own races and its own betting establishments, and the work of the Devil goes on in hundreds of different places at the same time.

A very long Australian word, and one which for some time I could not understand the meaning of, is "totalisator." The papers are full of arguments for and against

the "totalisator." The ministers denounce it from the pulpits, and the religious press score it in their columns, for it is simply a legalization of gambling, in which the government steps in and guarantees fair play; that is, if there can be such a thing as "fair play" in gambling. At least the government guarantees that professional sharpers shall not "fleece" the immature little gamblers, but that they shall have an equal chance at the unrighteous winnings of the lottery.

But it is pleasant to turn from the horse race and the gambling hell to the church; and to record that the church life of Australia seems to me vigorous, genuine, and aggressive. Nowhere are earnest Christians more numerous; nowhere are the churches better managed or more liberally sustained. Some of the metropolitan churches are immense establishments, with lecture rooms and class rooms, large libraries and parlors, and offices for all kinds of religious and benevolent enterprises. Some of them are practically theological seminaries as well, where the minister of the church, with some assistance perhaps from brother ministers, instructs young men for their future work.

The singing for the most part is magnificent. No thin warbling; no operatic airs; no display of organist and choir, such as is sometimes so painful in churches on our own side of the Pacific ocean; but hearty, whole-souled, devotional, congregational singing obtains everywhere.

The ministers, for the most part, are well-educated and able men, eloquent in defense of the truth, and outspoken for all righteousness. Especially in connection with the conventions for the Society of Christian Endeavor, which it was my happy privilege to attend during almost every day of my stay in Australia, was this devotional spirit most delightfully prominent. Never have I seen greater en-

thusiasm or more intelligent piety; or greater throngs, considering the population to be drawn upon, or a more intense interest in the practical phases of religious life. And among all the happy weeks of my life I count those spent at the Australian Christian Endeavor Convention among the brightest and best.

I need not here repeat the story of these delightful gatherings, which, in fact, occupied all my time when in this land. With strong religious fervor and outspoken devotion; with the vast material resources of the new continent to draw upon; with the sturdy British character forming the basis of the population, I cannot help feeling that the outlook for this fair land materially, morally, and spiritually is as bright as for any country on all the face of the earth.

There is no spot on earth where democracy is more rampant than in Australia. With all the talk about "home" (*i. e.* England) and all the sentimental love for the mother country, a very sturdy independence is cultivated, and a kind of individualism which is said by those who know best to tend to irreverence and disregard for authority. Young Australia is complained of by old Australia for its precocity and unpleasant development of beardless mannishness, just as young America is often twitted with the same fault by its elders. But I must say I have seen little of this priggishness among young Australians, and I have met many of them, and, as for young America, I think it has often been sadly maligned in this same way.

For the secret ballot we have to thank Australia, for a simpler way of registering our deeds, which it is hoped will soon be universally adopted, and for other improvements in municipal and civil government which naturally have originated with this fresh and independent people.

On the other hand, Australia has adopted many Ameri-

can ideas, and is very ready to credit every new invention and bright idea as a "Yankee notion," in whatever corner of the world it may have originated. But there are still many misunderstandings to be corrected and many prejudices to be overcome.

There is a great need of a better understanding between these two English-speaking nations on both sides of the Pacific ocean. They have far more in common than most people believe. To understand these common characteristics, one must be in sympathetic relations to each. The newspapers on either side of the ocean seem to do their best to give a distorted and unworthy picture of life both in Australia and America. In our American papers how little do we see of real importance concerning the Australian colonies? In the Australian, one may search the cable messages for weeks for information concerning America and find little besides accounts of horrid murders, desperate suicides, and brutal prize fights, with here and there a distorted political item miscalled "news."

It has been gravely said to me by a young Australian, with an air of knowing it all, that no decent man went into politics in America. He had full means of knowing what he was talking about, he said, and he was assured that nobody but scoundrels and "scalliwags" ever ran for a political office in the States. As I thought of our Christian governors and congressmen, senators and representatives whom I know are devout men and supporters of their churches, I could only smile at his ignorant conceit.

And yet this young man doubtless represents many whose views of American life have been altogether gained through the opaque and distorting medium of the submarine cable. One of the American consuls in Australia told me that he was convinced that news was willfully distorted by

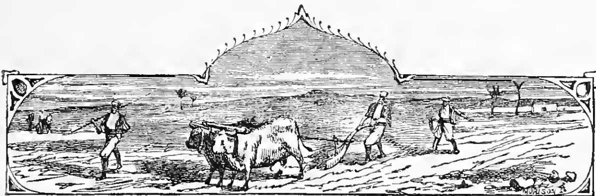
cable managers in Great Britain for political effect, to lead the colonists to think that America is inhabited chiefly by cut-throats and assassins. This I cannot believe, however, though the kind of news that is most often cabled gives some color to the supposition.

This same consul told me that on one occasion he saw a cable dispatch saying "that the Mexican Garcia and the black rascal Ormond, with a band of followers, had invaded Missouri, and had captured and sacked the town of Independence." He could not believe that this was true, since the town in question was more than one thousand miles from the Mexican border and the bandits would have to go through a thickly settled region to reach it. However, he had no means of disproving the assertion, but a few days after came the news that the telegraphic cipher had been misinterpreted, and that it should have been interpreted to mean that a certain horse owned by the Duke of Westminster and the black filly Ormond, had captured all the sweepstakes at a certain race in England. I do not suppose that the cable dispatches are often quite so absurdly mistranslated as in this case, but it would be strange if there were not numberless mistakes.

I remember searching all through the London *Times* on one occasion, for news from my own country, and the only bit of information I could find was to the effect that a man had been arrested on the streets of Boston for kissing his wife in public. This absurd canard, the invention of an idle reporter, was accepted by "*The Thunderer*" as a solemn truth, and constituted the sole allowance of American news for that day.

Said a young man to me, "I understand that all American girls are given to chewing gum, and that they go around spitting upon the streets promiscuously." He could hardly

be convinced when I told him that no American young lady I had ever seen was guilty of the latter heinous offense against good manners. He had probably seen some joke in an American paper about girls chewing gum, and I suppose that, from the same veracious source of information, he would make up his mind that the Chicago young ladies all wear No. 14 boots; and that every Boston girl is a spinster in spectacles, with a Greek lexicon under one arm and a Latin dictionary under the other. Very likely the views which our papers give of Australian life, whenever they take the pains to give any (which I fear is not very often), are equally distorted and fragmentary; and if this chapter, in regard to the little things in Australian life and customs and manners, shall serve to introduce to any of my American friends the country which I have come so highly to honor and respect, I shall be exceedingly glad.



CHAPTER V.

AUSTRALIA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

An Early Definition — A "Personally Conducted" Trip — A Peaceful Land — One of its Neighbors — Australia's Only Battle — The Eureka Stockade — Unwarlike Weapons — Hot, Hotter, Hottest — Summer the Prevailing Season — Ragged and Tattered Trees — A Eucalyptus Country — Many "Botany Bays" — Imported Pests — A Pugnacious Little Briton — One of Australia's Expensive Problems — The Gentle, Peace-loving Bear — The Kangaroo and the Emu — The Kangaroo's Small Brother — The Laughing Jackass — A Land of Cities — Tales of Political Corruption — An Exploded Boom — Melbourne the Magnificent — Sydney the Picturesque — Adelaide the Lovely — Ballarat the Golden — Down in a Gold Mine — Getting Ready to Descend — In Motley Array — The Cage — Brave Women — United We Drop — Suppose! — Everything but Gold — A Brave Miner — Risking Life for a Friend — That Man was a Christian.

STORY is current here in Australia that an American geography was once published which contained this extraordinary piece of information concerning this vast continent. "Australia is a place to which England sent her convicts, some of whom have been converted and have become her leading citizens." It was in this same geography, doubtless, that England was described as a "small island off the coast of France."

Absurd as such a description seems after one has visited these colonies with their thriving cities and bustling, cosmopolitan, modern life, which, for energy and vigor, is not

surpassed anywhere in the world, it is typical of a vast deal of misinformation that prevails on both sides of the Pacific ocean concerning the great countries on the opposite shores. Far too little of Australia is known in America, far too little of America is known in Australia. These two peoples of a common stock, a common language, and a common destiny, should know each other as they have not as yet begun to know each other; and if these notes of a traveler in Australia shall do anything toward introducing these two branches of the English-speaking race to each other, the author will feel (as authors are accustomed to say in prefaces) that "his work has not been altogether in vain."

The area of Australia is almost exactly the same as of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and about three-quarters as large as Europe. But do not be alarmed, dear reader, for I am not going into weary particulars, historical, geographical, biographical, or ethnological. I am only going to tell you of those things which impress a traveler in a journey through this new land; in fact, to take you with me on a personally conducted trip. You remember how this great island looks upon the map. It is roughly heart-shaped, but across the breadth of this heart is a journey of 2,300 miles, while from the top to the bottom in its very narrowest length it is over 1,000 miles.

It is not a country of vast and stupendous mountains, or mighty rivers, or belching volcanoes. It is eminently a peaceful, quiet, pastoral country. It has, to be sure, some fine mountains, and one or two large rivers, and some magnificent scenery, but there is more scenery which a tourist would seek in a single canton in Switzerland than in this whole continent of the southern seas.

However, if Australia is not a Switzerland, it has a Switzerland at its doors, for one of the Australasian colonies,

New Zealand, can boast of as magnificent mountains and glaciers, lakes and waterfalls as Switzerland, and precipices and fiords like those of Norway. I have said that this Australasian Switzerland was at the doors of Australia, and yet it is a good wide doorway; for 1,200 miles of stormy ocean rolls between these islands. However, this is a country of magnificent distances and as New Zealand is the largest neighbor of Australia we may be pardoned for thinking of her as a near neighbor.

As is becoming a peaceful, pastoral country, the history of this land since civilized man first came here to abide is far from warlike. In fact there is no nation on the face of the earth whose history has been so little stained with blood as this land. I visited the only battle-ground on Australian shores, the Eureka Stockade, so called, near Ballarat. This battle-ground is not a Waterloo or a Gettysburg, by any means. It is simply the scene of a brisk skirmish between some riotous miners and the authorities, which resulted in few fatalities on either side. Nevertheless an heroic monument marks the spot, and some unwarlike cannon, which probably could not be fired, show their muzzles from the historic hillock. Except for this brief skirmish the history of the country has been absolutely bloodless. The Australians have no one to fight and no one to fear. No nation would think of sending an armed force to these shores, and even if sent it would be routed in even quicker time than the Hessians who were sent to conquer the American colonies a century ago.

What is the climate of this country, do you ask, my curious reader? Well, you might as well ask, "What is the climate of the United States." You will have to come down to particulars, and we shall ask you whether you desire to know about the temperature of Texas or of North Dakota, of

Florida or of Maine. Here, too, there are all climates and all temperatures. South Australia is hot, New South Wales is hotter, Queensland is hottest. Victoria has a more temperate climate and so has Tasmania, while some parts of the mountainous region of New Zealand are Arctic in their temperature.

But take Australia throughout, we may say that it is a sunnier clime and far more summer-like than the same area of habitable North America. Summer is here the prevailing season, and when it is not summer time it is either late in the spring or early in the fall.

The vegetation of Australia seems to a stranger to be rather meagre and monotonous; not that anything will not grow which is planted and well watered, but indigenous trees are largely of the eucalyptus class, and though some of these are the tallest trees in the world, and magnificent specimens of treehood, yet, for the most part, they are scrawny and scraggy, and as they shed their bark, they have a peculiarly ragged and unkempt look, like street gamins whose clothes are hanging in tatters from their limbs. The botanists tell us that there are 150 different kinds of eucalyptus trees, most of which belong to Australia alone.

But, after all, these are splendid trees for the country, and are, like most other inventions of Mother Nature, exactly adapted for the work which they have to do. They have very long tap roots, which suck up the moisture from a great depth, and their tough, leathery leaves fit them peculiarly for the dry climate. But though the eucalyptus is more largely represented in the native forest than any other tree, yet it is not fair to say that the vegetation as a whole is of a dull, lifeless, and uninteresting character.

Nowhere have I seen such gorgeous flowers; no land can

boast more magnificent gardens. Nature, seeming desirous of compensating the country for the usual lack of variety in deciduous trees, has fully made-up for this loss in the shrubs and flowering plants with which she has so plentifully carpeted the earth, especially during the spring months, when sufficient moisture makes the blossoms possible. "Botany

ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN.

Bay" may be found in many places along the shores of Australia. The Wasatah is a most brilliant, showy, red flower which grows on a tall spike, while another famous native of New South Wales is the modest flannel flower, a beautiful relative of the edelweiss of Switzerland, which it much resembles.

Many of these brilliant flowering plants are indigenous and others have been imported, such as the gorgeous golden gorze, and the equally golden cape-weed, which, however beautiful it looks when the sun shines upon it of a bright

spring morning, is a pest as utterly detested by the farmers as the white weed in our northern meadows. By the way, when will people learn to experiment less recklessly with the products of other zones? When will we learn the lesson, that for the most part, the trees and plants and birds and insects which God has settled in the land, are best adapted to that country, and that we are running great risks when we try to naturalize other citizens that are foreign to these climes?

Not only has the cape-weed become an unutterable nuisance, but the English sparrow is almost as great a pest in Australia as in our own country. Why could we not have been content to have left the chattering, mischievous, pugnacious little bird at home, instead of spreading his ravages through two great continents. The gipsy moth seems to be a very harmless insect when you look at him with the dispassionate eye of a naturalist, and yet what havoc he has made, and how many thousands of dollars has his unfortunate advent cost the goodly State of Massachusetts!

Could anything be more harmless in appearance than the timid rabbit, and yet the introduction of a few pair of these "feeble folk," has cost these colonies millions of pounds, and the end is not yet. How to exterminate the pests the colonists know not. They multiply faster than the hunter's gun and the hunter's dog can extirpate them. A vast reward has been offered to anyone who shall invent a poison potent enough to rid the country of them, but the reward has never been earned as yet. The only way to secure immunity from them is to build a "rabbit fence" around any particular field, sunk a foot or two below the surface of the ground under which the rabbits will not burrow. But to do this on any large scale is manifestly impossible, and the reward aforementioned still awaits the inventive Pas-

teur or Edison, who may discover the deadly rabbit exterminator.

I have said that the geological and political history of Australia have been alike of a peaceful character, marked by no great upheavals of nature or of man. This gentle characteristic extends to the animal life of Australia as well, for there are no native animals of a fierce and savage nature, no lions or panthers, no wild cats or grizzly bears. The kangaroo is the typical animal, and the emu is the typical bird, and they are found one on either side of the New South Wales coat of arms, while both are dignified by a place on her postage stamps as well. There is, to be sure, a native bear, called the koala, but it is a mild and peace-loving animal that climbs sluggishly about at night on trees, in search of fruits and seeds.

The kangaroo is *the* typical Australian animal, beyond all others, and with his smaller cousin, the wallaby, has afforded me no end of amusement as I have seen them in the well-kept zoölogical gardens of the country. With their puny little forelegs which seem so utterly inadequate to the occasion, and which as often as they stand up on their hind legs droop down in a helpless, lackadaisical way, they are the very pictures of innocence and helplessness; but I am told that a blow from the hind leg of an "old man" kangaroo, or even a stroke of its powerful tail is not to be despised, and when angry and fearful for their young, they will fight in desperate fashion. The most stupid animal whose acquaintance it was ever my pleasure to make, is the wombat, a kind of dull, listless woodchuck, with a most uninteresting countenance, who burrows in the ground like his American cousin, but is not nearly so vivacious and enterprising. Among the birds is a very solemn-faced creature called the laughing jackass, who looks as though he

had not an idea in his head or a friend in the world, as he sits perched all day immovable in his large cage in the gardens. But I am told that when in his native haunts, he is a different sort of a creature, and is gifted with a loud, sardonic laugh, which is very startling as one passes his haunts. For just as the traveler has got by his habitat, this ironical, chuckling laugh bursts out as though some demon was rejoicing over the traveler's progress to the City of Destruction.

Much of the human life of Australia, aside from the Aborigines, is found in the large cities. In fact, far too large a proportion, as I have already remarked, of our Australian friends live in the cities, and too small a proportion for the best and truest prosperity of the country cultivate the soil. This fact is acknowledged and mourned over by thoughtful Australians everywhere. If Paris is France, much more is Melbourne Victoria, and Sydney is New South Wales, and Adelaide is South Australia. In fact, not far from 50 per cent. of the people live in cities, and nearly that percentage of the whole population is found in these great leading cities or their immediate environs.

The usual tales are told in the papers about political corruption and incompetence of premier and councilors and members of the Colonial Parliament. I have learned to put very little confidence in these newspaporial wails about the decadence of legislation and legislators. I have heard so many of them in my own country that I am inclined to discount those that I read in any other. Like the man who was not frightened by ghosts because he had seen so many of them, I am not greatly alarmed when I see the opposition papers telling the country that it is going to rack and ruin as fast as the other party can carry it.

However, there have doubtless been some sad revelations

of late in political life, and Victoria especially is suffering terribly from an exploded "boom." Three years since, so the Victorians tell me, it was supposed that the golden gates of prosperity were wide open for all the colonies, and would never be closed, and that all that any one had to do was to enter in and help himself to as many millions as he was smart enough to grab. Real estate went up to a fabulous price, wildcat schemes were entered into with a recklessness worthy of South Sea Bubble years. Many men in each large city were supposed to be veritable descendants of Crœsus and whatever they touched, it was thought, would turn to shining gold. But the inevitable crash came which always follows an extravagant boom, and for the last two years Victoria and New South Wales, especially the former, have been suffering sadly from the collapse.

However, this depression must be merely temporary. With the magnificent country to be developed behind the large cities, with an indomitable people, and English pluck and perseverance to work upon, there is no doubt concerning the future history of these colonies. As it is, they have made marvelous progress during the last forty years, for it is only since gold was discovered in 1851 that the great future of Australia has been assured. Within that time Melbourne has grown from an insignificant village to a vast and beautiful city. The word "magnificent" is scarcely too large a word to be used in describing this metropolis. Some of its streets are equal to the best that can be found in Paris or London, New York or Philadelphia, and, take it throughout, it has a cleaner, fresher, and more wholesome appearance than either of these cities. Its public buildings are massive and imposing, its stores are spacious, and much of the architecture of its principal thoroughfare, Collins street, can scarcely be matched elsewhere in the world.

Sydney is not so well laid out as Melbourne, for, like Topsy, it "just growed" instead of being planned carefully by architects and surveyors; but it is a more picturesque city by reason of its irregularity, and in most respects fully as interesting as Melbourne.

Adelaide combines city and country in a charming way,

IN ONE OF MELBOURNE'S PARKS.

and is surrounded on all sides by a wide park filled with beautiful trees and brilliant shrubbery. Beyond this park-enclosed area are the suburban cities and villas, and back of all is a lovely range of green hills that encircles the city most lovingly round about. Adelaide seemed to me pre-eminently a city of homes, and the religious influences are strong and abiding.

Another remarkable city that I visited is Ballarat, the center of the gold-mining industries of Australia; or at least

one of the centers, for Bendigo, which I did not visit, is equally famous in its way as a golden city.

All my preconceived notions of a mining town were rudely destroyed by Ballarat, for, instead of belching chimneys and barren hillsides, bedraggled streets and dirty houses, such as I have always associated in my imagination with a mining town, I found here one of the handsomest of modern cities with splendid streets, tree-lined and statue-adorned; fine public buildings and business blocks, and a charming residential quarter where some of the most refined and hospitable people on the face of the earth have their homes. But despite these delightful surroundings, one sees at a glance that Ballarat is a city of mines. Huge heaps of yellow earth, almost mountainous in their size, surround the city in every direction, and these show where the mines have been and in many cases still are worked. From some of these fabulous sums of gold have been extracted, and the supply seems practically inexhaustible, for, however far the miners have gone, they have not found the end of the gold-bearing quartz.

Let us go down together, dear reader, into this dark hole in the ground, for we will never have a better opportunity to see a gold mine. As we go into the office of the company to don our underground costumes, we see a great pile of apparent golden ingots,— plaster representations of the gold that has been taken out of this mine during the last three or four years. These bars are piled up under a glass case, and represent hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of yellow metal which has come out of this one hole in the ground.

But we will not linger on the surface, for here are the clothes that we are to put on, a motley array of all sorts and sizes: battered hats, ragged coats, trousers that reach

only half way below the knee, and boots hopelessly run down at the heels; but no matter, for we are not going into polite society for the next few hours.

So picturesque, however, is our rig, that we pause to have our photographs taken before descending into the bowels of Mother Earth. Then we find the entrance to the mine and the cage waiting to carry us down. It is a pokerish looking

READY FOR THE DESCENT INTO A GOLD MINE.

hole, indeed, and requires some little nerve on the part of the ladies of our party. But I have always noticed that a genuine woman, though she may run from a snake, and possible give a little scream at the sight of a mouse, always braces up when her genuine courage is required. And first of all, the ladies step upon the platform of the cage and stow themselves away in the smallest possible compass, four going down at a time. A cord is passed around them, tying them all together, so that not only united they stand, but united they drop down into the lower regions which yawn

beneath them. The signal is given and down we go. It is an awful plunge into the depths of the earth. Light and hope we seem to leave above us, and a pitchy blackness that may be felt is all that seems to be below us. However, we have not time for any very long-continued dismal reflections, for in less than three minutes we are at the bottom of the shaft, and picking our way gingerly over sharp pieces of quartz, and through pools of muddy water, following our guide who goes before us with his flickering candle at which we have all lighted our own torches.

If not heroic, there is something picturesque and weird in the sight of a file of men and women stumbling along in a narrow passage a thousand feet below the surface, lighted only by a few gleams that serve to make the darkness visible. Even the stoutest hearted cannot help thinking: "Suppose the fire damp should explode!" "Suppose the flood gate should give way and pour their whelming floods of water into this hole while we are here!" "Supposing these wooden supports that wall us in should yield to the tremendous pressure above them and collapse, who would carry the tale of the imprisoned Yankees in a Ballarat gold mine?"

However, none of these things occur or are very likely to occur, for the utmost precaution is taken, and I imagine that life is quite as safe in this underground hole as it is on Broadway or Washington street. After stumbling around in the different passages for an hour or two, looking for nuggets which never appear, and searching the walls diligently for specks of gold which we can never see, we return again to the shaft that will take us up to air and sunlight, convinced that about the only thing one cannot find in a gold mine is gold.

Yet all this innocent-looking white quartz which seems

to contain not even a scintillation of the yellow metal, is charged with it, and when it is crushed, flooded with water, and strained through blankets, and treated with quicksilver whose deft fingers pick out every little particle of the precious ore, it is found to be extremely rich in that commodity for which so many men are willing to make slaves of themselves all their lives long.

The miners themselves, however, get no extravagant wages; though they work in gold and for gold, they can only daily line their pockets with about $2.50 worth of the metal for which they delve. So true is it in gold mines as in every other industry, and every other effort moral, spiritual, and material; "other men labor and we are entered into their labors."

"That man must have been a Christian," said our guide, as we were going up from the bottom of the mine to the daylight again.

"What man?" we inquired.

"Why, the fellow that saved his chum's life in one of the mines a little while ago."

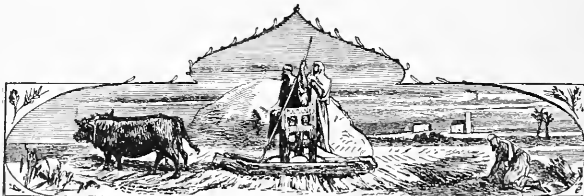
"Tell us all about it," we said, and before we got up to daylight we had time to hear the brief and graphic story. Two miners were recently going up the shaft together in a bucket, when one of them accidentally fell off. They were hurrying up to get out of the way of four charges of rend-rock which had been put into the drilled holes to blast away a portion of the wall of the mine. The fuse had been lighted, and these men, scrambling into the bucket, had given the signal to be hoisted up, when, as I said, one of them fell out. Quick as thought his brave companion gave the signal to lower the bucket again.

It had gone some twenty or thirty feet only, and the man who fell from it, though stunned and bruised, was not

killed. His companion felt around in the awful darkness for the charges of rendrock in order to pull them out and prevent the explosion. He found three of them, but the fourth he could not find in the darkness and confusion of the moment. He had but a few seconds to work for the fuse was burning toward the explosive with frightful rapidity.

Finding that he could not lay his hand upon the last charge, he drew his senseless companion into a niche in the rock, shielded him as far as possible from the flying fragments, and waited the dreadful moment of the explosion. Was ever a man placed in a position of more awful expectancy? Did ever a braver soul court death for the sake of saving a fellow-man? The fearful explosion came. The mine was filled with suffocating fumes, the rocks flew in every direction, but, strange to say, neither of these men were killed. They were bruised and cut, and much shaken nervously, as can be imagined, but the brave deliverer was able to crawl to the bucket again when the explosion was over and to carry his wounded friend with him, and both were hoisted into God's sunlight again.

With all our hearts we agree with our guide's remark: "That man must have been a Christian!"



CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUISE OF THE *CHINGTU* — AN INTERESTING VOYAGE IN STRANGE COMPANY — IN THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

Beginning Our Log-book — Mrs. Pilgrim's Resolve — The *Chingtu* — A Unique and Unusual Journey — Our Steamer — Our Stewards — "Loast Beef," "Olange Flittels" and "Lice Cakes" — Preparing for Hot Weather — Our Fellow Passengers — Life in the Steerage — Mr. Ah See and his Wives — Mrs. Ah See Number One — Photographing the Family — The Ruler of the Roost — The Black Fellows — Celestials Returning Home — Taking Home Their Own Bones — The Chinaman at Dinner — A Race of Squatters — The Fan-tan "Layout" — Chinese Passion for Gambling — Within the Barrier Reef — "White Man, He too Salt" — Glittering Gold Fields — How Gold was Discovered in Australia — Nash and His "Find" — "Welcome Strangers" — Gold on Brogans — The Romance of the Morgan Mine — A Visit from a Native Bushman — "Backy, Backy, Backy" — White Ant Hills.

TO start fairly with our log-book we must tell you that the *Chingtu* sails from Melbourne to Hong Kong, but that we did not join her until she had plowed her way for a thousand miles along the waters of the Australian coast, and had reached Brisbane, the capital of Queensland.

Mrs. Pilgrim had declared that nothing would induce her to go a mile by water that could be traversed by land. So we had traveled by rail from Adelaide to Melbourne, from Melbourne to Sydney, from Sydney to Brisbane, a long eighteen hundred miles in all; had attended most enthusiastic and long-to-be-remembered

Christian Endeavor Conventions in all these cities; and on the afternoon of October 22 were ready to embark on the trim and staunch *Chingtu*; "the magnificent steamer," as the newspaper advertisements called her, of the China Navigation Company.

I should hardly term her "magnificent" but she was an exceedingly comfortable vessel, and for three weeks afforded us a very restful and pleasant home after the labors of six weeks of continuous convention-going.

Now before us is a voyage worth taking indeed. None of your every-day trips across the Atlantic that you can make in the fraction of a week; none of your common jaunts across the long ferry between San Francisco and Hong Kong; but a unique and unusual journey is this within the Great Barrier Reef, and through the marvelous Malay Archipelago, and the many seas and straits which form the water-way between two of our five continents.

Here is a new sensation for the *blasé* traveler; a journey at which every scribbling voyager from the time of Columbus has not had a hack. Here is a trip over unruffled seas and on an even keel, such a trip as one frequently reads about in flaming descriptions of rival steamboat lines, but very rarely experiences after one has taken passage on one of the aforesaid rival steamships.

Before we get out of Moreton bay, into which the Brisbane river debouches and which is the point of our embarkation, let us take a look at the *Chingtu*, our floating home for the next three weeks. It is a long, low-built, somewhat rakish-looking steamer, with a huge black smoke-stack, a large amount of awning to ward off the rays of the fierce tropical sun, and large steerage accommodations for John Chinaman, who always extensively patronizes this line, as he goes back and forth to and from his native land.

Being built largely for freight, the first-class passenger accommodations are somewhat limited, but they are quite sufficient for the passenger traffic of this remote corner of the world, and they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. Everything is exquisitely neat, the table is abundant and excellent, and the service of the Chinese stewards leaves nothing to be desired. Quick, observant, quiet, cat-like in their tread, these China boys are the perfection of ship servants.

All our sailors, as well as cooks, waiters, and stewards are Chinese or Malays, and even the librarian of the *Chingtu* is "Number One Boy" as his fellow-stewards call him. At the table the watchful "Boy" who is detailed to look after our comfort stands at our elbow to replenish our tumbler, or to fill our teacup, or to pass us the toast whenever our empty cup or plate suggests any lack, and gently to insinuate the bill of fare under our nose when we pause for a moment in our gastronomic efforts.

Order for "loast beef" and "olange flittels" are continually sent back to the cook in the galley, and I know of a small boy who finds it very hard to repress a snicker when at the breakfast table the frequent order for "lice cakes" is heard.

In every way we are reminded that the ship is built for tropical weather. The double awning over the promenade deck, through which even the awful sun-glare of Northern Australia finds it hard to pierce; the heavy Indian punkahs over each table, which, during the meals, are swung by invisible coolies; the hard beds on which are no blankets or spreads or even sheets, all tell us to make up our minds for hot weather. And well we may, for the cruise of the *Chingtu* is almost wholly within the tropics.

The only drawback (and in this imperfect world there

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must be some drawback even to such a summer voyage as this) is the continuous heat. Not that it is remarkably intense at any one moment, but it is so unremitting and enervating that one longs for an ice palace and a toboggan slide many times every day. Eighty-five degrees in the morning, and eighty-seven degrees at noon, and eighty-five degrees again at sunset, and eighty-four degrees at midnight, when continued day after day, are calculated to reduce the pity one has always felt for the Esquimau in his snow hut.

Now let us take a look at our fellow passengers of the *Chingtu.* Not the Europeans with their continental dress and their chimney-pot hats and their calf-skin boots: we will not waste our time upon such common people (by the way, your point of view makes all the difference in the world as to who the common people are), but we will look on the afterdeck and on the poop for the second and third-class passengers, if we would forage in fresh fields and human pastures new.

There on the poop deck we shall find Mr. Ah See with his two wives and his four children; the prosperous Chinese merchant of Sydney, who has made his little pile in Australia, and is going home to spend it in Canton, where he will be a great and wealthy man among his almond-eyed *confrères.*

Mr. Ah See is fat and good-natured, and seems very fond of the four little Ah Sees, even though two of them are girls. Like the model husband that he seems to be, he has one of the children in his arms most of the time, even though he has two wives to care for them.

But "Tommy" and "Fleddy," and "Maly" and "Eliza" are all very nearly of an age, and are quite bright and pert enough to do credit to their English names. Mrs. Ah See Number One is a stout woman with a pleasant,

motherly face, slant eyes, and two huge shell rings in her ears, while her hair is done up in a most fearful and wonderful fashion, quite equal to the coiffure of an American belle when chignons were in fashion a few years since.

She evidently "rules the roost" in the Ah See household, while Mrs. Ah See Number Two is like an older daughter, though more submissive and bidable than some elder daughters whom I know.

When I desire to take their pictures, Mrs. Number One steps forward, takes little Eliza from Mrs. Number Two, who is giving the baby her morning meal from the maternal fount, and is ready to pose before the kodak in her appropriate place as the rightful head of the family and the mother of *all* the children; and, in a certain sense, of all the other wives as well.

Here, also, are three "black fellows" among the third-class passengers who are going to Port Darwin with a cattle-drove, and from thence into the uninhabited wilds of South Australia. Quiet, stolid, undemonstrative fellows are these "tame blacks," who seem to care for nothing but to be stretched on the hatchway all day long, and to sit up long enough to eat an enormous plate of beef and potatoes and cabbage three times a day. Their skins are jet black; such a depth of lustrous blackness as I have never seen except in Australian aborigines; their eyes are as black as their skins, and glow like two stars in a setting of alabaster; while their woolly hair that stands up on end is as black as everything else about them excepting the whites of their eyes.

Their faces are not vicious, however, and they make faithful shepherds and herdsmen who will defend their masters against their ferocious brethren, who still infest the northern portion of Australia.

Interesting as are our second and third-class fellow pas-

sengers, our friends in the steerage are more interesting still, for here we have John Chinaman, in all his heathen unloveliness, to be sure, but at the same time, in all his picturesque barbarity. Here are some fifty or sixty Mongolians going back to China once more. More than Mecca to the Mohammedan, more than Paris to the Frenchman, more than London to the cockney, is China to the Chinaman. His cupidity will tempt him to go away, but nothing can persuade him to stay away from his beloved land, and every returning ship is loaded with returning Celestials. If, by any mischance, he dies away from home, his bones are never allowed to rest in peace except in the soil of the Flowery Kingdom.

So it happens that many of our passengers on the *Chingtu* are old men, decrepit and feeble, toothless and almost blind, who are evidently taking their bones home for burial, thus getting a last glimpse of their native land and saving the expense of an embalming surgeon at the same time.

But others among our passengers are stalwart, lusty young Celestials, with neatly-braided pig-tails coiled under their caps or thrust into a side-pocket of their white blouses.

It is an unending source of enjoyment to go into the steerage at any hour of the day or night, a free play-house, where the actors are all entirely unconscious of histrionic effort, and thus attain the perfection of good acting.

To go down the companion-way which separates the cabin passengers from the steerage, is a swift descent from Europe to China, and at meal-times the visit is always especially interesting. In their very impromptu meals, first a big wicker basket of rice, the great staple of Chinadom everywhere, is brought in from the galley and set down anywhere on the steerage deck. Then a small dish of meat

soused in plenty of gravy follows, then another dish of boiled greens and a bottle of Chinese wine is set on the deck, and dinner is served. A dozen bare-legged Chinamen, clad in shiny black waterproof blouses, squat around these four dishes and prepare for business. Each has a china bowl and two chopsticks in his hand. First he fills his bowl to the brim with boiled rice, and then how he makes the chop-sticks fly! Putting the rim of the bowl close up to his lips, he shovels his mouth full of rice with his rapid little sticks. When it can hold no more he pauses for a moment for breath and for mastication, and then picks up most dexter-ously a morsel of meat and a wad of greens which he crowds into the interstices of the rice-filled cavern which he calls his mouth.

After munching this mixture with evident satisfaction for a minute or two, he again raises the rice bowl to his lips, crams the cavern again with the utmost alacrity, adds a little spice in the way of meat and greens, and enjoys an-other rapturous period of mastication until that, too, is dis-posed of. It is wonderful how long these fellows can squat on their haunches. A position which would cramp our mar-row bones in half a minute they will maintain throughout a long meal, apparently with the utmost ease and composure.

Just beyond the dinner party is a circle of gamblers around the fan-tan "lay out"; for John is an inveterate gambler. He will work like a slave for years in some foreign land, save and scrape and hoard and live on next to nothing; and then gamble away all his little hoard on his journey back to China. First, he will bet all his money, then wager his clothes, and then his wife and children, while, if his soul were at his own disposal, I have no doubt he would wager that in his passion for gambling.

Squatting on their haunches in a corner of the steerage

deck is another circle of Chinese gamblers, throwing dice and playing cards, with a dexterity acquired only by long experience. They are smoking cigarettes, or curious pipes with minute bowls, which when not in use they tuck behind their ears, until they desire another whiff.

But it must not be thought that all the passengers of the *Chingtu* are gamblers. A traveler in foreign lands is only in duty bound to describe the unusual and picturesque, and he need not waste his space upon the manly but everyday officers of the *Chingtu*, or the very pleasant, but quite unnoteworthy Englishmen and Australians, Americans and Germans and Frenchmen who make up her small first-class passenger list.

Now it is quite time that we turn our thoughts from the little world of the *Chingtu* to the larger world around us.

We were just steering out of Moreton bay, were we not, when we went below to look at our strange assortment of passengers?

The water is smooth and glassy, and over just such an unruffled sea the captain tells we are likely to sail for more than two weeks, for, during the first week, we shall keep well within the Great Barrier reefs which effectually prevent the rude Atlantic waves from buffeting our progress; and during the second week, the many islands off the coast of Northern Australia and the Malay Archipelago act as breakwaters for our course, so that, practically, with the exception of the last three days, the whole cruise of the *Chingtu* is within landlocked seas. This assurance is a great delight to some of our company, for even the most indifferent sailor cannot fail to enjoy such a trip as this.

Those sunbaked, blistered mountains on our left mark the coast of Queensland, and what a tremendous colony it is! More than five times the size of Great Britain and Ire-

IN A CORNER OF THE STEERAGE DECK—CHINESE GAMBLING ON SHIPBOARD. (*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

Squatting on their haunches in a corner of the steerage deck was another circle of Chinese Gamblers, throwing dice and playing cards with a dexterity acquired only by long experience. They were smoking cigarettes, or curious pipes with minute bowls, which when not in use they tucked behind their ears, until they desired another whiff.

land, the geographies tell us, and we can well imagine that they are not exaggerating the truth, as we sail on, day after day, day after day, in vain effort to get beyond the northern point of Cape York.

ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN.

Far off yonder in Northern Australia are unexplored wilds and savage black men, who would not only take pleasure, so our captain tells us, in flaying us alive, but in eating a good tender Yankee after he has been well flayed and cooked. These blacks prefer Chinamen, however, so he assures us, to Yankees or to people of European extraction of any kind, for they are much "fresher" says our epicurean aboriginal. "White man, he too salt," is the verdict of this fastidious savage. Well, we will rejoice in our saline characteristics, for if we should be cast ashore on this inhospitable coast, salt, as is its nature, may preserve us.

On the left or Australian side, as we steam northward, headland succeeds headland; on the right, island succeeds island, and so all day long and all the days long, we glide on with never enough of a pitch or a roll to disturb the most sensitive stomach.

Early in its history the government of Queensland offered rewards, varying from a thousand to five thousand

dollars for the discovery of payable gold fields. As can easily be imagined, this offer, combined with the certain wealth which a great gold mine would assure, set many men to searching with all their eyes over the hot plains of Queensland. But fortune is proverbially capricious with the gold seeker, and it so happened that not one of these scientific gold hunters, but a poor vagabond, named Nash, who toward the end of 1867 was wandering about in an aimless sort of way in the neighborhood of Gympie, about 130 miles from Brisbane, found "an auriferous region of great extent," as the Australian histories put it. In other words. he had struck gold and struck it rich. In a day or two his empty pockets were heavier by several thousand dollars worth of gold than when he made his great "find." At first he set to work to gather it all in for himself, but his gold field was near a traveled road, and he was frequently obliged to crouch among the bushes until the distant footsteps told him that the departing traveler was far on his way. Then he would go to work with feverish haste to scrape together a few more shining flakes of the precious metal.

At length, however, he found that he could not keep his precious gold field all to himself any longer, and, going to the nearest town of Maryborough, he proclaimed his discovery, and received his reward.

As can easily be imagined, a rush at once took place to Gympie, and one of the early gold birds found a most remarkable worm very near the surface of the ground, in the shape of a nugget of pure gold that weighed nearly a hundred pounds.

Even this nugget, however, is eclipsed by several that have been found in the colony of Victoria, such as the "Welcome Stranger," found in 1869, which actually

weighed in the scales 190 pounds, and was worth about forty thousand dollars. Besides the "Welcome Stranger" was the "Welcome" nugget, found in 1858, and only smaller by six pounds than the great golden lump I have already described, while still another, found in 1853, weighed almost 132 pounds.

"Welcome strangers," indeed, were all these nuggets to the weary and often discouraged miners. But those discoveries were made in the golden age of Australian gold mining. A friend of mine who lived in Ballarat during this golden age, tells me that frequently, when a boy, he has borrowed the muddy boots of the miners after their return from a day's work in the alluvial gold fields, for the sake of scraping the mud off their dirty brogans; and that he has frequently scraped five shillings worth of gold from a single pair of boots.

He was an honest, truthful man, moreover, who told me this story, and he would not be guilty of presuming on the gullibility of a credulous Yankee. So my readers may accept his astounding story as absolute truth.

But to return to the Queensland gold fields. The romance of the Morgan mine eclipses all the rest. In 1858, a young squatter bought from the government a section of 640 acres near Rockhampton. When he came to "squat," however, he found that his selection was a barren, rocky hill, and that it was quite useless for agricultural purposes. So he thought himself very lucky when he found three brothers named Morgan, who would take his unprofitable purchase off his hands for about three thousand dollars. Hugging his precious three thousand dollars, he left that part of the country forever, shaking its unproductive dust from his feet.

But the Morgan brothers found, that though they could not raise cabbages among the dirty gray rocks of their new

purchase, they could get out of them something vastly more valuable, for in every cart load of the rock there was more than one hundred dollars' worth of gold; in fact, they found that they had on their hands the richest gold mine ever discovered in the history of the world.

A year or two after this the hill was sold for forty millions of dollars, and already dividends to the amount of nearly fifty millions of dollars have been paid by the Morgan mine, and still there are "millions in it."

But to skip from shore to sea again. As the *Chingtu* makes her slow and tortuous way along the coast, avoiding sunken reefs, dodging islands, and threading intricate passages, we see very little of human life except that which our polyglot and cosmopolitan passenger list contains. For hundreds of miles there is no white settlement, only a parched and howling wilderness, into which it is not safe for a white man to penetrate unless with a strong guard. Here and there a bush-fire shows us the location of a native encampment, and once we descried on the water horizon a black speck which seemed to be moving nearer. Anything unusual at sea attracts attention, and it was not long before half a dozen opera glasses were trained upon the spot. The speck soon resolved itself into a native canoe, and the canoe was seen to contain four naked blacks. Their craft was simply a hollowed-out log pointed at the ends, with a long outrider which prevented it from rolling over as it certainly would have done otherwise. As the blacks came nearer, we saw that they were bearing down upon our ship and paddling with all their might. When they got within ear shot they all lifted up their voices and cried: "backy," "backy," "backy" (tobacco).

But the *Chingtu* majestically kept on her way. The pitiful cry, "backy," "backy," "backy," became fainter and

fainter, the log canoe faded into a speck again, and the speck vanished altogether.

What a perfect type, I said to myself, of the vanishing bushmen in the presence of the majestic white race. What

"BACKY," "BACKY."

the feeble little dug-out is to the full-powered ocean steamer, so is the remnant of this aboriginal nation to the all-conquering whites. As the *Chingtu* contemptuously leaves the canoe in the distance without even slackening speed to listen to the appeal of its occupants, so the contemptuous English-speaking races in all parts of the world leave their colored brethren behind or spurn them from their presence. As "backy" was the one corrupted English word which these black fellows seemed to know, so the vices of the dominant race first become known and assimilated. As the canoe vanished into the hazy distance while the *Chingtu* held strongly on her appointed cruise, so the black races are disappearing,

while the Anglo-Saxons keep steadily on their way, conquering and to conquer.

But while we are musing about these black fellows, the *Chingtu* has been plowing her serpentine way along the much-indented coast of this huge colony.

We have left the sandy reach where Capt. Cook more than a hundred years ago beached his famous ship, the *Endeavor*, which had been sadly disabled in trying to find an entrance through the Barrier Reef; we have steamed for a whole week since leaving Brisbane, along these unending shores; and now, just seven days from the start, the *Chingtu* cleaves her way through Albany Pass, a narrow strait between two verdure-clad islands, at the very tip end of Northern Australia.

On either hand as we went through Albany Pass, we saw hundreds of curious red mounds, which at first we took for decaying tree stumps, so regular and symmetrical were they. But on examining them more closely through our glasses we found that they were white ant hills, and a most singular appearance they gave the land, as though it had been hastily cleared by settlers who had left the stumps about four feet high to rot away at their leisure.

Soon after passing through Albany strait, the gaunt, spectral yards of a four-masted, square-rigged ship appeared on the horizon, fixed and motionless as they have been for five years past, ever since the good ship *Volga* struck on the coral reef and sunk in a few fathoms of water, leaving her yards and masts above the waves, a sad monument to the power of the unseen foe beneath.

Then a few more hours of sailing and we drop anchor in the roadstead of Thursday Island at the northern extremity of Cape York, and at this safe anchorage, the first part of the cruise of the *Chingtu* has come to an end.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRUISE OF THE *CHINGTU.*—CONTINUED.

All the Days of the Week — A Convenient Nomenclature — A Diet of Sea Worms — Trade in Bloodsuckers — Reminiscences of My Boyhood — A Hideous Delicacy — The Pearl Fishery — Plums in the Pudding — The Pearl Diver's Equipment — A Short but not a Merry Life — A Baking Day and Steamy Night — The Aborigines — In the Celebes Sea — The Connecticut of the South Sea — The Nutmeg at Home — The Possibilities of a Ball of Twine — How the Bride Wore the Trousers — European Clothes and Civilization — A Snake Story — An Unwelcome Guest — Dislodging his Serpentship — A Battle with a Python — The Spicy Breezes — The Noble Work of the Missionary — How the Chief Took the Census — At His Wit's End — A Shrewd Rajah — Some Passengers — Some Members of the Feline Tribe — The Tale of Tortoise-shell Tommy.

THURSDAY ISLAND is the only island in the little archipelago to the north of Australia that contains any considerable settlement of Europeans, but the other days of the week are not neglected by any means, for there is Friday Island and Saturday Island, Sunday Island and Monday Island, Tuesday Island and Wednesday Island; and the *Chingtu* steams by nearly all of them in going in or out of Thursday Island harbor.

A convenient method of nomenclature this, which we would commend to geographers who have lands to name, if there remain any new lands to be discovered. Then, when

the days of the week have been exhausted, they would find an almost unfailing source of supply in the days of the month, as, for instance, the "Fifth of November," and the "Twenty-third of July," and "January Eighteenth."

Then the hours of the day might be resorted to, and we should read upon our maps "Four O'clock Island," and "Midnight Bay," and "Six-thirty River." What a pity this picturesque system suggested by Thursday and her sister islands was not thought of before we had disfigured our maps with so many Smithtowns and Brownsvilles and Jonesports, and Clark counties!

Soon the *Chingtu* is not only anchored, but made doubly secure by being tied up to an old hulk which is anchored in the roadstead for a sort of cargo-receiving ship; and by the kind thoughtfulness of friends in Sydney, who had "wired" that we were coming, we are taken ashore by the agent of the chief mercantile house of the place, and are shown everything that the resources of Thursday Island have to offer.

What are the great staple exports of Thursday Island, my readers? If I should give you twenty or a hundred and twenty guesses, you would not solve the conundrum. Not gold or silver, or tin or copper, or wool or mutton, or wheat or corn, or machinery or cotton goods, or sugar or spice, or rice or Yankee notions, but — do you give it up? *Bèche de mer* and mother-of-pearl; or, in other words, sea worms and oyster shells.

The *Bèche de mer* is a long, slimy, nasty (in the American, not the English, sense of the word) slug, which looks for all the world like an exaggerated leech — the loathsome bloodsucker that used to fasten itself on my legs when I was a small boy and "went in swimming," as small boys love to do. But the Chinese consider this hideous slug a great deli-

cacy, and a very large commerce in it has sprung up, for nowhere does it grow so fat and luscious as on the Australian coast and the adjacent islands.

There are various kinds of *Bèche de mer*, which experts distinguish as white, red, black, etc.; and it brings from $150.00 to $750.00 a ton. Just now, I believe, the red species of hideousness is most affected by Chinese gourmands. I saw tons of these slugs dried and baled, and waiting for transportation to the Flowery Kingdom. "Dried fish" is the euphonious but commonplace name by which this article of export is known in Thursday Island.

But the pearl fishery is, after all, the largest industry, important as is the *Bèche de mer* trade. Three hundred small boats are engaged in the pearl fisheries, and very profitable they often prove to their owners, for not only is there a steady demand for the mother-of-pearl shell, but single perfect pearls are sometimes found worth from $1,000 to $3,000; so that always there is the excitement of possible sudden wealth connected with this pursuit.

But the mother-of-pearl is the staple of trade, the pearls themselves being only the plums that are found in the pudding at rare intervals. Of these shells there seems to be an inexhaustible supply, and though the three hundred vessels engaged in the trade bring almost countless tons to the surface, there are still countless tons to be won from the ocean's depths.

Our own vessel adds to her cargo more than seventy tons of shells, which will eventually reach Birmingham and Sheffield, to be made up into knife-handles and card-cases, inlaid cabinets, and other articles of *vertu*.

The pearl diver's equipment is a most ungainly and curious affair, for the shells are found in water many fathoms deep, and the heaviest of woolen clothes are used to protect

the diver from the pressure of the water, while the shoes with leaden soles which he uses to sink him to the bottom weigh fully ten pounds each, and the helmet which he dons weighs as much as both his shoes put together.

But, even with the best of diving gear and the most approved appliances, the diver's life is short and risky. He seldom is able to follow this pursuit more than five or six years, and no divers reach old age.

Thursday Island is a place of great expectations rather than of vast performances. Though at present there is only a single row of straggling shops, with a few pleasant bungalows behind them, and a pathetic little "School of Arts," which contains two pictures, a few dilapidated curios, and a small library, it expects to be a great metropolis one of these days; and, in fact, has an excellent location as calling port for steamers going to various parts of the world.

Our cargo of mother-of-pearl is soon safely stowed away in the hold, the *Chingtu* weighs anchor again, and we are on our course once more, across the great Gulf of Carpentaria and the southern portion of the Arafura Sea, about eight hundred miles, as the crow flies, to Port Darwin, the northern capital of North Australia.

If Thursday Island has its greatness in the future, Port Darwin has had its day in the past. Great dreams were indulged in by its inhabitants in early days. A railroad was to connect it with Adelaide across the whole length of the continent of Australia. All European steamers would make it their port, instead of going around the stormy southern coast. Passengers and mails would be transhipped hence to all parts of the world. Its early-discovered gold mine would make everybody rich, and Palmerston, situated at the head of the Port, would be one of the great commercial capitals of the world.

But this dream has not materialized. The railroad across the continent has not been built nor is it likely to be built. The only railroad of which Port Darwin boasts is a discouraged sort of an affair, that runs a hundred miles into the interior and then stops, not because it has reached an

A YOUNG CITIZEN OF PORT DARWIN.

important terminus, but because it has not energy to go any further. It cost a frightful amount of money, on which the South Australian people still have to pay interest, for it is a government affair, as all Australian railroads are. The two trains a day have dwindled down to two a week, and it bids fair soon to rival the famous "tri-weekly" road, whose president explained the title by saying that he sent a train down the line one week and *tried* to get it back the next.

The gold mines could not be worked at a profit by Europeans, and have all fallen into the hands of Chinamen,

and the five or six thousand Englishmen and Australians who used to walk the fine, broad streets of Palmerston, and live in its pleasant houses, have dwindled to a few hundreds, who grumble at the government and shake their heads

A NORTH QUEENSLAND ABORIGINAL.

dismally, saying that Port Darwin's golden opportunity has gone by, never to return.

If it is always as hot in Port Darwin as on baking day and the steamy night that the *Chingtu* lay at her wharf, while we were her passengers, I do not wonder that Europeans who object to being both baked and boiled in the same twenty-four hours refuse to make it their home.

The climate, however, seems exactly to suit the Aboriginal Australians who are found here in large numbers. Tall

men with long, thin legs, intensely black skins, and wiry crinkly hair, tall women equally black and equally thin, and absolutely naked little boys, perched on their mother's necks or trotting by their mother's side, as happy as boys of a cloudier clime, are seen everywhere.

A few hours of intensely hot daylight and a long, insufferably hot night were quite enough of Port Darwin for us, and glad we were to hear the Captain's order the next morning to "cast off the bow line" and get under way.

For the next twenty-three hundred miles the cruise of the *Chingtu* is between tropic islands and across tropic seas; the Arafura and the Banda and the Celebes and the Sulu and the China seas, one after the other following each other in quick succession.

A most lovely sail it is, and one that would be taken far oftener than it is by pleasure seekers if its joys were known. Scarcely a day of rough weather need be apprehended until the China sea is reached, and a most wonderful series of archipelagos is passed, any one of which might well delay a naturalist or ethnologist for years had he the time to spare.

Our course at first lies among the Austro-Malayan group whose forests contain many of the typical Eucalyptus trees, and whose birds and insects are nearly allied to those of the great Australian continent which once doubtless extended much further north than it does at present.

After we get into the Celebes sea we have touched the borders of the Indo-Malayan region where the islands are less affected by the blasting hot winds that cross the seas after sweeping over the Australian deserts, and where the birds and beasts, the trees and flowers, are more allied to those of India.

Some of these islands are of vast extent. If you should

draw a map of Borneo, for instance, you would find that it was not unlike in shape the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but vastly larger, for you could set England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales inside of Borneo, and have a great rim of green trees and verdure hundreds of miles wide surrounding that mighty little kingdom.

New Guinea is probably still larger than Borneo, though its irregular coasts and unexplored territory make it difficult to tell to a certainty.

Many of these islands are under Dutch control, and very good masters on the whole do Dutchmen make. It would be difficult to know what the doughty little kingdom behind the dikes would do were it not for these spice islands of the South seas, where it coins gold out of nutmegs and cloves, cinnamon and allspice.

The island of Banda is the greatest nutmeg region of the world, barring Connecticut, and many years ago the Dutch attempted to secure a monoply of this product by cutting down the nutmeg trees on the other islands where they grew naturally, in order that they might be confined to Banda, where the monopoly could be protected.

Nutmeg trees are very symmetrical in shape, with bright glossy leaves. They grow to a height of twenty or thirty feet, bearing small yellow flowers. The fruit looks much like a peach in size and color. When it is ripe it splits open and shows a dark brown nut within. Still, we have not got to the nutmeg itself. The fruit is like a nest of Chinese boxes, for within the thin hard shell which is now disclosed is the nutmeg of commerce.

Towards evening of the third day from Port Darwin we passed between the great islands of Ceram on one side and Bouro on the other. Nestling in the lee of Ceram is the little island of Amboyna, which contains one of the oldest

European settlements in the South seas. Here the Dutch governor is Lord of all he surveys, and is only disturbed in his solitude by a few vessels that come on their spice-laden errands once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of these islands may, in a general way, be divided into two great types, the Malayan and the Papuan. A rough classification gives the eastern islands to the Papuan races; the western, which lie nearer to China and India, to the Malayan races. The Malay has been described as of "short stature, brown-skinned, straight-haired, beardless, and smooth-bodied. The Papuan is taller, is black-skinned, frizzly-haired, branded, and hairy-bodied. The former is broad-faced, has a small nose, and flat eye-brows; the latter is long-faced, has a large and prominent nose and flat eye-brows. The Malay is bashful, cold, un-demonstrative, and quiet; the Papuan is bold, impetuous, excitable, and noisy. The former is grave and seldom laughs; the latter is joyous and laughter-loving — the one conceals his emotions, the other displays them."

Perhaps this epigrammatic description by one who spent many years among these islands will serve to introduce our neighbors on either side of the *Chingtu* to my readers, better than any words of mine.

There is little need to describe the clothes of either of these neighbors, for they seldom consult Paris *modes* or New York tailors. A friend of mine who once lived in New Guinea was consulted by a tailor of London as to whether there would not be a good opening for a man of his craft in that great island. My friend replied that a ball of twine would afford ample clothing for half a century for all the natives on the island, and he could scarcely encourage the knight of the goose and the shears to remove from the capitol of cockneydom.

The story is told of a bridegroom who was presented on his wedding-day with a pair of European trousers. In the exuberance of his early love, he presented them to his bride, who appeared at the wedding ceremony, heated and perspiring, with the trousers drawn on as far as possible over her head, while the legs hung down like two huge, hollow tails, on either side.

For my part I do not see the necessary connection of European clothes and European civilization. The nations can be civilized and christianized just as quickly, I believe, while allowed to wear their native costume, a loose piece of cloth tucked about the waist, as when arrayed in "boiled shirts" and swallow-tailed coats.

The only grotesque and ridiculous natives I have seen, are those who ape European costumes and try to combine in a most laughable way New York and South Sea Island fashions.

The islands between which we are continually passing, and whose sides we almost graze at times, abound in bright plumaged birds, parrots and paroquets, lyre birds and birds of paradise of every imaginable lovely hue.

Beasts of prey are not very common, though tigers and orang-outangs are found in some of the large islands, and huge crocodiles abound in many of them. Snakes, however, are numerous and venomous, and a sharp lookout must be kept by the traveler, lest that innocent-looking fallen limb, on which he is about to put his foot, proves to be a huge python or boa constrictor.

A famous naturalist tells a gruesome story about a great snake which he found in the thatched roof directly over his head one morning as he awoke. He had heard a rustling noise the night before but paid little attention to it. The next morning, however, the cause of the noise was revealed,

for, "looking more carefully," he says, "I could see yellow and black marks and thought it must be a tortoise shell put up there out of the way between the ridge-pole and the roof. Continuing to gaze, it suddenly resolved itself into a large snake, compactly coiled up in a knot; and I could detect his head and his bright eyes in the very center of the folds.

"A python had climbed up one of the posts of the house; had made his way under the thatch within a yard of my head, and taken up a comfortable position in the roof, and I had slept soundly all night, directly under him.

"I called to my two native 'boys' who were skinning birds below, and said, 'Here's a big snake in the roof'; but as soon as I had shown it to them they rushed out of the house and begged me to come out at once.

"Finding they were too much alarmed to do anything, we called some of the laborers in the plantation, and soon had half-a-dozen men in consultation. One of these said he would get him out, and went to work in a business-like way.

"He made a strong noose of rattan, and with a long pole poked at the snake, which then began slowly to uncoil itself. He then managed to get the noose over its head, and slipping it well over its body began to drag the animal down.

"There was a great scuffle as the snake coiled round the chains and posts to resist his enemy, but at length the man caught hold of his tail, rushed out of the house so quickly that the creature seemed quite confounded, and tried to strike its head against a tree. He missed it, however, and let go, and the snake got under a dead trunk near by. It was again poked out, and again the man caught hold of its tail, and running away quickly dashed its head with a swing against a tree, and it was then easily killed with a hatchet.

"It was about twelve feet long and very thick, quite capable of swallowing a dog or child."

But this python was only a baby compared with another which this same veracious naturalist saw a little later, which was not less than twenty feet long, and fully able to tackle an ox or a horse if it got the chance.

It would scarcely be proper to sail through this serpent-infested region without telling at least one snake story, but the above, vouched for by the highest authority, will perhaps suffice.

After a twenty-four hours' run across a comparatively open piece of water we passed between the Spanish convict island of Mandanao on one side, and Basilan on the other. On the other side of this passage we found the open waters of the Sulu sea awaiting us, and then, coasting up the long shore of the Philippine islands; we have come at length out into the rough waters of the China sea, and are striking across this much-dreaded passage to the port of Hong Kong.

All these islands which we pass are famous for their spicy tropical products.

"The spicy breezes" blow soft not only over Ceylon's isle, but across Ceram and Bouro, Banda and Amboyna, Mandanao and Basilan.

Every prospect pleases and even man is by no means as vile as he was a hundred years ago, for the missionary is abroad in most of these islands, the natives have responded most readily to his kindly touch, and, in many cases, whole islands are Christianized and are occupied by respectable, God-fearing, church-going races. Even the degradation which usually follows in the wake of commerce has not been entirely able to drag down these simple natives to the level of their white conquerors, and the most godless trader who knows what he is talking about can sometimes be found who will acknowledge that the missionary has transformed many a barbarous tribe of cannibals into an intelligent people,

living in orderly villages; in pleasant, whitewashed houses, with flowering vines growing over the cool verandas. Moreover, in some places good roads and careful cultivation of the soil are found, all due to races that have emerged from the lowest barbarism within the memory of living men.

I would like to take some of the shallow worldlings whom I have seen elevate their tip-tilted noses at missions, and whom I have heard sneer at every effort to make the heathen better, I would like to take them, I say, to some of the beautiful, orderly villages of Celebes, and stop their profane lips with a sight of what Christianity actually has done and is doing for these savages. I am doubtful if even this vision would do much good. Such men and women are too densely wrapped up in their impenetrable conceit to be disturbed by facts or figures, or convinced even by that which their own eyes might observe. They would not believe "though one rose from the dead."

Most of these islands, though nominally under the protection and control of different European powers, to which they are obliged to pay some small tribute, are still practically under the power of these native chiefs and princes, some of whose dynasties run back for many generations.

A good story is told by the naturalist Wallace of the way in which one of these native chiefs took the census of his unsuspecting subjects.

It seems that this chief or Rajah relied for his revenues upon the rice tax which each one of his people in all the villages of his domain was supposed to pay into his treasury every year. But he soon became convinced that his under officers were not treating him fairly, and that a good deal of the rice which ought to have found its way into the treasury of the Rajah was stopped on the way, either by the Kapala

Kampong, the head man of the village, or by the Waidono who is over the district, or by the Gustis or head chief, who received the rice from the Waidono.

But the Rajah could not prove the peculations, because he did not know how many people there were in his domain, and he could not tell how many people there were unless he took a census, and he could not take a census without putting all the under officers on their guard, for they would be sure to make the number of people in their districts correspond with the amount of rice which they turned over to His Majesty. So his problem was to take a census without having the people who were enumerated know anything about it.

The poor Rajah was at his wit's end. He smoked and chewed betel nut all day long, and still was no nearer to the desired solution. At length, however, a bright idea struck him. He would go up into the great mountain of Lombock that belched out fire and vapor, and consult the deity of the mountain, for it was in the old days of heathen superstition and heathen worship. The awe-struck people followed him part way up the volcano, and then they dared to go no further. But the Rajah pressed on up into the region of perpetual smoke, and here he stayed for a long while, communing with the Great Spirit of the mountain.

When his people who were waiting about the base of the mountain began to be thoroughly uneasy about their chief, he appeared again among them, and told them in solemn tones that the Great Spirit had revealed to him that a time of terrible pestilence was coming, and that the only way to avert the pestilence was to make twelve sacred krisses or daggers, to be sent, in case of need, to the plague-stricken villages. Moreover, these krisses must be of a peculiar kind, made of a great number of needles, each needle representing one man or woman or child in his domain.

There must be no mistake, either, in the number of needles, for, if there was, the krisses would not avail, and the plague could not be averted.

So the Gusti and the Waidonos and the Kapala Kampongs went to work very busily to collect in their different villages a needle from every man, woman, and child in all of Lombock, and they were very careful not to make any mistake, for fear the kris would not work properly. At length the needles were all collected, and were welded into bright, shining daggers before the Rajah's own eyes, and then carefully wrapped in silk and laid away for use against the time of pestilence.

The pestilence did not come, however, but the time of the rice harvest did come; and when only a small quantity of rice was presented by any Gustis, the Rajah mildly remarked that "there were five thousand needles sent from your province, and it ought to yield far more rice than this." Then the Gustis said the same thing to his Waidonos, and the Waidonos repeated the remark to the Kapala Kampongs; and the result was that the following year the Rajah had four times as much rice as ever before, and he was able to give all his wives beautiful earrings, and to buy many more black horses from the white-skinned Dutchmen than ever in the past — all by reason of the remarkable interview he had with the Great Spirit in the mountain that sent out fire and smoke.

I have spoken already of the human passengers of the *Chingtu* — the Chinamen, and Malays, Jews, Christians, and Bushmen. Besides these, we have some dumb passengers who are quite as interesting in their way. Among them a flock of merino sheep that were unceremoniously tied together by their four legs and bundled overboard into a lighter at Thursday Island; a dog whose master, the cattle-

drover, was taking into the bush to herd sheep and fight the Blacks.

But, poor fellow, he scarcely held up his head after coming aboard. A kick or bruise of some kind just before embarkation had injured him internally. He bore his pain, which was evidently intense, without a whimper or a groan for seven days, and on the eighth day turned his patient, affectionate eyes upon his master with a look of trustful love for the last time — and died.

"I can't bear to go aft any more where my poor dog lay," said the cattle-drover, and I didn't wonder.

Besides the dog and sheep, we had, at the beginning, several specimens of the feline tribe. Two or three forlorn little kittens haunted the steerage belonging to the Chinamen. For two or three days they prowled disconsolately about, evidently aware of the fate that awaited them, and then they mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind. The gastronomic Chinaman could, perhaps, have explained their disappearance, for all is soup that comes to his pot.

But besides these wretched, woe-begone little kittens, we had on board a magnificent, stately, tortoise-shell cat, as handsome a pussy as ever trod a ship's quarter deck. He would watch the second-class passengers at their meals in a very dignified way, and would even accept a gratuity from their hands in the shape of a savory titbit, once in a while. He would jump through our extended arms, and do every trick that a well-educated pussy is supposed to know. One evening the northeast monsoon was blowing a stiff gale, and had spattered up the salt spray until every rail was wet and slippery. Tommy was unusually frisky. He jumped from spar to hatchway, ran up the rigging, and worked off his high spirits in every way known to a cat. But, alas! he jumped once too often, for leaping from the hatch to the

guard rail, he lost his balance, clawed for a moment helplessly at the wet, slippery wood, and fell off into the engulfing sea.

It is hoped that some passing shark cut short his misery, and that he was not obliged to struggle for hours with the waves, drowning by inches.

That day was Election day in the United States. The mighty quadrennial struggle between the two great parties was being decided as the hours went by. To the Englishmen, Australians, and Chinese, who made up our passenger list, this struggle was absolutely uninteresting. Though it affects the lives of nearly seventy millions of people, it did not create as much excitement as the death of a tortoise-shell cat. Such is the relative importance of an event. So dependent is it on geography and ethnography.

Our captain had a vague idea that one or the other of the leading candidates had before been nominated for election. When I explained that one of the candidates was then president, and the other had held that office, he was quite amazed, but remarked: "Oh, well, hit wont make much hodds, I suppose, they're both proper rascals."

I resented the imputation against these excellent and honorable men with the utmost warmth, and yet it is of little use to wax hot, for the ingrained and unremovable British opinion of American politics is, that all our politicians are rogues and knaves. I scarcely wonder at this, for the British press does its utmost to foster this impression, and our own sensational journals, with their scurrilous attacks on public men, only strengthens the same impression.

Three days more with this gentle monsoon blowing across the wide China Sea will bring us to Hong Kong, and then the cruise of the *Chingtu* will be ended.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

Cosmopolitan Hong Kong — The Cabmen of the Orient — A Ride in a Sedan Chair — Uplifted in Spirit — Sidewalk Shops — Pennsylvania Oil in China — Fairyland under the Lanterns — Incense Offerings to the Gods — Novel Sights and Scenes — Oriental Sharpers — Unblushing Swindlers — Toboggan Sliding — All Aboard for Canton — Justice Swift and Severe — Executions in China — Heads Chopped off with Neatness and Despatch — The River God at the Prow — The *Fatshan* — River Robbers and Pirates — A Floating Arsenal — The Rice Harvest — Threshing Out the Rice — "Chinaman Makee Glow" — Three Crops in a Season — Water Buffaloes — Christianity and Butter — Up the Pearl River — Junks and Flower Boats, Sampans and Slipper Boats — The High Road of Canton — A Novel Pontoon Bridge — A Family Picture — Cantonese Jade — Off in a Sampan.

UST as the sun was setting after a gray and turbulent day, the *Chingtu* reached the outer harbor of Hong Kong. The waning light held out barely long enough to discover our anchorage ground. What a sight was the first glimpse of life in Asia! On the Hong Kong shore were thousands of twinkling lights, reaching far up the hillside. The magnificent warehouses and residences of the foreign merchants give it the appearance of a modern city, as indeed it is, but, together with this modern and cosmopolitan air is mingled the antiquity of the far East. On every side were Chinese junks, whose style is the same as in the days of

the *Mayflower*, of the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*; the same in fact as when the Roman galleys vexed the waters of the Mediterranean.

Little boats, too, sampans and still smaller row-boats, swarmed about the *Chingtu*. As it was now growing dark they were all illumined with Chinese lanterns of every variety of style and shape, and yells and cries, and invitations from the occupants to take their boat to the shore, reminded us of the vociferous cabbies at the Grand Central Station in New York. But there was little else to remind us of New York. We had indeed reached the Orient.

Taking a steam-launch sent out by the Hong Kong Hotel we were soon on shore. Then all the sights and sounds, to say nothing of the smells, reminded us that we were on Asiatic soil. A crowd of jinrikisha and sedan chair men besieged us on every side. A throng of half-naked coolies jabbered and crowded and fought with each other and insisted on being our porters. But, though it required some rough usage on the part of the hotel porters, we at last escaped their clutches and reached the hotel, which is but a few steps from the landing. A European hotel, however, was altogether too commonplace an affair to engage our attention for any length of time, and after we had taken a hasty dinner we were soon upon the street again.

Will you not go out with us while we view these unaccustomed sights?

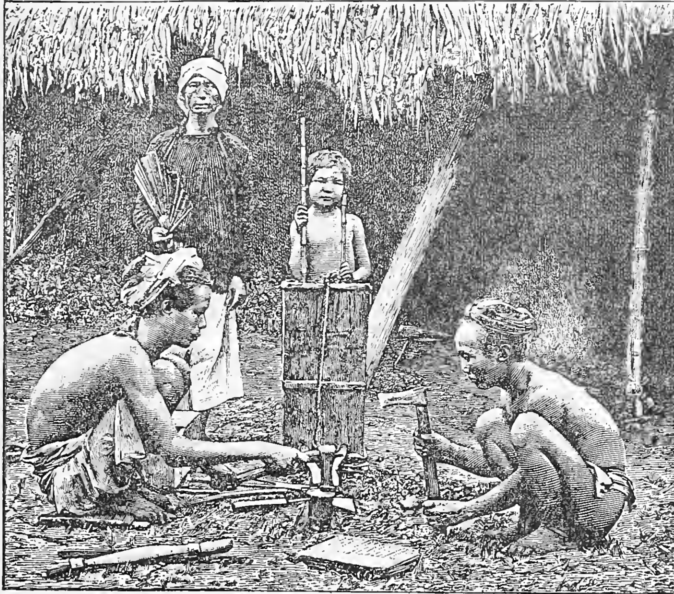
Now again as we step out of the hotel door, there is a great hubbub and hullaballoo, for scores of chair-men and jinrikisha-men rush upon us as their right and lawful prey. Let us take a chair this evening since it is more in accordance with the genius of the country. The jinrikisha is a Japanese institution and a very recent importation into China, and we will patronize home industries.

So, with many polite gestures and genuflections on the part of our bearers, we crawl into one of the little boxes, take our seats, and are immediately hoisted upon the shoulders of three stalwart coolies, two in front and one behind. The skin on their accustomed necks is hardened and calloused by many such loads which they have borne, and at first a feeling of great compassion and pity for them arises in our hearts, as though we were treating human beings as we would treat a horse or an ox. We almost feel as though we ought to step down from our exalted position and apologize to the bearers for loading them down as we would "dumb, driven cattle." But, after all, the sensible traveler reasons with himself, this is an honorable and reputable way of earning a living. No opprobrium or disgrace attaches to the palanquin-man. He would bear the people of his own race and station in society as quickly as he would bear the Emperor, and would have no sense of degradation. It affords a great multitude, who perhaps would otherwise starve, an excellent living. So we will dismiss our scruples and enjoy the novel sights around us.

Then, perhaps, so sharp are the revulsions of feeling in weak human nature, one begins to have a wealthy and lordly feeling, as though he were being borne through the streets on the shoulders of an admiring crowd because of some great achievement. However, the throngs are not very demonstrative in their admiration, for they take no more notice of you than a New York crowd would take of a Broadway street-car. In fact, we who are perched up in these chairs are far more interested in the crowds beneath than they are in us, for foreigners are no novelty in Hong Kong.

Let us go down to the Chinese quarter and get out of this humdrum European life as soon as possible. It does

not take us long to do this, for there are only eight thousand foreigners in the city and some two hundred thousand natives. Everything is of interest to our unaccustomed eyes. But we must record our impressions quickly before custom dulls the edge of amazement, or it will seem as though we



A CHINESE FORGE.

had always lived in the midst of these sights, and shall not be able to describe them with any vividness to our friends at home.

The first thing that strikes us as strange is, that everything is done out-of-doors. The shoemaker cobbles his shoes; the fish merchant peddles his fish; the cabinet-maker fits together his chest of drawers; the tailor shoves his needle; the carpenter draws his plane (toward himself in genuine Chinese style), but all upon the sidewalk as it seems. There are, to be sure, small recesses which are

called stores and shops, but they are very diminutive and scarcely seem necessary to the carrying on of business.

Over every shop door hangs a paper lantern, some of them huge affairs as big as small balloons, others more modest in size, while here and there one sees a vulgar kerosene lamp. It is said that the oil wells of Pennsylvania are driving the old-fashioned lanterns out of the market. All who desire picturesqueness of effect will certainly regret this, for there is nothing which gives the streets such a charming, fairy-like effect as the Chinese lanterns, painted in every hue of the rainbow, and twisted into every conceivable shape.

Not only has every shop its lantern, but every shop has its shrine as well, and the smell of burning incense pervades the air wherever we go. This is rather fortunate, perhaps, for it obscures certain other odors which are not so pleasant.

If you look closely, even in the darkness of this first evening's ride, you will see a stick of incense burning beside every doorway, the little spot of fire at the end glowing like a tiny jewel in the night. These are all offered to the gods of prosperity and good luck in the hope that the business ventures carried on within will turn out successfully.

But after all, novel as are the sights about Hong Kong, it is one of the least interesting cities, in many respects, in all China. It is too much Europeanized to afford a true idea of the way in which the natives live and conduct their business. It has all the vices of a city in the far East, and not all its virtues by any means. Everything is frightfully dear at the European stores, and in this free-trade possession of Great Britain, the shop-keepers will unblushingly charge you four or five times as much as an article is worth anywhere else. The hotel-keepers will fleece you out of your last dollar if they can. Photographers will charge you as much for a single picture as would buy a dozen better ones in

Japan; and your morning paper, which will cost you ten cents, will not contain a farthing's worth of news. Nothing more barren and meager and utterly uninteresting than the Hong Kong newspaper has it been my lot to find in any part of the civilized or uncivilized world. Society is decidedly "fast," as in all such foreign settlements, and were it not for the saving salt of missionary life and influence, I am told by those who know, Hong Kong, and Yokohama in Japan, and other such treaty ports, might easily out-rank Sodom and Gomorrah and the Cities of the Plain.

There is one place, however, which we must visit before leaving Hong Kong for the far more interesting city of Canton, and that is Victoria Peak, which towers up for a thousand feet or more directly behind the city. This is a beautiful, conical mountain, exceedingly steep and precipitous, but the way up has been made easy by a cog-wheel railroad, which affords, certainly, the most abrupt climb with which I am acquainted. Far steeper than the Rigi or the Mt. Washington railroad or Pike's Peak is the railroad that climbs Victoria Peak. Nervous women sometimes grow quite hysterical as the train begins to move up an incline steeper than the roof of a house. But the railway is managed with great skill and with every precaution to insure safety, and there has never been here any loss of life, so far as I know.

As one climbs this famous mountain, a magnificent panorama unfolds before him, of city and sea, of embracing mountains and yet higher distant peaks. Every view is a little more entrancing than the last, until one stands at the very summit. Then, on every hand, is a landscape which one can expect to see but seldom in a lifetime. Such a vast and stupendous combination of ocean and mountain is almost worth a stormy journey across the Pacific to behold.

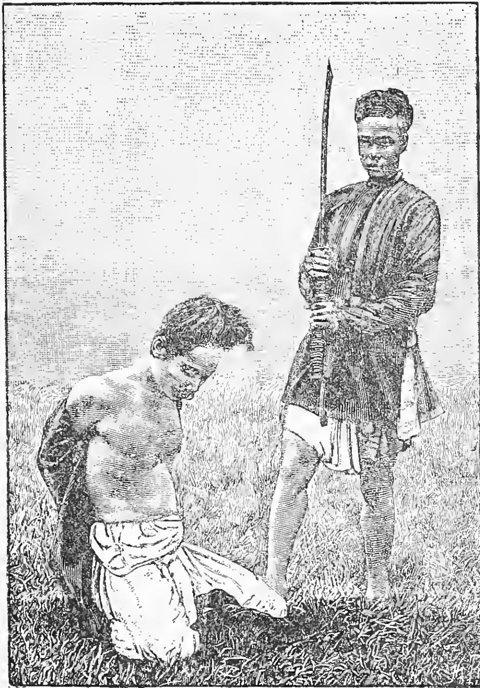
We have reached the spot near the top where the railroad stops, and where our foot-journey begins, unless we choose to take a sedan-chair, which, for thirty cents, will carry us to the topmost point. We refused, however, to be borne up this magnificent mountain in any such ignominious way. The chair is all very well for level ground, or for getting through the crowded streets; but the true mountain climber would feel ashamed of himself to be borne aloft on men's shoulders up these rugged paths as long as he has two good legs to carry him. The road, though very steep, is well made, and affords so many exquisite views from every angle and turn of the twenty minutes' climb to the peak that it is a continual delight.

But the wind is blowing shrewdly from the top, and we do not linger long, even though the view is entrancing; but soon descend, take the train once more, and in eight minutes slip down this tremendous toboggan-slide on to level ground again.

To-morrow morning we will take the river-boat for Canton, a journey of about one hundred miles, and one which affords us vast delight. The steamers on the Pearl River are excellent side-wheel boats, not unlike the best river-boats in America, officered by Europeans, though manned by Chinese crews. There are some things about them, however, which would remind us that we are still in China. At the prow is a large image which I took for a figure-head, but was soon informed that it was the river-god, who must be propitiated even by this modern steamship company; so they had placed his obese figure in a little shrine at the very prow of the *Fatshan*.

Looking within the cabin, too, we see a stack of rifles, and are assured by the Captain that they are necessary in case the boat should be attacked by the river pirates — a not

inconceivable impossibility. A few months ago one of these steamers was captured by a swarm of these robbers, who had come aboard as second-class passengers. The officers were overpowered, and the passengers were shut up in a tight and close cabin, where they barely had air enough to

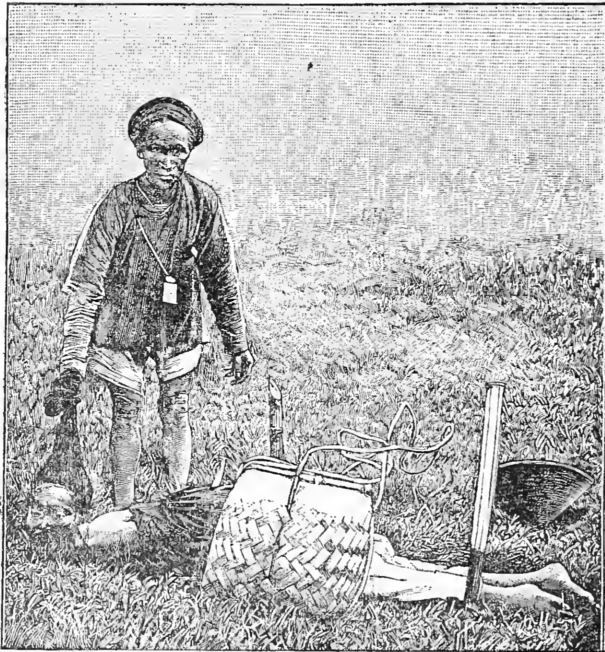


A CHINESE EXECUTION.
(*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

keep them alive, while their pocketbooks were rifled and the steamer plundered by these systematic knaves of every possible thing of value. Then they took themselves off, making sure that they should not be pursued until they had gotten well out of the way. Chinese passengers are not now allowed in the first cabin, and every steamer goes well armed with a small arsenal of modern weapons.

Swift justice is dealt out to Chinese criminals, and only a short time elapses after sentence before the head of the condemned person is severed from the body by a single stroke of the executioner's keen sword.

Prisoners under sentence of death wear bamboo yokes when they are taken to the place of execution. The head



PLACING THE HEAD OF AN EXECUTED CRIMINAL IN A BASKET.
(From an instantaneous photograph.)

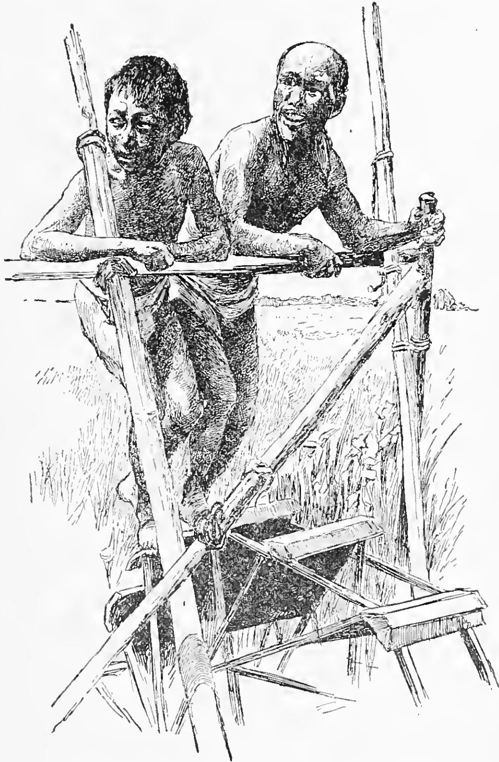
of the prisoner is placed between two rigid bamboo bars, one in front and the other at the back of the neck, while two shorter bars rest across the shoulders and fasten the long side bars together. The headsman accompanies the procession to the field of execution, holding his blade aloft, followed by a crowd of spectators. The execution is public, and generally takes place in an open field accessible to all.

TAKING A CONDEMNED PIRATE TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION. *(From an instantaneous photograph.)*

Prisoners under sentence of death wear bamboo yokes when they are taken to the place of execution. The head of the prisoner is placed between two rigid bamboo bars, one in front, and the other at the back of the neck, while two shorter bars rest across the shoulders and fasten the long side bars together. The headsman accompanies the procession to the field of execution holding his keen blade aloft, followed by a crowd of spectators.

The prisoner kneels, bends forward a trifle, bows his head, and in an instant all is over.

The sail up the river is a most interesting one, following the windings of the great stream, which sometimes broadens out into a lake miles upon miles in extent, and sometimes



COOLIES PUMPING WATER FOR RICE FIELDS.

narrows again with frowning peaks close overhead. Everywhere are the swarming villages — thirty thousand, I am told, in a single province — each one occupied by from one to ten thousand people.

The rice crop was just being cut as we sailed up this noble river, and down to the very verge hung the ripened grain on heavy stalks. This was the second crop of the

year, and laborers, men and women, were busy everywhere harvesting it — just as for three thousand years past, perhaps, their ancestors had harvested a similar crop. After cutting the rice-straw near the ground with a small sickle and piling it in heaps, they grasp a good-sized handful of the grain and thresh out the rice by the simple process of beating the heads over the edge of a stone or a piece of board armed with iron teeth. A little screen keeps the rice from flying far in any direction, and on both sides we could see hundreds of these little screens and these primitive harvesters gathering the great staple crop of China.

Wonderful gardeners are these Cantonese in any part of the world. Whether in America or Australia, the Sandwich Islands or on their own native heath, they can coax the ground to yield to them what she would never give up to the more civilized races, who, perhaps, look down on them as ignorant barbarians. Even in tropical Australia, in the dryest of the dry seasons, they can make things grow if only water can be had with which to drench the soil. "Me no likee lain," said a Chinaman to me; "lainey time anyone laise things; dly time only Chinaman makee glow."

But here along the banks of the great river they find not only plenty of water, but a most fertile soil, and any Chinaman who does not get at least three crops off of every inch of land which he possesses is thoroughly ashamed of himself. Two crops of rice and one of vegetables is the regulation thing, while some farmers force even four crops every year from the same piece of ground.

Another interesting feature of the landscape is the huge water-buffaloes which love to wallow along the banks of the river. They look more like the rhinoceros than like the buffalo of our plains, with thick welts of hairy skin hanging on their sides and legs. However, they are a very useful

animal, though rather hideous in appearance. They are employed in plowing and working the rice fields, and afford an excellent milk which is used by the foreign residents of Canton and vicinity, where there are no cows. The Chinese themselves, however, after they are weaned, have no use for food of this sort, and look upon the rest of us, I suppose, as poor "milk-sops" for demanding it on our tables morning, noon, and night.

Nor can they understand how we find it difficult to exist without butter and cheese. A recently converted Chinaman, explaining to his neighbors the joys of Christianity, said to them, "Now Christianity is not like butter, for you have to learn to like that before you can eat it. It is horrid tasting stuff when you first try it, and you can only endure it after a good many efforts. But Christianity is something that you do not have to learn to like. It is just as good the first time you taste it as it is the last." A good hint here for public speakers to adapt their illustrations to the people who listen to them.

But all this time we are sailing up the great Pearl river, with its interminable rice fields and its clustering villages nestling behind them at the base of the mountains.

At last the *Fatshan* reaches her wharf in Canton, and we find ourselves at once in one of the strangest and most remarkable cities on the face of the earth. Around us are swarming junks and flower-boats, sampans and slipper-boats of all sizes, as thickly as their struggling owners can crowd about the *Fatshan*.

They row and pole, and hook on to their neighbors and grab our steamer's chains in their mad and eager scramble to get some passengers or freight for other parts of the city; for this great river is the high road for all Canton. Fully seventy-five thousand people live in these boats on the river

at Canton alone all the year round. The number is usually put much higher, but I am assured that this is a very moderate estimate.

As the steamer is being tied up to her dock let us peer over into one of these little boats that is struggling to get near us. It is like a thousand others that are wedged so closely together that one could easily walk for miles over their little roofed decks without getting his feet wet. It seems like a continuous pontoon bridge, though none of the boats are tied together, and all are struggling to move in some direction and for some purpose.

But look down into this particular sampan which we have chosen to interview. A brawny woman wields a long, heavy oar in front. She is evidently captain, first officer, and cook, as well as chief engineer of the little craft. On her back is strapped a baby whose little head bobs and sways with every motion that its mother makes in sculling the boat. The handle of the huge sweep which she uses just escapes the top of his bald little head. Her glossy black hair is done up with great skill and neatness into the shape of a "tea-pot handle," as a little boy by my side declares. Through this tea-pot handle is stuck a green jade pin, and in both ears are huge jade earrings. No woman in Canton seems too poor to afford these precious jewels. Of all the thousands of women of high grade and low whom I have seen in Canton, I scarcely remember one without the national jade ornaments.

On the stern of this little craft are four children, one boy of eight years of age, who, manly little fellow that he is, assists his mother with an oar three times as long as himself. Another boy of four is feeding with kernels of rice some chickens which are tied by the leg to one side of the boat. Still another little olive branch that can just toddle,

and is possibly two years old, is tied by a string to the roof of the deck, which allows him to go to the very edge of the boat, but insures his being pulled in if he should happen to fall overboard. In the stern of the boat also are all the culinary arrangements for the family; all the pots and kettles and crockery ware and chop-sticks that are needed for a family of six. Behind the kitchen is the shrine, and as the door is open we can get a peep within at the gilded god, who is sitting complacently on his haunches, while two sticks of incense are burning before him.

In the center of the boat, covered with a low roof, are seats on two sides for five or six passengers, for it is the business of this family, while the husband is at work on shore, to get all the passengers it can and to eke out their living in this way. I must fall back on a general reputation which I trust I have for sobriety and truthfulness when I tell you that this boat by actual measurement is only fourteen feet long and four feet wide in the widest part. Even this sampan is larger than many others which crowd about our steamer's side, but it looks so clean and roomy, the children look so good natured, and the mother smiles so pleasantly, that we will take this boat and give the woman ten cents (a liberal sum) to take us to our friends some two miles up the river.

CHAPTER IX.

IN CANTON THE CROWDED — CHINA AND THE CHINESE. — CURIOUS SCENES AMONG A CURIOUS PEOPLE — IN THE TEMPLE OF HORRORS.

Ah Cum, Jr. — A Courteous and Faithful Guide — Aimless Wandering — The Birthday of the Fire God — Turning out for a Sedan chair — Close Quarters — A City of Temples — Streets with Odd Names — "Longevity Lane" — "Heavenly Peace Street" — A Changing Panorama — Outrageous Odors — A Pestilential Place without Pestilence — A Puzzle for our Doctors — People who Never Heard of a Plumber — The Live Fish Market — Candy Stands — How Much can you Buy for a Cash? — Going to Market in Corea — A Royal Present — Juvenile Curiosity — That Little "Foreign Devil" — The Cat and Dog Meat Store — The Original of the Willow Pattern — The Five Hundred Buddhists — Worshiping the Gods of Good Luck and Prosperity — Business-like Methods of Worship — The Temple of Horrors — A Necklace of Teeth — Some of the Tortures — Sawing a Man in Two — Boiled in Oil — Punishments of the Buddhist Hell.

WE were exceeding fortunate, on our arrival at Canton, in finding the best guide it has ever been our good fortune to secure. Mr. Ah Cum, Jr., deserves to have his name embalmed in history. Just before our visit a famous American traveler had visited the same city, and he wrote in the guide's book, *a la* Isaac Walton: "Doubtless God could make a better guide than Ah Cum, Jr., but doubtless he never did." We feel like endorsing this commendation to the fullest extent after spending a few hours in Ah Cum's society. He not only knew everything in Canton, but could speak intelligent English to explain to us

what we saw. He knew how to keep the land sharks who snap at every innocent traveler away from us, and though he doubtless piloted us to stores which paid him a good commission, he would not let us pay more than twice what a thing was worth, even to his friends.

As we take this journey through Canton's crowded streets, the three pilgrims require sedan chairs, with another one for Ah Cum, Jr.; but in the train of this short procession we can take a hundred thousand of you just as well, without crowding anyone. At first we say to Ah Cum that we do not wish to go anywhere in particular; "just take us through the streets; let us see how the people live, how they buy and sell and get gain; let us see how they pound their meal, and sell their fish, and make their shoes, and shave their heads, and paint their pictures, and do their ivory work, and fashion their jewelry, and turn out their pottery." It is not necessary to stop and go inside of any building to see all of these things, for, as in all Chinese cities, these handicrafts are carried on in shops out of which the front has been completely taken. There is a rear wall to these shops and two side walls, but no front wall in the daytime; and passing through the streets of Canton seems like going through a never-ending arcade. The streets are so narrow and so covered overhead with awnings and immense signs that one can scarcely realize that he is in the open air. The dim light streams down from above, mellowing and tempering even the most hideous things, while the gay costumes and fabrics, and gold-lettered signs, give a holiday air to the whole city.

Moreover, it is the birthday of the Fire God when we chance to go through the city, and the people are celebrating his nativity with an unceasing fusilade of firecrackers. Whole bunches of the snappiest kind of crackers are thrown

recklessly into the streets under the very feet of our coolie bearers, which make them dance and caper, though they take it all very good-naturedly. Each of us on this journey has three bearers, two in front and one behind; and the streets are so narrow that it is with the greatest difficulty that two chairs can pass each other. Indeed, when two chairs approach from opposite directions a catastrophe seems unavoidable, but somehow or other it is always avoided. The people flatten themselves against the walls on either side, taking up as few cubical inches as possible; and at length, oftentimes with a good deal of turning and twisting and engineering, the chairs coming from opposite directions pass one another.

Canton contains about one million people, so conservative writers say, though the number is placed by many at a far larger figure. As the more accurate census of later years is taken, the population of China is dwindling somewhat, and the enormous figures that were believed by our forefathers are scarcely borne out by the enumerators. Peking is not so enormously large as has been supposed, while Canton, which used to be said in many quarters to have two millions of inhabitants, is found to have only about one million. However, this is quite enough for the area that is inhabited.

If ever people were packed together like sardines in a box, or peas in a pod, it is in this same city of Canton. No superfluous room, as I have said, is taken up by the streets, and this city which, if it was spread out like Washington or Melbourne, or even New York, would require a wall something like one hundred miles in length, is encompassed by a wall less than six miles in circuit. This wall was built in the eleventh century, and was finished as it now stands more than five hundred years

ago. In it are sixteen gates, besides two water gates. Canton became a port of foreign commerce more than a thousand years ago, but it was not until 1637 that a fleet of English vessels entered the river. Since then the trade has largely been in the hands of the English, who seem, in whatever part of the world they go, to get their full share of the good things of this life.

There are 125 temples in the city of Canton, and every little shop has its altar, before which the daily incense is burned. I am told that more is spent for incense and candles at these altars than is given for foreign missions for the whole world by the great Congregational and Presbyterian boards of the United States.

Some of the streets through which we pass have odd names; for instance, one of them is "Longevity Lane"; another, "Heavenly Peace street," while "High street" and "Market street" sound very familiar. I wish in our own country we might have more streets of "Benevolence and Love." We will at least pass through this street in Canton, even though it belies its names.

We shall never get accustomed to this constantly changing panorama; these odd people; these queer costumes; these strange sights; these outrageous odors! Cologne itself, with all its seventy smells, cannot for a moment compare with Canton.

It is a wonder that the people are not exterminated by typhoid fever and diphtheria. There is no drainage to speak of, and what little there is lies immediately below the flagstones over which we pass, and is very rarely, if ever, flushed by running water. Strange to say, however, we are told that the rate of mortality is not especially high in Canton; that there are many old people in the city and that it is not often visited by any sweeping pestilence. What will

our doctors and sanitary engineers and plumbers, who make life miserable for the householder, say to this?

If ever we have a little scarlet rash in the house among the children, or if the doctor can discover a white patch in our throats, he at once declares that the plumbing is out of order and the Health Department compels us to rip up the floors and discover the cause of the affliction in some hidden and undiscoverable lead pipe. The plumber is called in and he declares that his rival who plumbed the house was a perfect idiot and knew nothing about sanitary engineering. That means a bill of several hundred dollars for the most improved style of pipes and traps and drains, and, as likely as not, the next year scarlet fever attacks another child and a white patch appears on the other side of our throats. Yet these benighted people of Canton, who never heard of a plumber, who know not how to build a decent drain, and are not initiated into the mysteries of patent traps, cut-offs, and counter vents, live on century after century in their ill-drained, foul-odored city, in blissful ignorance of what they escape by not being sufficiently civilized.

Some of the shops which interest us most as we pass along the streets are the fish markets. The fish are all brought to the market alive and wriggling. When a customer comes along, he picks out the fish which he fancies in the tank; the dealer dextrously captures him with a net, splits and beheads him in sight of the customer who goes on his way rejoicing, knowing that at least he will have fresh fish for dinner.

The many little candy stands and booths for selling nuts and cakes also interest us. There is a kind of soft yellow cake made of beans which is greatly affected by the lower class of Chinese, and which always has a Chinese character stamped on the top; there are peanut venders on whose

trays are arranged little piles of peanuts which are worth one "cash" (one-tenth of a cent) each, while other dealers confine their attention to betel nuts, of which they carry a stock in trade consisting of half a dozen nuts cut into quarters, with some pungent leaves to wrap them in before

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

they are masticated. In other places we find row after row of toy shops and little earthenware establishments, where the largest thing of value will cost about one cent.

In fact, it would be interesting to see how many things on the streets of Canton could be bought for a cash. A collection of such articles would fill a cabinet with rare curiosities. But let not any foreigner think he could make such purchases. The thrifty Chinese dealer is sure that the said foreigner's pockets are lined with gold and will charge him at least ten times the true value of any article desired. He can only get what he wants at a reasonable price by sending a Chinaman for it and paying him a commission for buying in the cheapest market.

In the large stores the "cash" is not very much used, but small silver pieces, pennies and huge, dirty, ragged bank bills; but the street venders and cheap Jacks on the side-

walk trade, for the most part, in cash alone, and one needs to carry an extra sedan chair to hold his money if he expects to make many purchases with these cumbrous coins. The small coinage, however, is not so large here as it is in Corea, or at least the precious metals are more used. I am told that in Corea the purchaser who goes to market drives a cow before him to carry his cash, and if he expects to make any considerable purchases, he must load two cows with the necessary money. The cows carry his coins, but he can carry his purchases home in his hands.

The royal family of Corea, it is said, desired to make a missionary a present on the occasion of his marriage, since the missionary had been serviceable to the emperor's wife when ill. What was the missionary's surprise to find six coolies come to his house each loaded down with a huge chest of money which was all they could stagger under. When he came to count his treasure, he found that his present was a generous donation of $300, all in copper cash.

As we go along the streets in our sedan chairs, we excite a great deal of comment and amused attention from the passers by and from the store-keepers as well. The little Pilgrim, especially, attracts the notice of all the boys and girls in Canton. When they catch sight of him in his chair, they chuckle and giggle and point their fingers at him, and laugh as if he was the funniest object they ever beheld. A little imp with a long queue will scuttle into the house as we go by, and call his father and mother, his uncles and aunts, and his brothers and sisters and cousins, to look at that strange cavalcade, and especially at that little "foreign devil," as he persists in calling the juvenile Pilgrim.

One would suppose that foreigners were so numerous in the vicinity of Canton, they would excite no interest, but, as a matter of fact, comparatively few of them are seen on the

streets of the native city. Ladies are an especial curiosity, and American boys are evidently most amusing and long-to-be-remembered creatures. It is very probable that some of those slant-eyed little Celestials are still talking about that small boy in the Boston High School cap, and those absurd short trousers and long stockings, and that queer American reefer, who once passed through their streets.

PRISONERS IN A CANTON JAIL.

There are a few "show places" in Canton, as there are in every city, which the traveler must not neglect, though I must say that I always prefer first to get an idea of the way the common people live, rather than to be dragged from temple to pagoda, and from pagoda to university by the eager and loquacious guide. But that is one of Ah Cum's good points. He is willing that you should see what you want to see, and will not insist upon your seeing only what he considers wonderful. He lets us have our fill of Canton-

ese sights and sounds and odors; he is willing that we should gratify our curiosity by looking into very humble and insignificant shops. He is not ashamed of us if we stop to glance at the street peddler, and he does not frown upon us with righteous indignation even when we look into the cat and dog meat store. Here is one poor pussy, stiff and cold, and singed of all her hair, awaiting a customer. A poor puppy that has departed this life, looks ghastly since he has been dressed and trussed like a pig. In another part of the store, a wicker basket contains another specimen of the feline race, which, Ah Cum says, will be sacrificed at noon, at which time we shall see a great many more cats and dogs if we happen to pass that way.

First in viewing Canton's famous sights, let us go into the Guild Hall of the tea merchants. It is a very old affair, and the carving and terra cotta work is exceedingly fine; but we are especially interested in a little garden behind the Guild Hall, for, from this garden the famous willow pattern was copied, which is found upon the blue china ware of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. The original tree which gave it its name has died, but the other features are the same which have been perpetuated so many scores of millions of times, on the plates and cups and saucers and teapots and teacups, which, in the olden time, were treasured by the mothers and handed down to the daughters with such scrupulous care.

From the Guild Hall let us go into the temple of the five hundred Buddhists. This is a large building around the walls of which are arranged in two rows great gilt images of Buddhist ancestral divinities, five hundred of them in all. Every face has a distinct individuality of its own, and they all have long ears that reach down almost to their shoulders, like a turkey's dewlaps. These long ears indicate longevity.

What surprised us most of all, was to find Marco Polo in this galaxy. This famous traveler has been admitted to the company of the gods, and he was honored with a stick of burning incense on the day we were in the temple, which was more than could be said for most of them. I think if I had intended to burn any incense in that temple, I should have put my stick in the little sand box before Marco Polo also. It is not certain that the features of this image resemble this first globe-trotter's, for whom it is supposed to stand, but it is probably quite as authentic as many of the pictures and statues of the famous men of antiquity.

One other old fellow among the gods also attracted my attention. He had eyebrows that reached almost down to his chin, and from all that I could gather, he was famous chiefly for his eyebrows, which have never been duplicated since.

In the middle aisle of the hall of the five hundred Buddhist gods is a fine bronze pagoda, in which are three great bronze images. While we were in the temple a service was going on, and four priests were marching around the bronze images, beating their tomtoms and chanting in a most doleful and lugubrious tone of voice. Among all the dispirited fellows I ever saw these priests would carry off the palm. They had a little curiosity about us, who were the only visitors to the temple at the time, but no interest in the service that they were performing. They *must* beat their tomtoms so many times; they *must* wail out their hideous chant so many times more, but they evidently considered it a most unpleasant job, and desired to get through it with as little expenditure of nervous energy as possible. I shall never forget the faces of two of those priests, so utterly dispirited were they, so completely and profoundly indifferent to what they were doing!

It seems to me that the sight was representative of the decadence of the Buddhist religion everywhere. Whatever it may have been in the past, it certainly has little hold on the affections of the people to-day. The idols are worshiped with no thought of love or real reverence but with the hope of gain. The incense is burned and the prayers are offered for the sake of good luck, and there is no more sense of reverence or worship, or affectionate recognition of a higher power on the part of these devotees, so far as I could learn, than there is in the hearts of those at home, who, partly for fun and partly because of their superstition, hang out the horseshoe over the front door, or insist on seeing the moon over their right shoulder when she first appears. Worship appears to be universal in such a city as Canton. Every store, every house, and every boat has its god, its shrine, and its incense; yet it is simply the god of Good Luck who is worshiped; only the deity of Prosperity who is invoked.

Let us go to another temple before we get through with Canton. This shall be the "Temple of Horrors," which, singularly enough, is situated on the street of "Benevolence and Love." It is the most popular temple in the city, whether because of the horrors which are artistically arranged at each side or because of the fortune tellers, peddlers, gamblers, and quacks who have their stalls there, I am not able to say. This seems to be the favorite resort of the dentists also, for I saw several of their ilk with long strings of extracted molars and grinders at least thirty feet in length, which looked like ghastly necklaces. There were a few people paying their vows to the idols, but the one who interested me most was a woman of high caste who toddled in on the tiniest of tiny feet. If her feet were small she made up for it at the other end of her person, for her hair was dressed in the latest and extremest style, ornamented

with all kinds of rich and costly ornaments. Her face was painted in most brilliant colors and there was a patch of brilliant carmine on her lower lip. Her clothing was silk of various bright colors, and she was evidently gotten up without regard to expense. On her tiny toes she could not walk alone, but had a servant on each side to steady her as she went up the steps. She appeared as indifferent to the god who was grinning from the rear end of the temple as any of the rest, but coolly sent one of her servants to light some incense and place the bundle of sticks in the sand box beneath the god's nose. Then she got a slip referring to a number, which number the priest consulted and gave her the prophecy which she sought. The priestly oracle frequently couches his words in very ambiguous phrases which will answer for one thing about as well as another; but after getting her slip of paper which told her fortune, she toddled off once more, evidently well pleased with the news she had received, while the priests were equally satisfied with the silver bits which had come into their till.

Everything about these temples is dirty and disorderly. There is no obeisance or indications of reverence on the part of the worshipers. They bustle around in the most business-like way, buy their incense, light it, place it in the proper receptacle, and then go off perfectly satisfied that they have done their duty. In all the smaller temples which I saw in China, the same disregard, indifference, and irreverence were exhibited. The priests looked utterly weary and dispirited and evidently thought life was not worth living. The worshipers only sought good fortune and success in business. The temples were often littered and dirty, and priest and worshiper alike were only concerned with what they could get out of the imposture. This temple is called the Temple of Horrors because of some

wax-work-like shows on either side of the entrance which leads up to it. I think Madame Tussaud must have gotten the idea of her underground Temple of Horrors in London from this temple in Canton, her's, to be sure, being rather more artistic and realistic. But this show has the advantage of being older, and the figures quite as true to life.

In one of the little apartments two fiends are seen sawing a man in two from his head to his feet. The poor man who is being thus treated is inclosed between two boards, but he is turned sideways to the audience so that it can see the saw going through him. In another apartment transmigration is shown, and a man is being turned into a wolf, the creature as he appears being half man and half wolf. In still another section of this famous museum is a man strapped to the ground with the soles of his feet uppermost, while a hideous devil with a grin on his face bastinadoes him. Still another poor fellow has a red-hot bell coming down over his shrinking body which, evidently, will soon be reduced to a cinder, while another one is being boiled in oil. These are the punishments of the Buddhist hell.

Another of the show places of Canton which we wish to see is the Examination Hall. Here every three years the examination of candidates for the second literary degree is held. All the students of the first degree in the whole province are required to compete at this examination, and I imagine it is the most extensive "exam" that is held in any portion of the world. As we enter the Examination Hall, we see on either side rows and rows of little cells which extend back from the main passageway, seventy-five or a hundred of them in a row. These cells are 5½ feet long and 3⅔ feet wide, and number 11,616; but even this enormous number is not enough for all the candidates, and additional cells were furnished at the last triennial examination.

In these narrow closets the candidate for the second degree is imprisoned. He is given a chair and a diminutive table: a little earthen braiser with a few coals in it on which he can cook his rice and make his tea, and for three days he is not allowed to leave his cell except to go into the narrow passage which runs beside it. He must have no communication with any other student, and if he is caught with another man's essay or cheating in any way, he may lose his head, for aught I know. At any rate the punishment would be very severe. The examination begins on the eighth day of the eighth moon and occupies three sessions of three days each. The same text is given to all at daylight, and the essays must be handed in on the following morning. Out of these 12,000 or more candidates, how many do you suppose pass the final examination? Only 130 on the average. The rest of the poor fellows who have used their time and brains for nothing are doomed to disappointment, but they can try for the degree again at the end of another three years if they choose, and again and again, and the most pathetic spectacle is to see old men of sixty and seventy years who have tried to pass the examination every three years since they were twenty, still hoping against hope.

Those who pass, however, are well taken care of, for they are booked for promotion in civil offices, and are always required to go to Peking to compete for the third degree. If one passes this third degree, he is honored by all his relatives and by the whole clan. I have seen many a pole with fluttering flags set up in Chinese villages, indicating that the family which lives about that pole has a scholar of high rank among them, one who has passed an examination for the second or third degree.

But what an absurd and useless waste of energy is re-

quired to pass this examination? Nothing of modern science is demanded, nothing of modern literature, nothing that will improve the body or the soul, or that will add to the sum total of the world's knowledge; but simply an essay on some text of Confucius. This is the only door of entrance to civil service promotion in China. This kind of civil service reform certainly needs itself to be reformed.

Another interesting place in Canton is the Five-Storied Pagoda. Strickly speaking, it is not a pagoda at all, but looks more like a great brick barn. There are five stories to it, however, and from the topmost platform a magnificent view of the city, the great river, and the hills beyond can be seen. These hills are filled with graves of a semicircular shape, and from this place the tomb of a relative of Mahommed, who died in the seventh century, is visible.

Perhaps we have seen enough for one morning, and after paying our bearers about twenty-five cents each for their services and our guide a reasonable sum for his time, we will find our way back to our friends, with most vivid recollections of a morning in Canton.

CHAPTER X.

OUR JOURNEY UP THE GREAT RIVER.

An Excursion in a Flower Boat — "Rice Power" — The Stern-Wheeler and its Motive Power — Sacrifices and Perils of the Missionary — A Chinese Feast — Chop Sticks and How to Use Them — Lamb and Chestnuts — Frogs' Legs and Onions — A Dissipated Prejudice — Shrimps and Bamboo Root — Our Seventeen Courses — A Chinese Village — A Village School and Schoolmaster — Studying Aloud — A Pot and its Contents — How the Ashes of Grandfathers are saved in China — "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum, I Smell the Blood of a Chinaman" — Seventeen Dollars for a Child — A Fire-Cracker Factory — How Fire-Crackers are Made — Cheap Wages and Cheap Living — A Chinese Flower Garden — A Mandarin in His Blossom Gown — A Common Temple — Waking up the God — Washstands for a God — Lack of Reverence — Fans for Sick Relatives — The Voices of the Night — A Contrast.

MOST visitors to Canton confine their attention to the great city itself, and think they have seen it all when they have visited the Examination Hall, the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, the silk-weaving establishments, and the Five-Storied Pagoda; but to me these were not the most interesting of the sights of this marvelous province, teeming with more population than any other equal section of the globe. It was our good fortune to be guests in a delightful missionary home while in Canton, and to see not only these stock sights, but to get some glimpses of Chinese life which not one visitor in a hundred is likely to see.

One day we had an excursion up the great Pearl River in a Chinese house boat. This was a most unique experience. The boat was a great lumbering ark of an affair, fitted up with kitchen and sitting-room, while the stained-glass windows, ebony and marble furniture, and tinkling chandeliers gave it quite a gorgeous appearance. Slowly and wearisomely the coolies made their way up the river just as their ancestors had done for a thousand years past. Our boat, like all the other thousands on the river, was propelled by "rice power," as one of our friends said. Steam power has not yet been introduced on the Pearl River, except for a few steam launches. Electric power is still un-unknown, but "rice power," exerted through the muscles of men and women, is still the propelling force on the Canton or Pearl River.

Every now and then a splashing stern-wheel boat would pass us. At first it appeared almost like a Mississippi River steamer of rude design, with water flying from the paddle wheel behind, but on looking more closely, we could see that the machinery was worked by sixteen coolies, who constantly shuffled through their monotonous round like poor horses in a treadmill. But even this is an invention of very late years, and is considered a great innovation by most of the inhabitants. A long sweep fastened to a short staple in the bow of the boat is still the ordinary means of propulsion.

Every few minutes our coolies would stop to refresh themselves with a cup of tea, or a whiff or two from their pipes, which, by the way, only hold a pinch of tobacco. They all seemed to be very good-tempered and able-bodied fellows. One or two of them had brawny arms that would rejoice the heart of a pugilist. Past the rice fields, past villages, past toiling coolies endlessly pumping water for irrigation, past luxuriant gardens where every square inch of

soil is cultivated, we slowly made our way. Some of my missionary friends spend much of their time in the villages hundreds of miles up the river, for this is a great water way which branches out in every direction and affords access to the very heart of this great province. I would like to introduce the scoffers at missionary work to these self-sacrificing men and women who have left their home and friends behind them, and are spending their lives in the foul atmosphere of a pagan country, not for a few short weeks or months, but for a lifetime, in order to win some of these people to Christ.

Many a time have these missionaries taken their lives in their hands. Though there is now but little danger in most of the villages there are some which it is not safe for them to visit. Many times have some of them been stoned out of the villages where they attempted to preach the Gospel, but they still persevered and are satisfied that the time will come when this marvelous people, who have retained their ancient civilization for so many centuries, will be equally stable in their new Christian civilization.

At length, in the course of this novel picnic, dinner time comes and my friends have promised me a genuine Chinese feast. Let us sit down together to this feast. We are not allowed to have knives and forks or spoons, but simply chop sticks and a little porcelain ladle, with which we help ourselves out of the common dish in the middle of the table. Would you learn how to use these chop sticks? then follow these directions implicitly. Put the lower stick across the thumb, holding it firmly between the thumb and first finger. Place the second chop stick over this, allowing it to be flexible and to wriggle as you desire it. After considerable practice you may be able to convey a piece of fish from the central dish to your mouth without a

catastrophe on the way. The great secret of eating with chop sticks is to keep the lower stick stiff and inflexible; but a foreigner's muscles being ill-trained, it is apt to waver and slip, which is fatal to all successful efforts.

After waiting a considerable time for the dignified cooks to make ready, oranges and bananas are brought on for the first course. These required no great skill, for we are allowed to take them in our hands and eat them as at any other time. But now comes a difficult task. A soup with mushrooms, melons, rice, and barley, is next brought on and placed in a bowl in the center of the table. Each one takes his little porcelain ladle and dips for himself in the common bowl, while the larger particles of mushrooms and melons he must fish out with his chop sticks. The third course is boiled chicken stuffed with chestnuts and rice. This is so completely cooked that the least little touch with the chop sticks breaks it into pieces, and we each fish out for ourselves what we can from the common dish. When secured it is most toothsome and savory, I assure you.

Stuffed pigeons constitute the fourth course. They are somewhat like the chickens, only dressed in a different way. Fish wrapped in something that resembles a sausage skin constitutes the fifth course, and a very good course it is. The sixth course is lamb and chestnuts; seventh course, matai, a vegetable that is crisp and very pleasant to the taste. Duck and ham furnish the eighth course, and with each new dish our plates are changed, though we are allowed to retain the same chop sticks. Frogs' legs stewed in onions are then placed upon the table.

Some of the ladies of the party told the Chinese servants to be sure and let them know when the frogs appeared that they might decline that course; but when they thought to mention the matter, they were politely informed that the

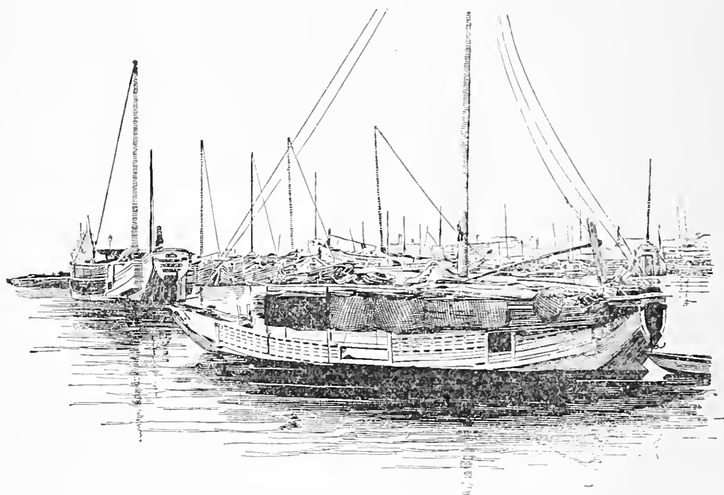
frogs had already been eaten, and they remembered, when it was too late to remedy it, that they had enjoyed that course better than any other. Thus our prejudices are dissipated, sometimes unconsciously. But why frogs should be any more distasteful than turtles or oysters or fish, I have never been able to determine.

The tenth course is rice, just simple, unadulterated boiled rice. Why it should be thus honored in the middle of the feast, I am not aware. This is followed by a course of shrimps stewed with onions and bamboo root, which is very palatable. The twelfth course is pickles; the thirteenth, bananas; the fourteenth, another mushroom soup; the fifteenth, a kind of a dish made of shrimps, pork, and other meat mixed and boiled together. The sixteenth is sponge cake, and the seventeenth mandarin oranges. By this time you can imagine that the capacities of the missionaries were sorely taxed, and even the gastronomic capabilities of their guests were tried to the utmost extent. However, this was not all, for in order to do full justice to the Chinese feast, we must not forget that we are in the land of tea, and in a little while, dainty and delicate cups of it are brought on to conclude the banquet.

A little way back from the river are many Chinese villages which for the most part are embowered in trees. The tiled roofs look so much like the surface of the ground that it is difficult at a little distance to find where the village begins and the fields leave off. If we get into the village, however, we shall find it teeming with life.

On this trip up the Pearl river we have an excellent opportunity to visit one of these villages. In the missionary district which is covered by one of my friends who is in the boat with us, are thirty thousand of these villages. Of course he could not preach in all of them in one year or

in a hundred years, but they are all open to his ministrations. From a distance these villages look somewhat picturesque, but the enchantment vanishes on nearer approach. If the streets of Hong Kong are narrow and the streets of Canton narrower, the streets of these villages should be



ON THE PEARL RIVER.

compared in the superlative degree, for indeed they are the narrowest of all. Two people can scarcely walk abreast in many of them. I had in my hand when visiting one of them, an ordinary umbrella which exactly spanned the distance from wall to wall in many streets, while the widest ones were about six inches wider than the length of my umbrella. The pavement is broken and shattered and horrible filth is everywhere.

As we passed along the street in the village, we heard a great noise of voices reciting in a humdrum, sing-song way, something which was of course unintelligible to us.

"That is a school," said my friend; "let us look in." So we unceremoniously entered, which we found we were at

perfect liberty to do, and saw twenty little urchins who, at the top of their voices, were shouting some sentences from Confucius. The schoolmaster did not appear at first, but after we had been standing looking in at the door for a moment, finding from the slight cessation of noise, which was due to curiosity of the students who could not recite and look at us at the same time, that there was something going on, he came out of the back room of the school building.

He was very polite and courteous and invited us to come in and take a seat. He explained to us that the pupils learned the words, but that they had no idea of their meaning. After they had thoroughly committed them, he interpreted the meaning of the passage, and then gave them a new one to learn. They cannot do this silently, however, but the louder they shout the quicker they seem to learn their lessons. Most of the schoolmasters throughout the empire are those who have passed the first examination, but are among the vast majority of those who have not passed the second and who, in all probability, never will. It is fortunate that some occupation is open to them, though the teacher of the common school is not a very exalted personage in China.

"What does that large earthen pot contain?" I said to my friend as we came out of the school. "Oh, that is the ancestral jar, containing the ashes of the grandfathers of the people who live in this house," he said.

Thus we made our way through this crowded little village. The women came to the door of their little hovels to stare at us, the children scuttled away as though we were the arch enemies of mankind. Doubtless many of them have been taught by their parents to believe that foreigners will make away with all of them if they can only get their

hands upon them. Every foreigner, in the estimation of the lower orders of Chinese, is a great ogre who is constantly saying, when he comes into a Chinese village,

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
"I smell the blood of a Chinaman,"

and these little folks had evidently been taught to keep out of harm's way.

When the heathen Chinese wish to damage the reputation of the missionary, they persuade their simple-minded countrymen that the missionaries wish the eyes and hair and livers of their children to make up into medicine, and that they must not send their children to the mission schools. A friend of mine took a poor little child, whose mother had died and whose father was a worthless scamp, in order that she might bring up this child in a decent way. For several months she watched over it carefully, and gave it the best of Chinese nurses, but one sad day for the baby the wretched father happened around, caught up the child, carried it off, and sold it for $17, in order to satisfy one of his creditors. The selling of children is a very common thing among the lower class of the Chinese, and infanticide is still practiced in some of the provinces to a frightful extent. No wonder, with such Bluebeard-like stories for nursery tales, that the little slant-eyed urchins got out of our way as rapidly as they could.

On our way from the village we passed a firecracker factory, in which I am sure the boys of America will be interested. In the rear room of the factory were piles of coarse brown paper. By a very simple process this paper is made into tubes of the right size for different kinds of firecrackers, while in still another room a dozen men and girls were putting in the powder, tamping in the brick dust on top, and making a great clatter about it with their little mallets.

Most of this work is done by hand, though some rude machinery is used. It has been a mystery to me, ever since the first Fourth of July that I can remember, how fire-crackers could be made and sent over to America to be sold for five cents a bunch. The mystery is scarcely diminished when we see the work performed, and note that so much of it is hand labor. I suppose the real explanation lies in the cheapness of labor. Wages, I am told, do not average more than ten cents per day, equivalent to seven cents of our money; but even on this the coolies can supply themselves with scanty food and sufficient clothing for this climate, and, perhaps, lay by a few dollars for the rainy day which people in China, as well as in America, are always fearing.

The real secret of Chinese cheap labor is Chinese cheap living. Hotels in China which charge $4.00 a day for their guests and $1.00 a day for European servants will board Chinese servants for *twenty cents a day*, and then make money. I cannot say, however, that this poor and monotonous life, as it doubtless is, has any deteriorating effect, physically, on the Chinese. They seem usually to be strong and healthy, and unless addicted to opium smoking, as many of them are, they are often fine specimens of a vigorous physical manhood. How a coolie can support life, and do the tremendously hard labor which is expected of him sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, on a little rice and fish, surpasses the foreigner's comprehension; and yet that it can be done is proved by the hundred of millions of robust people in all parts of the Chinese Empire.

On our way from the village we went into a Chinese flower garden. These abound in the vicinity of Canton, and are really very beautiful. Everything is on a diminutive scale. Flowering shrubs, orange trees, lemon trees, azalias, and chrysanthemums are all of the dwarf variety. Many

orange trees growing in pots are loaded with little oranges no larger than the end of one's thumb. But the most curious thing about these flower gardens is the shapes into which the shrubs are trained. On many branches we found huge goggle eyes pinned, while from the lower branches porcelain hands reach out to us in a ghostly way. Below the hands were often a pair of porcelain feet resting on the soil. We found that in this way was constructed the skeleton of a floral mandarin, who, after a few weeks, as the blossoms opened on the branches, would be clothed in a gorgeous dress of white or red or yellow bloom. Some of the mandarins had already blossomed out, and their heads and hands and porcelain feet appeared from a beautiful dress of living green and brilliant flowers. There were also in this garden lions and unicorns, foxes and buffaloes, with flowery skins, and goggle eyes of porcelain. The whole effect was very curious.

A Chinese mandarin clothed in flowers, or a lion or unicorn in the same beautiful dress, if displayed in a New York florist's window, would attract such a crowd that the police would have to clear the way. There were many other beautiful things in this garden, fountains and archways, bridges over little streams, and flowery pagodas, making it as picturesque and beautiful a place as could be found in our most extensive establishments in England or America.

As we came out of the garden we passed along the borders of canals and roads lined with orange and lemon trees and the beautiful carambola, with its three-cornered yellow fruit as large as an apple hanging in rich profusion from its branches. The carambolas were just ripe at the time of our visit to Canton, and the deep yellow, luscious fruit shining through the green leaves made as pretty an orchard effect as one would wish to see.

On our way back to our missionary home, we stepped into one of the common temples, not a great, gorgeous temple such as we have seen in Canton, but a more modest, suburban shrine. A beautiful grove of trees surrounded it, but within the temple was the same squalor and dirt, indifference and irreverence, that we have seen elsewhere. There was, to be sure, a gong to be rung, and a big drum to be beaten in order to wake up the god, and by his side were many votive offerings. In one temple that we visited, the god had been favored with several washstands fitted up with copper basins. From the looks of his time-begrimed face we thought he needed to use these presents. Another god had several suits of clothing presented to him. These hung on a chair near by, though from their appearance we judged that he had never put them on. Still another had a handsome sedan chair among his gifts, so that he could take a ride if he wished.

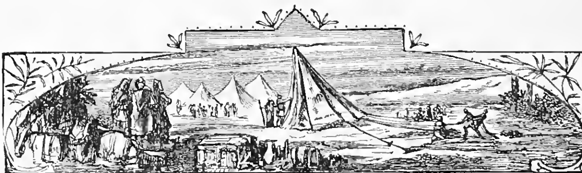
The god of medicine is assiduously fanned by many of his worshipers, and these fans are taken home to be used by his friends in fanning their sick relatives, thus bringing the breath of the god near to them.

That such an intelligent, practical, sensible people, as the Chinese undoubtedly are in many ways, should still adhere to these absurd and silly superstitions, can only be accounted for by the fact that few of them have ever heard of anything better, and that the religion of Christ in this vast empire has yet had time to make but little headway.

Soon we are again at the kind home which opens to us its hospitable doors after a most delightful day on the river and in the country, tired enough, as we thought, to go to bed and sleep soundly in spite of the voices of the night, which are not so poetical as in some sections of the globe. Yet we hear until well on towards midnight the clanging of the

gongs from the Buddhist temples on either side of our friend's home, alternating with the beating of cymbals, for this has been a high day and the god must be worshiped far into the night.

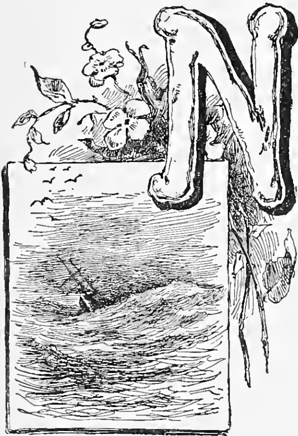
Every now and then a louder bang indicates the report of a gun, which we are told is fired by the watchman on his rounds to let the thieves know that he is in their vicinity and that they had better keep out of his way, a very convenient thing for the thieves, as it seems to us. Thus, with the bang of gun and beat of drum, and clash of cymbals, our senses grow drowsy as we recall to mind the events of the day that has passed, and we thank God for a religion that appeals to the head as well as to the heart, to the conscience and not to superstition, to the love of God and not to an undefined fear of evil, to the desire for holiness and not to the hope of gain. These are the lessons which the tom-toms and the fire-crackers, the gongs and the drums of the Buddhist temples, teach us in the watches of the night.



CHAPTER XI.

OUR STAY IN CHARMING JAPAN—SOCIAL CUSTOMS—SOME INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES—LIFE AND SCENES ON A TEA PLANTATION.

The Best Preparation for a New Land—A Terrible Typhoon—Personal Experiences—"The Lord is Able to Give Thee Much More Than This"—The Most Beautiful of Mountains—Fujiyama in Spotless Ermine—"Fiery Jack".—Yokohama—The Rush of Jinrikishas—The Capture of the Man-of-War's Men—Fun in the Custom House—"Crossing the Palm"—A Lesson in Japanese Politeness—Bowing in Japanese—The Shop-keeper's Salaam—The Maid Servant's Obeisance—Receiving Callers—A Hinge in the Spine—The Ohio Statesman's Mistake—"My Fool of a Wife"—Japanese Railways—Our Fellow Passengers—Progressive Japan—Telegraph Lines and Electric Lights—Postal Delivery Six Times a Day—Protecting the Windows—The Professor's Many Suits—The "Obi"—A Japanese Joseph—What we Saw from the Car Window—A Tea Plantation.



NOTHING so well prepares the traveler for an introduction to any new land as a long and stormy journey thitherward by sea. Even the desert of Sahara would be welcome under such circumstances; how much more the beautiful shores of smiling Japan.

So far as previous preparation is concerned, we were made amply ready by the long and stormy voyage from Hong Kong. Rarely has so much tempestuous discomfort been compressed into the seven days between Hong Kong and Yokohama.

As we neared the coast of Japan, a fearful typhoon

which had been following in our wake for several days, making only a little more rapid time than the steamer itself, overtook us. The barometer dropped to the lowest point ever known in these latitudes, and about ten o'clock on the night of November 23d, the wind began to blow with "typhoon force." For several days before, the wind had been "blowing a gale," according to the captain's log book, but on this night the demons of the air seemed to take to themselves seventy times seven spirits worse than the first, and the way they shrieked and howled and screamed through the rigging will never be forgotten by the passengers of the *Peru*. Hoping the storm might blow by. Captain Ward at first "hove to," to speak after the manner of sailors, but, fearing that we might drift upon the rocks of the Loochoo Islands, he soon put on all steam again, and drove his good ship directly through the center of the typhoon, in order to get sufficient sea room.

As is well known, a typhoon is a circular storm of limited extent, which revolves about a comparatively calm area. After plowing our way through the eastern edge of the typhoon for some two hours, we struck the calmer center, and for a little while the passengers congratulated themselves that the storm was over. But, alas! our congratulations were premature, for, after half an hour of comparative quiet, the *Peru* dashed into the western edge of the cyclone, and all the demons in the rigging began to scream and howl and shriek with redoubled fury. For two hours more it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept in our berths, holding to the storm braces with both hands, and thus preventing ourselves from being pitched headlong into the mass of trunks and rugs, tumblers and water bottles, hairbrushes and life preservers, which were jumbled together in indescribable confusion upon the state-room floor.

As the gray dawn began to show in what part of the state-room the window was situated, the wind somewhat moderated, but the waves were as high as ever. Reaching down into the confused mass of *debris* which lay on the state-room floor, Mrs. Pilgrim picked up one of the calendars which our thoughtful friends at home had given us, with the following cheering message for November twenty-fourth (Thanksgiving day, by the way), "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

Never did that promise from Holy Writ have such a sinister significance before. However, as the storm cleared away and the sun appeared later in the day, and as the waves somewhat moderated, though still "mountainous," according to the log book of the *Peru*, we felt the promise was not so inappropriate after all, and there were many things to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving Day, even though the rolling, pitching dinner table did prevent our doing full justice to the Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce.

After this experience, it can readily be seen that we eagerly awaited the first glimpse of the lovely shores of Japan.

Early on the morning of November twenty-sixth, they broke upon us. There was Fujiyama, the most beautiful mountain in the world, which figures on innumerable screens and fans and teacups, rising before us in all his regal splendor. No wonder that the Japanese love their sacred mountain; a far more dull and phlegmatic people would have their veins stirred by such a sight.

This first view of Fujiyama which we enjoyed was perhaps the best that could be obtained. The early snow of approaching winter clothed him in a spotless ermine mantle to his very feet. Every part of this most symmetrical and

lovely cone was of dazzling whiteness, and, as the Eastern sun arose, a rosy tinge spread its glow from the topmost crater to the lowest fringe of the glistening garment.

On the other side of the steamer a volcano was puffing out huge volumes of smoke. "Fiery Jack" the sailors called it. On both sides the carefully cultivated fields of this park-like fairy land came down close to the water's edge. Little sailboats and Japanese junks danced about us on every side. Everything on sea and shore looked its brightest and best. The terrors of the stormy passage were forgotten, and we felt that nature conspired with the experiences of the past few days to make our welcome to Japan most bright and memorable.

A few hours later and the *Peru* dropped her anchor in Yokohama harbor, and we gladly exchanged the deck of the ship for more substantial *terra firma.*

Yokohama, with its large English concession, its substantial warehouses, and its harbor full of the vessels of all nations, is not a typical Japanese city, and yet there are many things to interest the traveler, who has not as yet been sated with the temples and palaces, the picturesque villages and beautiful natural scenery of fair Japan.

For instance, as we stepped ashore from the steam launch a whole army of jinrikisha men came after us, each insisting that we should patronize his particular baby carriage. But first our baggage had to be passed through the Custom House, and we were obliged for a time to disappoint our eager friends, who served as hackmen and horses combined.

While we were undergoing the trying ordeal of a Custom House inspection some fifty sailors from a British man-of-war rowed ashore. Then what rushing and jamming and pushing and shouting there was on the part of the jinrikisha men! The eager cabmen at Forty-second street station,

New York, are not to be compared to their brethren of Yokohama. Two jinrikisha men pitched upon each jolly tar and bore him away bodily to one of the little carriages in waiting, and in less time than it takes to tell the story every sailor was bundled into a jinrikisha and whisked away; we fear to no very reputable abiding place, for land-sharks abound in Yokohama as in every seaport, and the jinrikisha men have the reputation of being subsidized by the worst of them.

Going through the Custom House is oftentimes a serious matter in Japan, not that the duties are very high, but the Custom House officials' curiosity is very great. Anything done up in a bundle seemed to excite their suspicion at once, and they took a boyish delight in finding out that one package contained a few worthless seashells, another a set of chess men, each one of which had to be taken from its box and examined separately, and still another, a double Chinese sword, which one official took from its sheath and made playful lunges at all the others who surrounded him.

However, a little harmless curiosity on the part of these youthful inspectors is a venial fault compared with the rudeness and corruption of many of our customs officials at home. One can afford to spend a little time at the Custom House while the inmost recesses of his trunks are being ransacked, if only he is treated with politeness meanwhile, and is not brazenly asked to "to cross the palm" of the official, as I have been invited to do ere this in New York city.

Now that we have actually set foot on Japanese soil, we may as well take a lesson in Japanese politeness, for from the lowest porter to the emperor himself this is an ingrained characteristic, and unless we are careful, our brusque and prompt western way may shock this courtliest of all peoples.

Even the Custom House officials bow low when we present our keys and request them to examine our trunks, and the jinrikisha men almost bend themselves to the dust before us in their polite entreaties that we favor them with our patronage.

As we go up the street, if we step into a Japanese store to buy so much as a sheet of paper, we are greeted with a low salaam by the proprietor, who deems it quite awkward to go directly to business without a few polite preliminary genuflections.

When we reach our boarding-house a smiling man-servant stands upon the piazza to take our baggage with the most gracious bow, and the door is opened by a maid-servant who almost touches the floor with her forehead, so low is her obeisance as she admits us within the penetralia.

When we go upon the platform to make an address our audience often rises and bows, and when we begin to speak it is the proper thing to make as low a salute as our American stiffness and previous training will allow. Upon this the audience all bow most graciously once more. At the conclusion of the address the speaker bows again, and the audience returns the salute.

But it is when we receive callers that the most trying politeness is expected. The caller bows and we bow, and then the caller bows again and we bow still lower. Again, our Japanese visitor bends his body in a third genuflection, and we follow suit, doing our best to *bow* in Japanese if we cannot speak Japanese.

If we were well trained we should not lift up our stooping figure until our visitor had begun to raise himself from his salutatory posture, and we furtively glance out of the corners of our eyes to see if he is not almost through with his bowing. Sometimes a peculiar little gutteral grunt indicates

that the visitor has finished his genuflections, and that we can raise our own bodies to an upright posture with propriety. I very much fear that I have many times broken all the laws in the Japanese code of propriety and courtesy, but I trust I shall be forgiven, and that my rudeness will be charged to a lack of early training, and to my imperfect western notions of civility.

One important factor in the Japanese obeisance is to get the hinge in the right part of your anatomy. The brusque Yankee and stiff Englishman bow simply with their heads and the hinge they use is at the top of their spinal columns, but no such indifferent bobbing of the head will satisfy the Japanese demands. One must put the hinge lower down, at the base of his spinal column, and bow with his whole body instead of the top of his head. A few days of practice will make one fairly proficient in this superficial part of the Japanese code of etiquette.

But not only is their politeness a matter of bows and genuflections; it is as fully indicated in their language. There is a polite language which is quite different from that used on ordinary occasions, and cannot even be understood by those familiar only with the colloquial tongue. Even the humblest people use the politest circumlocutions on every possible occasion.

For instance, when we knock at the door, the person inside cries out "Ohairi," which means, "We welcome your honorable return." When one greets a friend on the street he says, "Ohayo," which means literally, "Honorable early"; or if translated into Irish it would be: "The top o' the mornin' to yez!"

It is said an Ohio statesman was once sent to a certain port in Japan as consul. As he landed on the shores of the country which was to be his home he heard one and another

say in very good English as he thought. Ohio (Ohayo). "I declare," said this son of the Buckeye state, "I knew they were a well educated people in this land, but I didn't suppose they knew the very state I came from."

A friend of mine tells me that his Japanese servant came to him one day and said, as he bowed low to the floor, "Will my most worthy master suffer his most humble servant to visit the honorable bath that he may wash his filthy body?" It is needless to say that after such a polite request permission was at once granted.

Japanese politeness consists not only in loading the persons spoken to with all kinds of complimentary adjectives, but also in depreciating one's self. Such a colloquy as this is often heard in Japanese highways:

"How is your honorable wife this morning?"

"I thank you, honorable sir, my fool of a wife is very well this morning."

And yet the second speaker may be a most loving and exemplary husband; he only wishes to be properly polite in depreciating his own.

There is not very much to detain one in Yokohama, and we will soon take the train for Tokio, distant one hour by rail. There seems to be an incongruity between the rushing, bustling life of a railway station, and the Oriental throngs that crowd it. The wooden clogs, worn by men, women, and children, clatter on the stone floor of the station like so many castanets and make almost a deafening sound. Instead of spruce business men and "tailor-made girls," such as one is accustomed to see thronging our railway cars at home, people clad in practically the same garb which was in fashion a thousand years ago, step into these most modern of all vehicles to be whirled away as fast as steam can carry them. Something seems to be out of place; whether the

Japanese costume and wooden clogs, or our nineteenth century mode of locomotion, I shall not pretend to say.

However, there seems to be no thought of incongruity on the part of our fellow passengers, for the Japanese have taken to railroads and steamships, to telephones and electric lights, as though they were to the manner born.

The modern Japanese is nothing if not progressive. Every new invention, every latest labor-saving contrivance, he is ready to examine and adopt if it commends itself to his judgment. Well-appointed railroads connect one end of Japan with another. A perfect network of telegraph wires connect all leading cities. Incandescent electric lights often flash from the most humble stores and dwellings. In the leading cities the postman delivers his message six times a day, and wherever we go we find that Japan's senses are all alert to the first intimations of progress in any direction.

In some respects the Japanese railway system is even better than ours. At least, more care is taken of life and limb, no grade crossings are allowed at stations, and fatal accidents are of very rare occurrence.

The cars are mostly after the English pattern, and divided into first, second, and third-class compartments. The first-class compartments are very rarely used in Japan, even by "lords, fools, and Americans." In fact, after riding many hundred miles on Japanese railroads, I remember to have seen but a single occupant of a first-class carriage. The second-class is used somewhat sparingly, while the third-class on every train is crowded with vivacious Japanese travelers.

As glass is a modern invention which, strangely enough, has not been largely introduced into country districts, Japanese windows generally being made of rice paper, the glass car windows in third-class compartments are crossed with

lines of white paint, so that native travelers from the rural districts, who never saw glass before, may not unwittingly put their heads through the windows. The bills of the Imperial Railway Company for broken glass became so large that at last this device for showing the rural passenger that there was something between him and the outside world was adopted.

If you please, my readers, we will take a second-class car to Tokio, and, without being rude, we can furtively examine our fellow passengers and their attire. After a few days we shall become so accustomed to the national dress it will be difficult for us to describe it; so we must make the most of our first impressions.

On the seat in front of us is a Japanese gentleman in European clothes, but his ill-fitting coat and shabby Derby hat are not nearly so picturesque as the garments of the friend by his side. Not being a woman or a man milliner, I cannot describe these garments with very good effect, but must content myself with saying that our Japanese-clad fellow passenger wears tight-fitting trousers, nearly hidden by a loose upper garment coming nearly to his feet, and bound about the waist by a kind of scarf.

In fact, our friend on the opposite seat, since it is cold weather, seems to wear several upper garments, for this is a way the Japanese have of keeping warm. They do not build fires or introduce steam heat, or even close their windows and doors, but they add one garment to another, until it is difficult to tell how large the kernel under the many husks may be. The story is told of a professor in a famous school who had the reputation of wearing more clothes than any other man on the faculty. The students, exaggerating the truth, as students will, circulated the story that he commonly wore thirty-one suits of clothes. A friend of mine

made bold to approach him on the subject, telling him the story that was circulating among the students, whereupon he gravely replied that he could not account for such a report, as he had never, to his knowledge, worn more than thirteen suits at one time, unless the students had transposed the figures (31 for 13), and so the mistake had arisen.

But the gentleman in front of us in the car probably wears not more than half a dozen garments on this journey, and makes up for his superfluous coats by wearing nothing

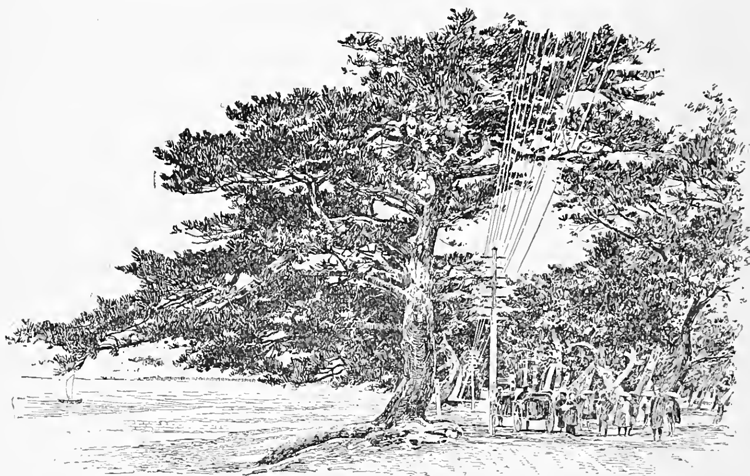
DRESS OF JAPANESE WOMEN, SHOWING THE OBI.

on his head. On entering the car he slips off his wooden shoes very easily, as they are only held on his feet by a cord passing between his big toe and the next one; then, putting his stocking feet on the foot-warmer filled with hot water, the only method of heating these cars, he settles himself comfortably for his journey.

Not far from the gentleman opposite sits his wife. Her garments are, of course, quite beyond my powers of description. It is only necessary to say that they are loose, flowing, and graceful, and that on her back is a curious affair

called an "obi," or sash, on which she greatly prides herself. It is made of finest silk, and her rank in society is very largely indicated by the obi which she wears. Her head, too, is bare, though her profusion of black hair is so fantastically arranged that she does not need any other head-gear. On her feet are the same kind of clumsy wooden shoes her husband wears.

Between them is their little child, the joy and pride,



A RURAL SCENE IN JAPAN.

doubtless, of the father's and mother's heart. He is arrayed in a most gorgeous suit, a miniature reproduction of his mother's, only in brighter colors. Joseph himself was not more favored when a boy than this little Japanese lad.

But the objects of special interest are not all within the car windows, by any means. We never get tired of the ever-changing panorama without, made up of mountain and meadow, forest trees and cultivated fields, bright costumes and quaint cottages, and many a scene of rustic comfort and content.

A TEA DRINKER'S PARADISE — GATHERING THE CROP ON A TEA PLANTATION. *(From an instantaneous photograph.)*

The long rows of tea plants look like the bunches of box with which the borders of old-fashioned flower gardens were once made, only the tea plants are much larger. When the crop is matured the tea garden is full of pickers, native men and women in bright costumes working side by side.

One of the most interesting sights is a tea plantation. Many of these we skirt in our railway journeys in Japan. The long row of tea plants look like the bunches of box with which the borders of old-fashioned flower gardens were once made, only the tea plants are much larger. When the crop is matured the tea garden is full of pickers, native men and women, in bright costumes, working side by side, their gay attire contrasting prettily with the fresh green of the tea leaves. These bright beings, who, we fear, are not as radiant as they look, stop their work as the train rumbles by, to gaze after the retreating cars, stirred by the same wonder which a rushing railway train always excites in every part of the world, however common the sight may be.

Thus we journey on, stopping at picturesque little villages, with thatch-roofed cottages; past miles and miles of fields cultivated with most accurate nicety, every one looking like a market garden in the suburbs of a great city; past beautiful bamboo forests; past shrines and large temples and emblems of Buddhist worship, set up, as in the days of old, "under every green tree"; past beautiful hills and fertile valleys, winding rivers and canals teeming with life, until, all too soon, so interesting is this brief journey, the cars roll into the station of the great city of Tokio — the largest in all the realm, the capital of the kingdom, the Mikado's city of the Mikado's empire.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MIKADO'S CITY AND THE MIKADO'S SUBJECTS.

Tokio, its Parks, its Temples, and its Palace — Its University — A Study of Fish Parasites — What Missionaries have done — The Seismological Department — An Artificial Earthquake — Exceptional Earthquake Privileges — Wheat and Chaff — Canton and Tokio, or China *versus* Japan — The Frenchman of the East — A Japanese House — No Doors, No Windows, No Chimneys — A Walk in a Country Village — The Country Bakery — A Rice Mill — Division of Labor — An Initiation into the Art of Orange Eating — The Japanese Shoe Shop — The Villainous Daikon — Prices in Japan — A Pot of Tea for Two Cents — A Japanese Dinner in a Japanese Hotel — The Curious Crowds at the Window — Character Studies — The Motormen of the East — Surprising Endurance — The Hilarious Jinrikisha Men — The Waitress and her Odd Position — Paying our Reckoning.

FAMOUS and imposing as are its many "lions," the one thing that impressed me most strongly in Tokio was the Imperial University. To find in this Oriental land a university in many respects the peer of Cambridge or Oxford, Heidelberg or Harvard, is a surprise to most people who considered themselves tolerably well versed in Japanese affairs. The buildings of the Imperial University, to be sure, are not equal to the venerable piles which lend their ancient charm to an English or German University town; but even in buildings and equipment the Imperial University of Japan is not far behind many vener-

able schools of other lands. But when one comes to examine the work in biology, chemistry, the science of engineering, and other departments of learning leading to practical results, he finds this is not a whit behind the great schools of the world.

In the biological department we saw a graduate student famous the world over for his studies of fish parasites. For years he has been making microscopic examinations of these minute enemies which prey upon the finny tribe, and his researches have provoked the favorable comment of scientific men in all parts of the world. As I approached his laboratory he had just discovered a new parasite, which he showed me with considerable satisfaction, imprisoned as it was between the glasses of his slide. He expects to devote his life to the study of fish parasites, though he is gradually coming to the belief that his ambition has taken too wide a range, and that he ought to devote himself to the parasites of *marine* fish altogether.

As he is now a very young man, with doubtless forty or fifty years of hard work before him, I should think that he might before he dies make considerable progress in the pursuit of his favorite study, if he confines himself to a sufficiently narrow range. I sincerely hope that my friend of the Imperial University will not have the same cause for regret as the famous Greek student of the dative case, who reproached himself on his death-bed that he had taken so large a subject and had not devoted himself altogether to the dative case of the Greek article. This example does not stand alone. In other departments also the same careful and highly specialized work is accomplished.

In the early days the University was manned largely by foreign professors, and the chief credit for its establishment and progress is due largely to Christian missionaries, as was

the case with almost every high grade college in the far East. In Japan especial honor is due to Dr. Verbeck of the Dutch Reformed Board, who, in the beginning, more than any other man influenced the government in the establishment and development of the university idea. Of late years, however, as in all other departments, the government is bringing the Imperial University and all lower schools more and more under the control of Japanese teachers. "Japan for the Japanese," is the cry of recent days, and foreign teachers are largely being discharged and their places filled by native Japanese, even in the teaching of the English language itself. While willing to adopt everything that they think is best in modern civilization, the Japanese are evidently bound to be free from dependence on foreigners at the earliest possible moment.

As one walks through the halls, enters the spacious library, and views the splendid equipment of the engineering department of the university, he stands amazed at the modern progress of this ancient nation. There is no phase of scientific thought familiar to the Western world which is not almost equally familiar to this Island Empire of the Orient. Every latest contrivance, every labor-saving machine is examined and appropriated if considered worthy. In the Seismological department of the university are probably the most accurate and delicate instruments for computing the direction and vibration of earthquakes to be found in the world. The professor in this department set the delicate clock-like machinery in motion for us, thus producing a miniature artificial earthquake that we might see how the nicely adjusted machines, with their automatic fingers, marked the slightest vibration in the earth's crust. Tokio, by the way, is a very favorable place for such a department of study, for scores of times a year it thrills and quakes with

subterranean movements. In fact its earthquake opportunities are unique and exceptional.

The contrast between the Chinese and Japanese is discerned by no one more plainly than by him who travels direct from Canton to Tokio. In the former city is represented the old educational system of the Orient, in the dreary examination hall, with its eleven hundred cells, empty and deserted, except for nine days, in the course of three years. The supreme test of scholarship during those nine days of examination is, as I have already stated, the ability to write an essay on some text of Confucius; the sole standard for civil service promotion, a good literary style, and aptness to write some incomprehensible pages upon an unfathomable subject. No languages are studied there, no Inductive Philosophy, no Chemistry, Biology, Geology, Botany, no engineering or mining departments, no instruction in ship-building or architecture; but one dreary monotonous grind on Confucius and Confucianism. The old sage still dominates every man, woman, and child in China, except the few who are emancipated by the religion of Christ.

In Japan how different! Here are railroads and steamboats, the latest electrical inventions, and most modern theories of ship-building and mining, agriculture and the mechanic arts, and the crown of all this modern civilization is the Imperial University of Tokio. Here Confucius takes the back seat, and Galileo and Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton and Herschel, Huxley and Darwin come to the front.

Perhaps this sudden advance in modern civilization is not altogether an unmixed good. Doubtless many evils have followed in the train of this nineteenth century civilization which has swept with such a conquering march over the empire of Japan. Doubtless there has been much chaff mixed with the wheat, and sometimes, in all probability, the

wheat has been thrown away, and the chaff of false philosophy and materialism retained. Nevertheless, the contrast between the thousand-year-old Examination Hall of Canton and the Imperial University of Tokio reveals the inherent difference between the two great nations of the Orient. English-speaking people are too apt to lump Orientals together, and to see but little difference between the almond-eyed nations of the world.

An American religious paper once gravely announced that "Rev. Mr. So-and-So was about to start as a missionary to China and Japan," as though either of these nations were not quite enough to tax the powers of the average American missionary. As a matter of fact, there is far more difference between the Chinese and Japanese than between the Englishman and Frenchman, or the German and Russian.

The Japanese is the Frenchman of the Old World, as has often been remarked; volatile, mercurial, easily moved to adopt a new plan, but often fickle in his rentention of it, he is endowed with the strong points, and doubtless many of the weaknesses, of the Celtic nations of Europe. To watch the development of this new France in these Eastern seas will be a most interesting study for the future ethnologist.

In one respect, however, Japan is different from France, for it possesses no vast capital of overwhelming importance, like Paris. If "Paris is France," Tokio, though the most important city, is by no means Japan.

A few days after our arrival in Yokohama we took a journey into rural Japan. Here in the country districts we find the Japanese at home. He has adopted no foreign costume, and put on no Parisian airs. He has the telegraph and electric light, to be sure, and in many places the railroad train; but in all essential particulars the Japan of to-day is the Japan of a thousand years ago.

Let me take you on a walk this bright, crisp December morning through a village street in Japan — such a village street as I have seen a hundred times during my brief stay in that fair land. The village boasts no buildings of archi-

IN WINTER COSTUME.

tectural pretentions, unless, perhaps, it contains an old palace of Daimio times. Even if it does, the palace is probably deserted and falling into ruin, though its massive walls, wide water-filled moats, and pagoda-like stories still tell of its former magnificence in feudal times.

As for the rest of the village, the houses generally are very humble and unpretentious, usually one-story high, with a heavy thatched or tiled roof, and defended from the weather by thin paper screens. A modern writer has said that "Japanese houses have no walls, no windows, and no chimneys." Take away these essentials, and one may well ask what would be left but a huge dry-goods box. This, however, is somewhat of an exaggeration, for the movable rice paper screens answer very well for partition walls, and the rice paper screens themselves, though opaque, answer for windows, through which a "dim religious light" manages to find its way. As for the chimneys, what need is there of them when the stoves contain no blaze and no smoke, but simply a little handful of coals in the middle of a bed of sand? If we get a glimpse into one of the Japanese houses we are passing, we shall see very little furniture; two or three warm quilts for each person, a small flat cushion on which he may sit, two or three "hibachis" or fire boxes, a few little tables not more than six inches high, and some lamps, cups, bowls, tubs, and saucepans complete the household furniture. One will see no chairs, knives, forks, or spoons, no carpets nor rugs, no pictures on the walls. However, there are some very good substitutes for all these necessary articles. The screens are often beautifully painted, and scrolls on the walls, changed often, add life and color to the room. There are no chairs, to be sure, but what does one want of a chair when he can sit on the soles of his feet? And as for knives, forks, and spoons, chopsticks are quite as handy when one knows how to use them, and far less troublesome. What would not our American housewives, who are "cumbered with much serving," and grow prematurely old with much dish-washing, give for these neat and inexpensive substitutes for table cutlery!

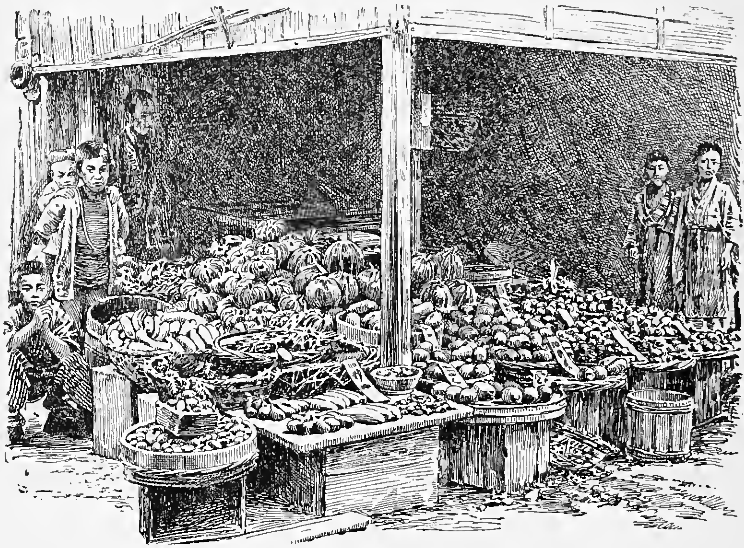
A NATIVE JAPANESE GRIST MILL. *(From an instantaneous photograph.)*

One coolie threshes the rice straw over the iron teeth of a primitive flail which looks like a carpenter's wooden horse, while another winnows the grain by pouring it over a rude sieve, allowing the wind to blow away the chaff; while still another coolie grinds the rice in a mill laboriously turned by hand.

We may not linger too long at the open doorway of this Japanese house lest we be deemed impolite even by these people, who themselves have more than their fair share of "Yankee curiosity," so we will pass on to have a look at some of the stores, which are open to the inspection of the passer-by. There are no show windows, for the whole store is one show window with all its goods on exhibition. Here is a bakery, for instance, with many kinds of thin, tempting-looking wafers, and much gaudy candy, which one finds, on investigation, has for its largest component rice flour with a very small modicum of sugar. There are bushel baskets full of rolls and little loaves with variegated streaks of green and red running through them. If we should go a little ways into the country we should find the rice flour mill where the chief ingredient of these showy little cakes was made. Here, under the same projecting roof, one coolie threshes the rice straw over the iron teeth of a primitive flail, which looks like a carpenter's wooden horse, while another winnows the grain by pouring it over a rude sieve, allowing the wind to blow away the chaff, while still another coolie grinds the rice in a mill laboriously turned by hand. Next to the bakery comes a fruit store, perhaps, where one sees tempting piles of "kid glove" oranges, great, luscious, rosy persimmons, yellow loquots, and piles of little oranges not bigger than the end of one's thumb.

But my readers will pardon a digression here, for while looking at these tempting piles of Japanese fruit, I will initiate him into the process of eating a Japanese orange. Every nation has its peculiar method of extracting the juices of this tempting fruit. Perhaps nations might be classified according to their ways of eating oranges. The American, at least the hotel-patronizing American, cuts his "Florida" in two in the middle, scoops out the rich juice with his

orange spoon, and accomplishes his task deftly and neatly. The Australian cuts into eight sections the product of his semi-tropical groves and is thus able to eat his breakfast fruit with great expedition. The small boy of all nations bores a hole in the end of his orange and unceremoniously sucks its contents, leaving the fair looking skin dry and juiceless. The Japanese orange, however, may be eaten like a grape, as it naturally falls apart into a dozen different

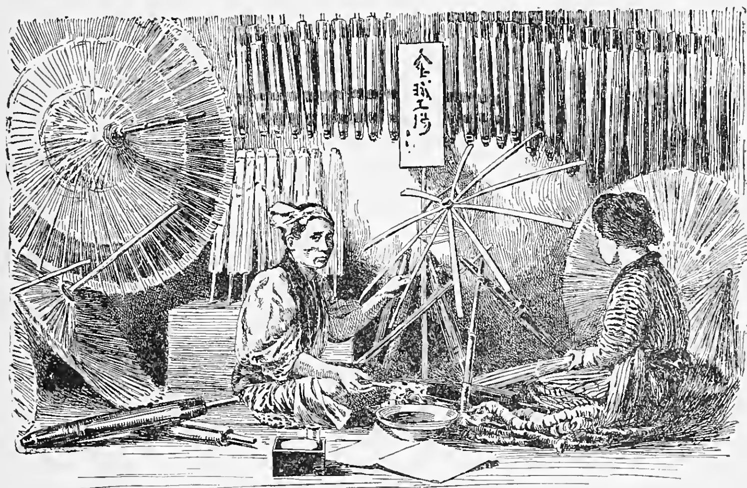


A JAPANESE FRUIT STORE.

wedge-shaped segments. The expert grasps the thin end of the wedge firmly between his thumb and first finger, presses the juicy section, held perpendicularly and not horizontally, between his teeth, and thus in the twinkling of an eye extracts all the sweetness from the skin of one section. Thus he treats section after section of his orange, eating them as rapidly as so many Hamburg grapes. In fact, an expert "orangeman" will make nothing of getting through

six specimens of this luscious Japanese fruit while the average American is toilsomely digging out the pulp from a single native of the orange groves of Florida or California.

Just beyond the fruit store is a barber shop, for hair cutting and shaving is a great business in Japan. As in the other stores, everything is open to the daylight, there are no screens, no windows, no partitions. The shop is simply a recess from the sidewalk where the barber and his customer are sitting, while other customers are waiting the familiar "next."



JAPANESE UMBRELLA MAKER.

Then comes a shoe store, perhaps, but we see no "Oxford ties" or top boots, "Dongolas" or russet tennis shoes displayed; but instead we see rows upon rows of heavy wooden clogs, mud shoes on wooden stilts three or four inches high, and long festoons of straw sandals hanging from the ceiling. These sandals are nothing but soles, for there is no need of an upper to protect the foot, but simply a strap passing between the big toe and its next neighbor, by

which the sandal is dexterously held in place. Perhaps the shoe dealer also trades in stockings and we find a large assortment of curious foot-wear made of cloth and not knit like the stockings of foreigners, but sewed together with a compartment especially made for the big toe by itself to fit the shoes and sandals already described. Next to the shoe store is an umbrella factory, and near by is a vegetable market. Here we find a very good supply of the vegetables of the season. Sweet potatoes are common and cheap, sold not only raw but also at almost every street corner, smoking hot from the pot or nicely browned from the brazier. Parsnips and cabbage, onions and celery, spinach and lettuce also find a place in these stores.

Everywhere one sees piles of the succulent "*daikon*"; along the railroad stations, in the fields, borne upon the staggering shoulders of men and women, loaded upon bullock carts, strung upon great ropes and stretched between trees and posts to dry, cut up and spread upon the house roofs for desiccation, until one is tempted after all these sights to call Japan, not the land of the chrysanthemum, but the country of the daikon. Of course, the green grocer whose store we are inspecting has a large assortment of this favorite vegetable on hand. The daikon is a sort of radish, and is of two varieties, one very long, sometimes nearly two feet in length and six inches through, while the other specimen looks like a turnip of gigantic proportions. How it tastes we shall find out when we come to eat our dinner at a Japanese hotel.

As we pass another open recess in the street we see a potter at work with his wheel; still another alcove shows an umbrella-maker; a third reveals a rake-maker plying his task with strips of stiff bamboo for the rakes' teeth, while a fourth is busy making the lanterns which form such a picturesque and striking feature of night life in Japan.

Let us stop and make a few purchases as we pass some of these odd and tempting stores. Your pockets and mine, my reader, are not very large, perhaps, but Japan is the paradise of lean pocketbooks. For instance, we will take home to show our friends the foot gear of this interesting people, one pair of straw sandals, one of wooden shoes, and still another of high clogs for muddy weather, and three pairs of stockings to go with our shoes. Our purchases make quite

IN A JAPANESE BARBER SHOP.

a formidable looking bundle, and we fear we may not have change enough to pay for our curiosities. But we are quite relieved to find that all our goods come to only seventeen *sen*, five *rin*, something less than 12½ cents.

Everywhere in Japan, except on the foreign concessions, these cheap prices prevail. For instance, at the railroad station I purchased an earthen teapot, holding at least a quart of hot tea and with a cup thrown in, for the extravagant price of three sen, or about two cents, United States currency.

Desiring to have some unnecessary hirsute appendages removed, I was told that the price of hair cutting in the Japanese saloon where I proposed to go was two sen, and if I wanted to be shaved, I must deplete my pocket book to the extent of one sen more, or something like six and one-half mills for a clean shave. If, however, I desired the barber to come to my house to perform his task, I would be obliged to pay him the enormous sum of six sen (United States money about four cents) for his extra trouble.

The jinriksha man will run for a good hour toiling up steep hills and over rough roads, and at the end of the five-mile journey, with the sweat pouring down his back, will bow his most gracious thanks if presented with the value of a ten-cent piece. One feels that he is taking advantage of an innocent and unsuspecting youth when he first pays such a trifling sum for such a large service, but these jinriksha men, like their brethren of the horsey fraternity all over the world, have their eye teeth cut, and it is more likely that he has taken you in to the extent of a few rin, than that he is in any way underpaid.

At one time I handed a railway platform peddler a copper sen (less than one cent), and with various motions gave him to understand I desired the value of the coin in the oranges which he held in his tray, whereupon he passed into the car window orange after orange until a round dozen lay on the seat beside me. Had I been aware that I was making so large a purchase I would have invested but half the sum at one time. It must be confessed, however, that the oranges were not very large, and a hungry little boy by my side soon disposed of the whole purchase.

Now, if we have sufficiently explored our village street, let us go into a Japanese hotel and have dinner, for sight-seeing is hungry work. We will leave our shoes at the door,

for it would be almost profanity to bring our muddy foot-wear into this immaculate little toy hotel.

The floor is covered with soft, heavy matting, as spotless as table damask, and three or four *hibachis* are set around in different parts of the room to take the chill from the frosty atmosphere, which the paper screens very freely admit. But still we are cold, in spite of the few little piles of glowing charcoal, and our host opens another screen door, showing his *kotatsu*, simply a square hole in the middle of the room, filled with sand, upon which is a little larger pile of glowing charcoal. Over this hole is spread a large, thick quilt or "*futon*," and under this futon we all stick our feet, and the genial warmth from the kotatsu being all economized, our lower extremities are soon quite warm, while we hold our hands over the hibachis, and so are soon glowing with warmth at both extremities, whatever may be true of the rest of our bodies.

While we have been getting warm, dinner has been cooking, and now a Japanese damsel brings it in on red lacquer trays. This solemn proceeding is preceded by a very low bow, the waitress falling on her knees and touching the matting with her forehead before each one of us. Then she presents the dinner tray as though making an offering to the gods.

In the tray is a bowl of steaming rice "without any trimmings," as one of our party remarked; no sugar, salt, or condiments of any kind being eaten with the rice, except such as we find in the bowl of thin soup accompanying it. In this soup is a little wad of boiled spinach, several large mushrooms, and a slice of an indescribable mixture made of fish and eggs, which is not altogether unpalatable if one has courage to investigate it.

Besides the soup and rice, the tray contains a large cup

of lima beans, hard and unsavory, a saucer of fish with a little "soi" by its side, and the inevitable daikon. This daikon is not the radish in its first estate, fresh from the dewy fields, but a most execrable kind of fermented pickle. It looks white and fair enough to tempt the most delicate appetite, but its taste wofully belies its toothsome appearance. Some one has described it as a cross between spoiled sauerkraut and decayed Limburger cheese, and perhaps

THE VILLAINOUS DAIKON.

there is no better description, on the whole, for this most villainous of vegetables.

However, when the gourmand of our own country eats his "high game" and "woodcock trail," and rejoices in his sauerkraut and Limburger, who shall say the Japanese partiality for pickled daikon is more absurd than the gastronomic whims of the American or European epicure? However, the most "difficult" appetite need not go unsatisfied even in a Japanese hotel, for the oranges are delicious, and the tea is always hot and good even if minus milk and sugar.

THE BABY IN JAPAN. (*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

Sometimes the baby has another doll baby on its back, and I have actually seen a small doll on the big doll's back, a big doll on the small boy's back, and a small boy on his big brother's back: four generations, as it were, together.

While we are eating our dinner in this toy tea-house a group of inquiring urchins gathers at the window outside. If they are interested in us, we are quite as much interested in them, and extract no less fun from the inspection than they do themselves. As in most such crowds in every land, the "small boy" predominates. Very often he has a smaller boy upon his back, for children are put to work early in this land. The little fellow on his brother's back, though but a few months old, is quite content with his elevated position, and evidently has a mild curiosity in regard to the foreigners who are making such awkward work with their chop-sticks.

Sometimes the baby has another doll baby on his back, and I have actually seen a small doll on the big doll's back, the big doll on the small boy's back, and the small boy on his big brother's back; four generations, as it were, together.

But curiosity is not confined to the small fry altogether. Their fathers and mothers look in upon us with wondering eyes; the street peddler draws near and forgets to hawk his wares for a few moments; the sword juggler who perambulates the street with loud cries and extravagant antics for the sake of drawing a crowd to his entertainment, seems more interested in these strange people who have descended upon his native village than in his own performance.

By stopping to gaze upon us one curiosity monger attracts another until the whole doorway is filled, and we begin to feel ourselves the observed of all observers. However, it is a very good-natured inspection, and as I have said, we repay it with interest. For every dirty-faced little street gamin, and every scald-headed baby (for many of them, I am sorry to say, have some sort of scalp disease), every bareheaded, open-eyed bumpkin, every black-toothed married

woman, and every sweet-faced "musmee" (for there are many pretty girls among them) is an especial study.

In this throng at the hotel doorway (if it is proper to speak of a doorway when the whole side of the house is one great doorway) we are likely to get a glimpse of a Buddhist priest with his queer head-gear and closely shaven head. Very likely he is a beggar priest with a little gong which he continually beats, and a big receptacle for the offerings of the faithful. Other beggars wear a peculiar kind of hat like an inverted bushel basket, which comes down over the head almost to the shoulders.

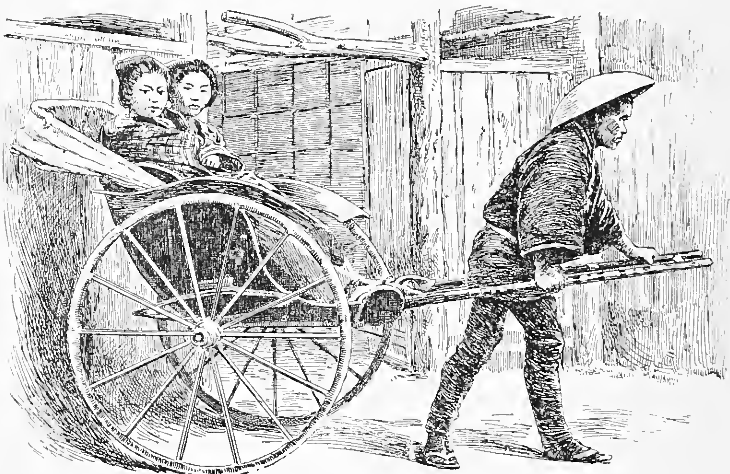
A JAPANESE PEASANT.

We also have among our auditors several bare-legged jinrikisha men, with their red blankets wrapped around their shoulders, giving a touch of color to the scene, and leading one to think for an instant, as he glances out upon the crowd, that he is on an Indian reservation in the far West. These jinrikisha men deserve a whole chapter to themselves, for they form a very large section of the population, besides furnishing a very important convenience to the traveling public. They are the hack men and motor-men, the horse-car drivers, and horses and electric motors combined, of the far East. The jinrikisha was invented twenty-five years ago, by a Baptist missionary, though the date and title to the invention is disputed by some.

It seems strange that this inventive and progressive people did not find such an important and convenient means of conveyance long before, for horses are almost unknown in Japan, except in the army, mules are entirely a minus quantity, and cows do not afford a very swift or delightful means of travel. The roads, moreover, are excellent throughout the empire, and are just fitted for these light and tiny one-man vehicles. Within a twelve-month after its introduction the jinrikisha had become common in the large cities of Japan, and within two years its use became universal. After getting along for five thousand years under a single dynasty without any such convenient mode of locomotion, the nation was evidently ripe for the introduction of this exaggerated baby carriage. As mushrooms spring up in a night where the evening before there was no sign of a growing fungus, so the jinrikisha has suddenly appeared in all parts of Japan, and with it came the jinrikisha-man, who is now an institution that could not possibly be dispensed with.

Just as there are cabs and cabs, elegant landaus, and rustic herdics, brightly-polished hansoms and disreputable four wheelers, so there are jinrikishas and jinrikishas. Get into one of the better class, with a strong man to pull it and a good road to travel over, and one is as comfortable as in an easy chair wheeled over a parlor carpet. But get a rattlety-bang affair such as one sometimes finds, with a low back that cuts the spine in two, rattling wheels and a semi-defunct man to pull it, and the sensation of jinrikisha riding is anything but agreeable. However, most of these men are strong, quick, and polite. They will tuck you into their little vehicle with the red blanket around your feet, and start off as merrily as if going to their own wedding. Especially when several are hired at the same time for the same

journey, they seem to take genuine delight in their work. I have seen ten of these men, two in a jinrikisha, hired by a party of five, when roads were rough and time limited, scamper along the road with the utmost glee, as boys just let out of school go home for a long holiday. They would crack jokes one to another, laugh uproariously, and then subside into a steady jog trot and monotonous low chant, which, beginning with the head man, would be passed back



A JINRIKISHA.

to the next, by him to the next, and so on until the last man in the procession took up the strain and passed it forward along the line.

Their endurance is perfectly wonderful. Many a time have I seen them trot off, a good hour at a time, up hill and down dale, pulling their heavy loads without a single breathing spell, while at the end of the journey I do not remember to have seen one exhausted or "winded." How would it do for our college athletes to take lessons in training from these Japanese jinrikisha men? A missionary friend of mine

tells me that on one occasion, when pressed for time, his jinrikisha-man made seventy-five miles in one day over a road far from the best, and was by no means utterly exhausted at the end of the day. On the following day he was quite fresh and ready for another long pull. This journey, though of course exceptional, is by no means unexampled, while forty or fifty miles is not an unusual day's work, and may be kept up many days in succession by these hardy little runners.

But our jinrikisha men have quite run away with us from that dinner we were describing. By this time we must be considered to have finished our Japanese meal, drained the last cup of weak tea, and ready to leave mine host. While we have been eating, our Japanese waitress, in her spotless white stockings, has been sitting in the very middle of the table, or rather, of the dining-room floor, which serves as our table, so that she may conveniently hand us any edibles that may be out of our reach. The vision suggested to my readers by this description of a great, strapping, awkward Irish Biddy planting herself in the middle of the dining table, and passing the viands to the different guests, is supremely ludicrous; but not in the least incongruous is the picture of this delicate and deft Japanese maiden squatting on her white soles within the inmost circle of guests, that she might hand the desired dishes to any one in need.

Now we will pay our small reckoning, put on our shoes again, make a low salaam to the honorable tavern keeper and his wife and all his servants and waitresses, and find our way through the dense crowd of curiosity-seekers to the railway station.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR EXPERIENCE AT A CEREMONIAL TEA — THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE OF EXQUISITE POLITENESS — JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE — IN THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

A Ceremonial Tea — "Past Masters" of Politeness — The Emperor's Device — A Dignified Function — A Contest in Politeness — White and Black Charcoal — With Measured Steps and Rhythmic Motion — Building the Fire — The Most Solemn Moment — Our Part in the Ceremony — No Laughing Matter — Smacking Our Lips — From Tokio to Kioto — The Garden of the World — Industrious and Careful Farmers — Woman's Rights in Japan — One of Japan's Honored Names — Missionary Life in the East — Flippant "Globe-trotters" — Cheating the Gods — Stone Children with Red Bibs — Confucius's Chilly Cult — The Temple of the Three Thousand Gods — Big Gods and Little Gods — Rope Made of Human Hair — How Heavy Timbers were Lifted into Place — Curious Sacrifice of Religious Devotees — In the Emperor's Palace — Osaka, its Mint, its Castle, and its Fish-Market.

BEFORE we leave the fascinating empire of the Mikado we must all attend "a Ceremonial Tea." It is not the good fortune of every traveler in Japan to become acquainted with this unique national custom, but it is well worth the time it takes to see the acme of etiquette, the thirty-third degree of exquisite politeness, formality, and ceremony, in which the Japanese are "Past Masters." Professors of the art of giving ceremonial teas still exist in Japan, though I understand the professors and the teas themselves are not such every-day matters as they used to be, for most Japanese in these stirring days have not time

to devote the hours and hours necessary to imbibing a cup of tea in the most approved and correct manner.

This custom is said to have been introduced by Hideyoshi, the great conqueror of Corea, who, after his armies had returned triumphant, felt obliged to provide some occupation for his soldiers which should take their time and remove their thoughts from warlike scenes. So, shrewd man that he was, he centered their minds upon pouring and imbibing the "cup that cheers," feeling sure that any one whose

DIGNIFIED DAMSELS AT TEA.

attention was taken up for five hours at a stretch by the delicate and intricate ceremonies centering around a teapot would have no room for bloodthirsty thoughts or overleaping ambitions.

For three hundred years the Ceremonial Tea has been an institution of Japanese life, and ceremonial tea-making is taught in the modern schools of the government, as it is thought to give dignity and grace and a kind of solemn lesson in etiquette to all who study its intricacies. When we asked the aged professor who had been a teacher of the art all her life, and who poured for us the ceremonial cup, how

long it took to become perfect in her profession, she told us that a bright scholar studying one hour a day for three years continuously might become fairly proficient; but she emphasized the word "fairly" to show that only a very comparative degree of proficiency was attainable by any such short apprenticeship.

But now for the tea. There were five of us favored with the ceremony in the old Daimio city of Okyama. After carefully removing our shoes, we stepped reverently upon the straw matting of the professor's little toy house, which, by the way, was a perfect specimen of the average Japanese abode. I said stepped, but it would be more proper to say kneeled, for we were told that it would be almost profane to come into the room in our usual upright position. So we left our shoes on the ground below and kneeled up into the first floor sitting-room of our hostess' apartments. Here we saw a gray-haired old lady awaiting us with sweet serenity and great dignity of mien. She also was upon her hands and knees, and she bowed very low before us, while her pathetic gray hairs swept the matting at our feet. We were not to be outdone in politeness, however, so putting our hands before us on the matting, we bowed low until the very crowns of our heads rested on the soft matting of the floor. After remaining in that position as long as we thought strict etiquette required, we rose to our feet, and followed our hostess up the steep and narrow stairs to the room above, the room sacred to the ceremonial tea.

In this room a fire was glowing in the *kotatsu*, and the steaming earthen jar of hot water looked altogether cheerful and home-like as it bubbled and simmered above the coals.

This pre-arrangement, however. was only a concession to our Western spirit of haste, for our ceremonial professor had been told we had but one hour at our disposal. and the

tea must be made and served in that short space of time, or not at all. Otherwise, she would have kindled the fire before us, and have placed every drop of water in the honorable pot, which is the true and ancient way to prepare for a ceremonial tea.

Motioning us to take our seats upon the mats provided, she set about her task in the most serenely grave and dignified fashion. First she entered the screen door with a little bronze dish filled with charcoal, some sticks being painted white, while others were left the natural color of the coal. When she reached the door she turned around and very gravely pulled the door partly to with one hand, transferred the charcoal dish to the other hand and pulled the door a little farther with the hand thus left free, then changed hands once more, and finally shut the door with the hand first in use. Then, with six short and measured steps, only six and no more, she made her way to the fire-hole in the floor. Then turning around, with solemn precision, she dropped upon her white stocking soles, and with the utmost reverence and care deposited the charcoal in front of her. Taking from a large basket by her side a pair of curious black tongs, slowly and with the gravest dignity she placed two black and two white pieces of charcoal on the glowing coals. Then, though there was not a particle of dust to be seen, she took two turkey feathers and slowly and with rhythmic motions brushed the black polished edge of the kotatsu. With a specially dedicated spoon she then took the saucer of damp ashes and sprinkled them all about the glowing coals, that the fire might not spread. As I write this description the words naturally used seem to imply something of hurry and undignified haste. The very word "sprinkle" from its sound seems to imply a hasty and flippant action, but I beg my readers to understand it was any-

thing but this. Slow and moderate, dignified and rhythmic, was every motion of her hand and spoon and tongs, and as the damp ashes dropped upon the hot sand they seemed to partake of the spirit of the occasion, and to fall in a very dignified and methodical manner. Then, with the same slow and solemn movement she rose to her feet, and grasping the chosen vessel with the utmost tenderness, taking six measured steps to the door, no more and no less, she set down the bronze dish and opening the door, first with one hand and then with the other, and then with the first again, and bowing her gray hairs to the floor, she glided out into the next room.

In rising from the floor she must get upon her left foot first, and it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to put her right foot forward before the left had preceded it.

In the same way, with slow and measured half-dozen steps, she brought in two cups, and then a slop-bowl, and then a little bamboo dipper with which to fill her hot water pot, and last of all the sacred lacquer box containing the powdered flowers of the tea plant. This was, possibly, the most solemn moment of the whole ceremony. Even with fifty years' experience our hostess evidently found it difficult to live up to her lacquer tea box. Taking from her girdle a red silk napkin, she smoothed and folded it with extremest care, tenderly and seriously, and then dusted the top of the tea box, on which there had been before not the slightest suspicion of dust ; then unfolding it again in another peculiar manner, which took months of constant practice to learn to perfection, she laid the cloth aside.

Following this came another serious ceremony. Taking a bamboo dipper carefully in both hands, she placed it in just the right position on the teacup, the handle resting on the floor. Then, with her other hand again grasping the

handle of the dipper, with dignified reverence she poured a small amount of water into the teacup. Into this half a teaspoonful of the powdered tea flower was put, and stirred in with a long bamboo whisk which looked not unlike an egg-beater.

Then with slow and measured tread she approached the first guest in the row, and, sweeping the soft matting with her white hair, she placed the cup before the honored guest. Do not suppose that anything was done except with the utmost precision and care. It is impossible, since life is short, to describe the preciseness, suavity, and dignified solemnity with which every movement was performed. Not a smile passed over her weather-beaten features. Every act was no less serious than a religious rite to her.

However much cause for levity her guests may have found, our hostess herself was evidently performing a duty which admitted of no frivolity. Worldly chatter seemed out of place. Laughter which came into our hearts died away before it rose to the lips; and every smile was smoothed out before the dignified procedure of our ceremonious host.

Then came our part, which was, alas! performed so much more awkwardly than hers. A native Japanese lady, however, was present to coach us, and under her direction we first touched the matting with our foreheads; then solemnly raising the cup, touched it to our brows first and next to our lips. We were told it was good form to drain the cup in three swallows, drawing in the breath after each swallow and smacking the lips loudly to show our appreciation of the delicious nectar. After the last swallow a peculiar noise must be made by drawing in the breath with the pursed up lips; a noise for which I have often heard children reproved by their elders when discovered making it at the dinner

table. I have forgotten to say, however, that before raising the cup to our lips it was necessary to put it in the palm of the left hand, while the right lovingly clasped the cup, then it must be turned half way around, after which it might be slowly raised to the lips.

After drinking, the outside of the cup must be wiped with the thumb, while the inside of the cup must be similarly wiped with the forefinger. Then it must be turned half way round on the palm once more, and reverently set down on the matting.

In the same way tea was prepared for each one of the five guests, every one of whom must go through exactly the same motions, or be forever disgraced in the eyes of our hostess.

Then taking up the dipper and ladle, tea caddy, slop bowl and cups, fire tongs and bronze charcoal basket, one by one, she carried them into the next room, pacing most solemnly each time over the six steps between the fire hole and the door; opening the door in the same way with both hands, and then coming back to say "Adieu" to her guests.

By this time our hostess had relaxed a little; a weight was evidently off her mind; she had gone through a severe ordeal once more and had acquitted herself most creditably. Her teacups had no reason to be ashamed of her, and she even smiled a dignified smile, and condescended to chat most graciously. We could not, however, remain for any gossip, but pressing our crowns to the matting once more, with many a bow and genuflection, we backed out of the presence of etiquette personified, put on our shoes, bobbed through the low Japanese door, and were able to stand erect and take a good informal breath of fresh air, thanking God that no such thing as ceremonial tea existed in the world of nature into which we had emerged.

A JAPANESE CEREMONIAL TEA—THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE OF EXQUISITE POLITENESS.

(From an instantaneous photograph.)

For three hundred years the "Ceremonial Tea" has been an institution of Japanese life, and ceremonial tea making is taught in the modern schools of the government, as it is thought to give dignity and grace and a kind of solemn lesson in etiquette. It is impossible to describe the preciseness, suavity, and dignified solemnity with which every movement is performed.

The journey from Tokio to Kioto, from the modern secular capital to the ancient sacred capital of Japan, was a most delightful one. Such a panorama of mountain and valley, seashore and bluff, beautifully cultivated rice fields and garden spots, forests of bamboo, orange groves, and tea plantations, mulberry bushes and persimmon orchards, rice fields and vegetable gardens, would be hard to find in any other section of the globe. England and France with their careful culture are not so thoroughly tilled as the arable

IN A BAMBOO FOREST.

portions of Japan, and even little Belgium, with its teeming population, does not seem as thoroughly subdued as the cultivated parts of the Mikado's empire. On these little islands, only one-ninth part of which has yet been brought under cultivation, very much of whose area is bare rock and mountain crag which can never be tilled, thirty-seven millions of people find room for existence. While a few discontented peasants in Ireland are always in a state of famine and appealing to the sympathy of the civilized world with their woes and lamentations, ten times as many contented, industrious, and happy farmers and trades-people make a living in Japan and never send to America doleful tales of want and woe.

By a very careful system of storage of water and irrigation most of the cultivated regions of Japan are beyond the reach of drought, and where the American farmer would starve, and the English grumble, and the Irish get up a riot, the Japanese farmer will live in comfort and plenty. To be sure, his wants are simple, but he is quite able to supply those wants. One sees few gaunt, hungry beggars in the large cities of Japan, fewer still in the country districts. Beggars there are, to be sure, but most of them are fat and rosy, and by no means unhappy looking or lone-

GATHERING THE TEA CROP.

some, for usually they resemble the famous family of martyrs in having nine small children and one at the breast.

As one rides along the railway between Tokio and Kioto he passes innumerable small villages, all built on the same principle. The houses with thatched or tiled roofs, picturesquely turned up at the end, oftentimes a large Buddhist temple, frequently a number of shrines, and a street of stores, such as I have described in a previous chapter, make up the village.

In the fields we see women working side by side with the men, and often on the streets we see them pulling heavy loads of rice or vegetables. But after all their lot is no

more unenviable than that of peasant women on the continent of Europe, and I am told that these field women, though they work hard and apparently toil from morning till night, have far more freedom and influence in their own homes than the women of the richer classes, and their lot is quite as easy to be borne.

The fields are small, and divided from one another by low embankments with narrow ditches between, but all under the most exquisite culture, with furrows straight and even, and no inch of soil wasted. The liquid manure stored at every field's corner is malodorous, to be sure, but without it the Japanese farmers could not exist, and what they can endure year in and year out, surely the passing traveler can whiff without murmuring. Under almost every green tree and clump of bushes stands a Buddhist shrine, while the bamboo groves with their straight and slim fish-pole-like stems and feathery tops, make pleasant and picturesque additions to the landscape.

Soon after leaving Yokohama by rail, beautiful "Fuji" towers into view, quite as lovely when viewed from the shore as from the sea. Symmetrical and lordly beyond all description, it must be seen to be appreciated. Neither glowing words, nor even the most faithful canvas can do justice to it. For many miles it dominates the landscape, and it is several hours after it first comes into view before we get the last glimpse of this glorious mountain.

As we approached Kioto the beautiful gardens of azalias, japonicas, and chrysanthemums for which it is noted, became numerous, and though at the time of our visit they were not in their glory, we could get some conception of what they must be when every spray is a nodding plume of flowers.

Kioto is noted for its temples, its ancient palace, and to

all Christian hearts, for its splendid Christian university, the Doshisha. If this were the only monument of Christian missions in all the world, it would be a satisfactory proof that they are not a failure. Here on the soil of Japan, reared within a quarter of a century, we find a university of which any state in the Union might be justly proud. Here are taught not only the classics and sciences, but philosophy of the most pronounced Christian type, theology, and medicine in connection with a splendidly appointed hospital.

IN THE LAND OF THE JAPONICA.

The hundreds of young men who assemble at morning prayers would do credit to Dartmouth or Oberlin, and in all respects this university not only accomplishes the prime object of its establishment, the formation of Christian character, but is fully abreast of the times, and is second in popularity and influence among the Japanese themselves only to the Imperial University of Tokio itself.

The founding of this school is due very largely to the talents and influence of Joseph Neesima, whose name is a household word among Christian people on both sides of the Pacific ocean. His lamented death did not weaken the

prestige or power of the university, but he finds a worthy successor in President Kozaki, the former pastor of a leading Congregational church in Tokio. Most of the professors in the university are Japanese, though eminent scholars from among the missionaries have from the first given to the school the best features of an Occidental University.

Any candid and intelligent traveler, whether a professedly religious man or not, can but note and give due credit to the mighty power which has wrought for the regeneration and civilization of these Eastern nations. To hear the flippant commentaries of the average "globe-trotter," as I have before remarked, often makes one's blood boil with indignation. A man who goes no farther than Yokohama or Kobe, who sees the missionaries living in good houses, and having servants to wait on them, immediately writes home to the papers that the missionaries are living in luxury and doing no good, and that their influence is not appreciably felt in the empire. Such a man is no more a fit judge of that concerning which he writes so fluently than the keeper of a Chinese josshouse in San Francisco is fitted to write of the influence of the Sunday-School movement, or a citizen of the South Sea islands of the spread of temperance sentiment in New England.

More than all other influences together has the Christian missionary moulded and directed the new civilization of Japan. Commercial treaties could never have wrought the change. Open ports for trade in rice, tea, and lacquer ware could never have sent the new blood of Western civilization bounding through the veins of old Japan. But the missionary and the Bible, and everything for which the missionary and the Bible stand, have in less than a generation accomplished what centuries of mere commercial intercourse with other nations could never have brought about.

I have met missionaries of almost every denominational board in Japan, and in not a single instance have I found them other than devoted, consecrated men and women, who have dedicated their lives completely and forever to the lifting up of this people and the glory of God. I have seen in our daily papers strictures and criticisms upon the missionaries which a single half day's investigation would prove false. But these flippant penny-a-liners, who write their first impressions for the daily papers, never stop to investigate. The truth is not what they are after, but a sensation, and my readers may set down any such ill-natured remarks which they may read in the future about missionaries and their work, as the result of ignorance and maliciousness.

The temples of Kioto are very numerous and exceedingly beautiful. Of these perhaps the Kyonizu Sanjusangendo and Hongwanji temples are the most famous.

The Kyonizu temple is built on enormous piles, and on one side is raised scores of feet from the ground. It is approached by a long flight of stone steps, and as we went up the steps we were approached, not only by numerous beggars, but also by many money changers, who offered to change our sens into rins. As a sen is worth less than a cent and a rin less than a mill, it is evident that the ostentatious worshiper who wishes to make his charity rattle loudly in the temple treasury, can get a great deal of credit for liberal gift-giving out of a very few pennies. There are, moreover, debased iron coins, a hundred of which equal one sen, and these are very popular at the entrance of some temples. After all, this is the same principle by which light weight and punched and clipped silver coins find their way into contribution boxes at home, and I have sometimes heard it rumored that buttons in America answer the same purpose as iron rins in Japan; they make as much noise as gold.

As we go up the steps of the Kyonizu temple, we see at regular intervals stone lanterns, into which candles are thrust to light the pilgrim on his toilsome way, and every now and then we pass a medicine god whose features are worn smooth by the devout worshipers, who have rubbed their hands over the parts of the idol's body in which the diseases of their afflicted friends were located, in order that they might carry the healing touch home with them.

Eye diseases and rheumatism seem to be the prevailing

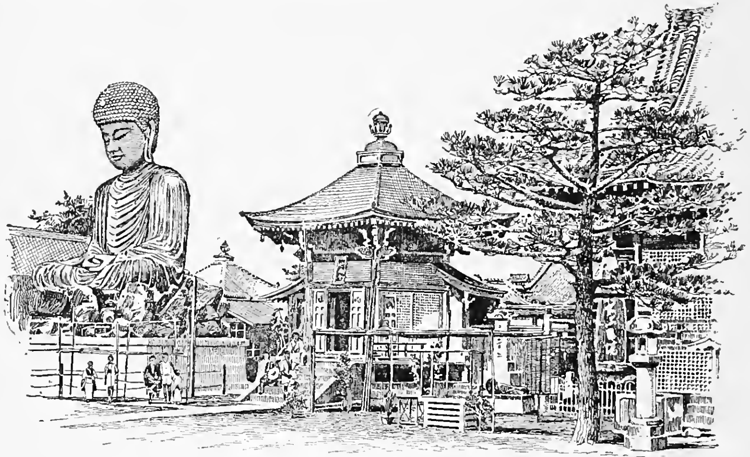
ENTRANCE TO NAGATA TEMPLE, KOBE.

distempers in this part of Japan, for the eyes of some of these old gods are completely scratched out, and their knees and thighs worn smooth by centuries of ceaseless rubbing. Nothing is more pathetic among all the superstitions of heathendom than these efforts on behalf of invalid friends, so impotent and yet so touching, showing that whether in Christian light or heathen darkness, the heart's affection is the same the world over.

Another most pathetic sight in the Kyonizu temple is the corner devoted to images of children. Hundreds and hun-

dreds of these little stone images are ranged in rows, with little red bibs about their necks, votive offerings, we are told, to the god of the temple, in behalf of children sick at home. The red bibs indicate, if I am not mistaken, that the children recovered, and are put on as thank offerings over the little stone image when the child gets well.

These temples and this idol worship, however interesting to the casual observer, seem to take very little hold of the national life. Little true devotion is apparent in China or



A JAPANESE IDOL AND TEMPLE.

Japan, the prevalent skepticism having in many places taken the place of the old-time reverence for Buddha and the lesser duties.

The gods seem to be worshiped more often as a matter of gain, as a superstitious offering to good luck and prosperity, and even while they are worshiped they are laughed at, I am told, by the more intelligent Japanese, just as the superstitious Christian will often refuse to eat with twelve others at table, will fret if he sees the moon over his left shoulder, or breaks a looking-glass, laughing at the same time at his

own superstitious fears. Doubtless, with many people, the worship of these heathen deities is a most serious and heartfelt affair, and is to them far more than a superstition to be sneered at. Japan is not now a land under the absolute dominion of either Shintoism or Buddhism; the real conflict of Christianity is not with the false religions of the East, but the skepticism of the West, not with Confucius and his "chilly cult," but with the infidelity of Paine and Voltaire, Rosseau and Renan.

The Sanjusangendo temple is interesting chiefly because of the great number of deities packed away beneath its roof. It is sometimes called the temple of the three thousand gods, at other times of the thirty-three thousand, while it is sometimes even known as the abode of the three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three, all depending upon how one counts the gods.

Inside are long, long rows of large figures, some thousand in all, if I counted correctly, each with many hands, and a multitude of smaller gods springing from the heads and fingers, while in the center is a huge Buddha with a hundred hands each covered with a multitude of smaller deities. Counting all the gods, large and small, there are certainly over three thousand, and as certainly less than three hundred and thirty-three thousand, but what the exact number may be, an arithmetician must decide.

Back of this temple is an interesting spot where, in the early days, the stalwart youth of Japan practiced archery, the great feat being to send an arrow in a horizontal line, without too much elevation, the entire length of the temple. The whole temple roof and the space under the eaves were formerly shot thick with arrow heads which had strayed from the mark; but these are now mostly removed by relic hunters, and we saw but few still sticking in the roof.

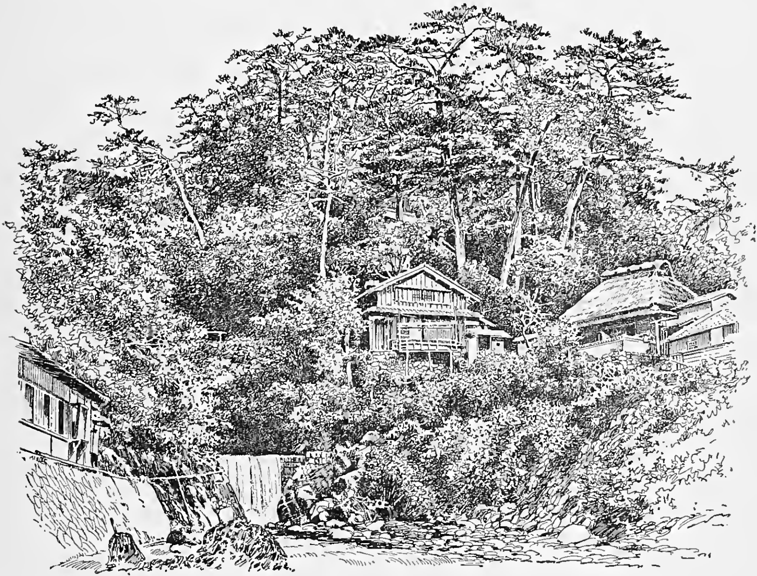
Perhaps the most interesting temple in Kioto, all things considered, is the Hongwangi. It is asserted by some recent writers that no new Buddhist temples are being built, and that the old ones are tumbling into decay. The Hongwangi temple, however, disputes this assertion, for it is still incomplete, and was begun only a few years since. It is erected by one of the most liberal sects of the Buddhists, for the Buddhists, like the Christians, are divided into many sects and parties, which regard each other with far more

A BUDDHIST SHRINE.

rancor than Christian denominations ever felt one for another. In this new temple are some of the finest specimens of Japanese wood carving to be found in any part of the Empire. Birds and fish and flowers and foliage of exquisite workmanship abound, though often hidden under the eaves, where they are seen with the utmost difficulty.

One of the most interesting sights about this temple is the great coils of rope, made of human hair, with which the heavy beams were hoisted into their places. This hair was contributed as the offering of thousands and thousands

of devoted women and girls, and after being used to hoist the beams and rafters into their places is preserved in these great coils, six inches through and thousands of feet in length, for the veneration of future devotees. The most pathetic of these coils were made of gray hair, evidently the contribution of old grandams whose faith had survived the weary years that had whitened their locks.



AN INLAND VILLAGE.

The pillars of this temple are made of the beautiful *Keyaki* wood, the most famous building material in all Japan. These pillars are immensely tall and straight, often three or four feet in diameter, and beautifully polished.

There is an interesting history connected with one of the most elegant of these pillars. The tree grew in an inland village and was the pride and delight of all the villagers. The priests wanted it for the new temple, but could not

obtain it for love or money, until one devoted Buddhist, for the sake of rendering it worthless where it stood, hung himself from its branches, thus making it accursed and at the disposal of whoever desired to cut it down. In consequence of the self-sacrifice of that devotee the Hongwangi temple rejoices to-day in its most beautiful pillar.

A WAYSIDE SHRINE.

The priests have a fashion of saying that these pillars were not hauled to the temple, but made their own way thitherward, the facts being that the people of one village, in their enthusiastic fervor, would haul the log to the nearest village, they to the next, and so on, until at last it reached Kioto, and was established in its place among the stately columns of the Hongwangi temple.

Another of the lions of Kioto is the royal palace, where, until twenty-five years ago, for a full millennium abode His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado of Japan. Not that he and his ancestors occupied this particular palace, for the build-

ings were often destroyed by earthquake and fire, but were as often rebuilt in the same fashion as of old; and as one enters he can see to-day how the Mikados lived a thousand years ago.

After having received a special permit, we awaited in the cold vestibule the pleasure of our guides, who are never in any hurry in Japan to do the honors of their show places. While waiting we had ample time to read the notice which in English and Japanese confronts every visitor. Here it is:

> "VISITORS WHO HAVE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO VISIT THE IMPERIAL PALACE MUST BEFORE ENTERING PRESENT AT THE ENTRANCE THEIR VISITING CARDS AND REQUEST TO BE CONDUCTED INTO THE PALACE. ALSO SIGN THEIR NAMES, GIVING FULL INFORMATION AS TO OFFICIAL AND DIGNITARY TITLES. VISITORS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO WEAR BOOTS OR SHOES IN THE PALACE. VISITORS SHOULD LEAVE THEIR OVERCOAT, MITTEN, STICK, WALKING STICK, CANE, OR WHATEVER THEY TAKE WITH THEM EITHER TO THE ATTENDANT OR TO THE SERVANT OF THE PALACE BEFORE THEY ENTER THE PALACE."

Not being encumbered with any "mitten" we only took off our shoes, deposited them at the door, and left our "stick, walking-stick, and cane," all combined in one, with the attendant, and entered within the royal precincts.

Though one would not wish to miss the sight, I must admit there was exceedingly little to see. After living a thousand years in such a draughty suite of rooms, I do not wonder the Mikados were ready to move to Tokio, though I do not know that their present abode is superior to the old palace. Cold corridor succeeded cold corridor, and room after room, each as bare of furniture as the other; no pictures nor bric-a-brac, no cozy homelike fireside, no shelf of well-worn books, no rocking-chair for the old grand-

mother, or high-chair for the baby, no bed or lounge or rug or hassock to give them a habitable look. Every room and hall and corridor is covered with matting of exactly the same pattern, in strips exactly three feet wide by exactly six feet long, and bound with red or blue braid. To be sure, there were finely-painted screens in almost every room, which would have been the envy of all connoisseurs in Japanese art. In one room, too, was the throne, which was a very uncomfortable but highly carved and gilded piece of the modern cabinet-maker's art, while before it were three low stools on which the maces, wands, and other insignia of office were laid.

In the imperial study were beautiful screens decorated on all sides with wild geese in full flight. Whether this indicated that the study of Confucius which formerly occupied the young Mikados in this room was a "wild goose chase," or not, I am not sure. Very likely, however, the young Mikados of old were of the same opinion as Solomon and the modern school boy that "much study is a weariness unto the flesh." Who can tell how many successive Mikados have whiled away the tedious hours by watching the wild geese flying about the room on these screens?

The Emperor's bedroom, like all the other rooms except the throne-room, was entirely bare and empty of everything that could be called furniture. In one corner was a square, six or eight feet across, made of cement, on which dirt was sprinkled every morning, so that the Emperor might worship the shades of his ancestors *on the soil* (as his religion demanded), without leaving his own bedroom. Thus, even before the days of cushioned pews and high-priced choirs, was worship made as easy as possible for those who can afford it.

In the great open square, around which the royal rooms

are built, were some feeble attempts at landscape gardening. A little stream and rockery and a few clumps of bamboos are maintained there, just as they have been for hundreds of years. Near the Emperor's bedroom was a cherry tree, the progenitors of which were planted by a great Mikado hundreds of years ago, and when that rotted away a plum tree took its place; then another cherry tree succeeded by another plum tree; but always in that particular spot there has been for ten hundred and thirty-two years a fruit tree for successive Mikados to gaze upon.

A JAPANESE FARMER.

This dynasty of the Japanese Mikados is the oldest ruling house in all the world. For twenty-five hundred years the same family has occupied the throne. Before England, or France, or Germany, or Russia were so much as dreamed of, Japan's Emperor held royal sway. When the Greeks were at the height of their power the present reigning family of Japan had begun to bear sway. The present Mikado, if I am not mistaken, is the one hundred and twenty-fifth who has occupied the throne in direct succession. How

does that strike you, O ye aristocrats, who can trace your lineage back at most for a few paltry centuries, or perhaps for only a few scores of years? Ye are parvenues, indeed, beside the royal family of Japan, even though ye came over with William the Conqueror himself.

Nagoya is a seat of manufacture of much of the finest ware exported from Japan, and the beautiful conceits and unexpected forms into which cups and teapots, bowls and plates are cast, makes them the despair of the connoisseur in china. Each new article seems lovelier than the last, and tempts the lean purse to open once more, even though the vision of a long voyage and imperious Custom House officials at the end teach caution and economy.

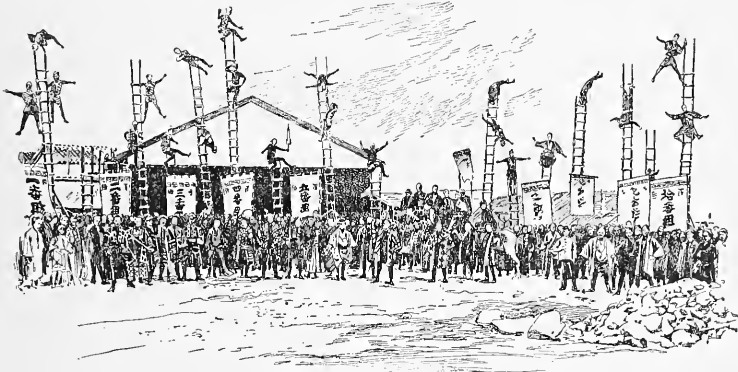
The ravages of the great earthquake of 1891 are now pretty well repaired, but cracks and huge fissures in mud walls, buildings, and even in the ground itself remain to show the havoc wrought by the wrestling of the subterranean demons.

The most beautiful castle in existence in Japan is found in Nagoya. It is used now for barracks for the Imperial troops, and is surmounted by two huge golden dolphins whose scales are made of large Japanese golden coins. The whole value of the dolphins is not less than $180,000. One of them was once on exhibition at a great European exposition. It was wrecked and lost on the way home, in the Bay of Biscay, and great was the rejoicing on the part of all loyal Japanese, when a famous diver fished it from its watery bed (for which the dolphin evidently had an affinity), and it was perched once more, high and dry, upon the pinnacle of the Nagoya castle.

In some of these busy towns through which we pass, we are very likely to find that some gala day is being celebrated, and that half the inhabitants are gathered in the

public square to watch the jugglers and acrobats, who, on high ladders, balanced in the most ticklish fashion, are dancing and turning somersaults and standing on their heads and cavorting around generally, yet always landing right side up on their feet when the show is over.

Osaka is famous for its castle, too, and also for its mint, an institution carried on upon the most approved modern plans, and which turns out as finely finished and beautiful coins as are made by any country in the world. What interested me most in Osaka was, perhaps, the fish market. This



JAPANESE ACROBATS.

I went to see early in the morning, and if there is any variety of the finny tribe which was not on sale in the Osaka fish market that morning, I should like to see it. It is said that two hundred species of edible fish are found off the Japan coast, and not one of them, I am convinced, was missing from that Eastern Billingsgate. Blue fish and green fish, red fish and yellow fish, and fish combining all the colors of the rainbow, long fish and short fish, fat fish and lean fish, thin fish and stout fish, abounded in every stall. Squids and cuttle fish, devil fish and skates were found, and every variety of octopus, especially that with the long, jelly-

like, cruel tentacles, which, if they get hold of a man under water, would evidently hold him fast until the life blood was sucked dry.

Besides these were sculpins and spine fish, eels, big and little, sea snails and suckers, and all kinds of *bèche de mer.* Dolphins, too, seemed to play a prominent part in this fish market, and the great red chunks of meat cut out of them and exposed for sale gave the stalls the appearance of a butcher's shop where Texas beef was the staple article. It was most interesting to watch the way in which the fish were auctioned off. The auctioneer will present a tray of cuttle fish or squids, for instance, praising them up in true auctioneer style, and knock it off to the highest bidder all in a quarter of a minute, for he has a hundred trays to dispose of, and cannot dwell long on any one lot. His shrill voice, added to the shouts of the fishermen and the objurgations of the buyers, always inseparable, as it would seem, from Billingsgate, whether in Japan or England, made a pandemonium not soon to be forgotten.

We take off our hats and make our best salaams to the receding shores of these lovely islands which we have so much enjoyed visiting. We can only pray that as Japan grows great in material affairs, as it surely will as it adopts the civilization of Western nations, it may also adopt the religion and the Bible which alone have made those nations truly great.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR RETURN TO CHINA — THE SEAMY SIDE OF CHINESE LIFE — OPIUM FIENDS AND FAN-TAN GAMBLERS — ODD WAYS OF AN ODD PEOPLE — DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

An Obstructing Bar — The Will of Heaven — Almond Eyes and Pigtails — Noiseless John — How John Chinaman Treats Americans in Shanghai — Colossal Conceit — The Future of the Celestial Empire — Shoes Two Cents a Pair — A Chinese Grocery Store — Dried Kidneys and Chickens' Livers — Varnished Pig — Allowable Theft — A Chinese Rice Mill — Arrested Development — How Chinese Paper is Made — Rice Paper — How it is Produced — Woe-begone, Emaciated Faces — The Seamy Side of Chinese Life — "Hitting the Pipe" — Opium Fiends — Fan-tan Gamblers — Intense Excitement — Chinese Music — Unearthly Screeching — Prolonged and Awful Caterwauling — Human Beasts of Burden — China and Japan Agriculturally Considered — Rotation of Crops — Novel Ice Harvesting — Fish Farming — An Odd Way of Fishing — A Great Funeral — Funeral Baked Meats — Baby Towers of Shanghai.

ON the day after Christmas, the steamer *Yokohama Maru* which bore us from the beautiful shores of Japan, steamed up to her dock in Shanghai, and we found ourselves once more in China.

Shanghai is probably the greatest commercial port of the far East. Vessels bearing the flags of every nation discharge their cargoes at her warehouse doors. At least, they do this figuratively speaking, and would be glad to do it literally, were it not for the obstructing bar near the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang river.

This bar the Chinese government allows to fill up with

silt from the upper river, and never makes any effort to remove it, or to form a new channel, as might easily be done.

"It is the will of heaven," say these fatalistic Celestials; "we will not interfere."

I strongly suspect, however, that it is the will of the high Chinese authorities as well, who are not at all averse to keeping the "foreign devils" out of their territory even at the expense of ruining their best seaport.

Be that as it may, the port of Shanghai is already inaccessible to the largest vessels, and even moderate-sized steamers sometimes must wait for days before they can cross the bar at Woosung, where all the large steamers take on and discharge their cargo.

Shanghai consists of three cities united by contiguity and commercial interests; the American and English concessions which are under one municipal government, the French concession which is a municipality by itself, and the native city, enclosed by a high wall, into whose narrow streets are crowded hundreds of thousands of human beings.

Do not suppose, however, that English, American, and French Shanghai are largely inhabited by Englishmen, Americans, and Frenchmen. A few people of these nationalities there are, a few thousands among hundreds of thousands, but to search for a foreigner even in many parts of the foreign concessions, is like looking for the traditional needle in the hay-mow.

Everywhere are almond eyes and pig-tails; long, flapping blouses, loose, baggy drawers, and thick felt slippers, whose wearers seem to steal along like cats, so noiselessly they go. Especially is this noticeable to those who come from Japan, where the noisy wooden shoes clatter over the hard roads and across the asphalt platforms of the railway stations like ten thousand castanets, each playing a different tune.

To be sure, there are some fine foreign business blocks in Shanghai, and two or three conspicuous churches; and the bund or water front, with its beautiful botanical garden and substantial banks, warehouses, and residences, it would be difficult to surpass in any city; but, after all, the prevailing impression of Shanghai is of a huge Chinatown with a small admixture of San Francisco. In fact, the tables are quite turned on the metropolis of our Pacific coast. Here China very evidently bears sway, and the little handful of Americans must say "By your leave."

However, in spite of the general shabby treatment accorded to John in the United States, there seems to be no antipathy to Americans in Shanghai. The average John Chinaman is too shrewd to cut off his nose to spite his face, and he knows that the presence of Englishmen, Americans, and Frenchmen means trade and commerce, cash for his till, jinrikisha money, and small change generally, which otherwise he must go without.

Moreover, so far as Americans go, he knows that while he has ample reason to resent their presence in his native land, he has far greater cause to abominate other foreigners who have imposed still heavier burdens upon his patient shoulders. So, instead of beginning his warfare upon brother Jonathan, he will begin with Johnny Bull or Johnny Crapaud, as undoubtedly his worst enemies.

Until within a few years, Americans have stood highest in the estimation of the Chinamen. Of late years, not unnaturally, their stock has declined in the Chinese market, and now the Germans (perhaps because they have had fewer opportunities to abuse China) are the favorite people throughout the Celestial Empire.

What the future of China will be, is yet an unsolved mystery. That she should always maintain her stolid indif-

ference to Western civilization seems impossible. In spite of her impenetrable husk of prejudice and self-satisfied conceit, her settled conviction that her ways are the best ways, and that no untutored barbarian can teach her anything, it seems to me that the rushing, seething, nineteenth century life which is continually beating against her shores must eventually make an impression. Sooner or later the instincts that are being awakened in the breasts of all the rest of mankind for a larger, freer, better life will find a response in the heart of Chinadom as well.

But I am convinced that there is only one touch that can awaken the unresponsive heart of China, and that is the touch of Christ's hand.

Commerce has been knocking at her doors for nearly a thousand years, and has not aroused her from her lethargy. Foreign cannon have thundered at the gates of all her chief cities and they have not awakened her. Foreign inventions and labor saving contrivances; railways and steamboats, electric lights and modern conveniences, have been presented to her in vain; and all have failed to shame her out of her stolid self-conceit. She has gone back to her wheelbarrow and her sedan-chair, her paper lantern and her clumsy junk, convinced that "we are the people and wisdom will die with us," and that the paltry inventions of "foreign devils" are not worth copying.

What chance then is there for such a nation except that which lies in the arousing of her dormant spiritual energies? This is the mission of the missionaries of the Cross. Already many of them tell me that they see indications of a "break" in this benumbing national self-sufficiency, and when the break does come, what a torrent of spiritual activity may we not hope to see. To be sure this good day may not come in this generation or the next, but some day I believe the holes

already made in the dike of prejudice will widen until the whole nation is flooded with the life-giving waters of the Gospel.

Let us take a walk this brisk December morning through the crowded streets of Shanghai. Until the edge of novelty is dulled every common shop is filled with marvels. He who only looks for the treasures of the Orient in the expensive curio stores, which abound at the seaports, will miss most of them. To be sure he will there find exquisite carved ivory and lacquer ware, marvelously beautiful bronzes, figures in wood that are almost beyond price, and pieces of china and porcelain of fabulous cost. Nearly all these treasures, or their duplicates, he could find in almost any large American city. But the treasures we look for are found in every common shop and home in China, and really represent Oriental life and ways.

Here, for instance, comes a man bending under the weight of two hundred pairs of shoes, made of honest, undisguised rice straw; uppers, soles, shoe-strings and all, of braided rice straw. Wishing to take home a pair as a souvenir of the Shanghai shoe dealer, we inquire the price, and, after not a little difficulty with his language and he with ours, find that his charge is thirty "cash," about two American cents per pair. Thinking this is not extravagant we purchase a pair, but find out afterwards from our friends that we have been sadly overreached, and that his price to a Chinaman would not have been over fifteen or twenty cash, or a trifle over one cent a pair.

But here is a store from which, though it is interesting, we can take no souvenirs home, for it is a provision store, and the greasy, unwholesome looking provender exposed for sale would, we fear, turn the stomachs of our more fastidious friends.

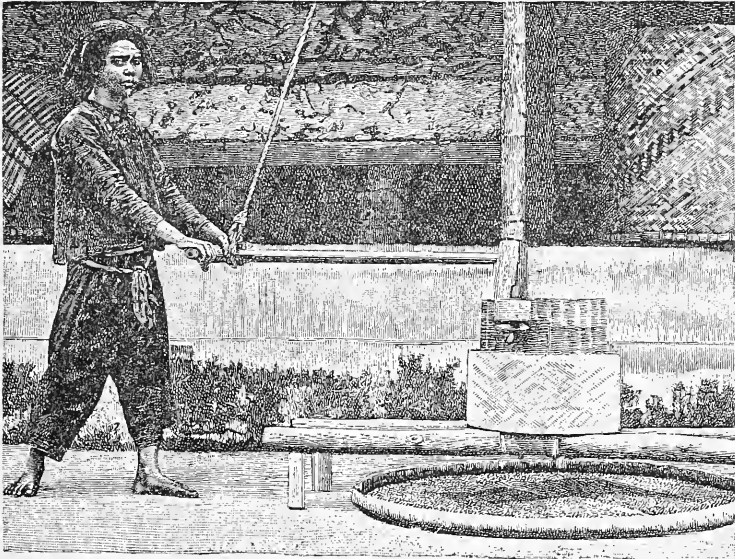
In the next store are many festoons of chickens' livers, dried and strung like huge ill-shaped beads. Other strings of dried kidneys hang from the ceiling, and many long rosaries of skinny chickens' legs tied together and hung up in loops, like great, uncanny necklaces, dangle from the roof.

In these provision stores are also seen suspended from the roof, as our grandmothers suspended dried apples and pumpkins, strings of ducks, split open and pressed flat as pancakes in the drying process. Here, too, are greasy looking sausages, each one on a little stick of its own, and near the doorway is usually a pig, varnished and roasted whole, until he is of a most delicious-looking brown.

If the porker tastes as he looks, I do not wonder that he is a favorite article of consumption among the followers of Confucius. The proprietor of the provision store sits in front behind a little railed-in desk, and seems in no hurry for customers. In fact, it is quite your own matter whether you buy or not, and he often affects supreme indifference as though he was beyond the mercenary considerations of trade. Before him is an abacus, and great strings of copper cash coiled one over the other,—twenty pounds weight or more.

But do not think that this indifferent shopkeeper is not shrewd at a bargain. American though you may be, with generations of bargaining blood in your veins, he is a match for you. Look out for him if you have any transactions to make, for his code of morals does not demand any fine degree of scrupulosity. He will not cheat you very much, but a little sharp practice he will regard quite within the established limits of legitimate trade. In fact, petty peculation is such a recognized custom, that if a servant does not steal more than a certain per cent. of his master's substance, he is never even threatened with the law.

I was told that a certain master, new to the country, having detected his servant in a small dishonesty, brought him before the court. Whereupon the servant admitted his guilt but claimed and proved that his peculations had not amounted to more than fifteen per cent. of his wages. Upon this astounding plea of *comparative* innocence, the judge fully acquitted him without even a reprimand.



A CHINESE RICE MILL.

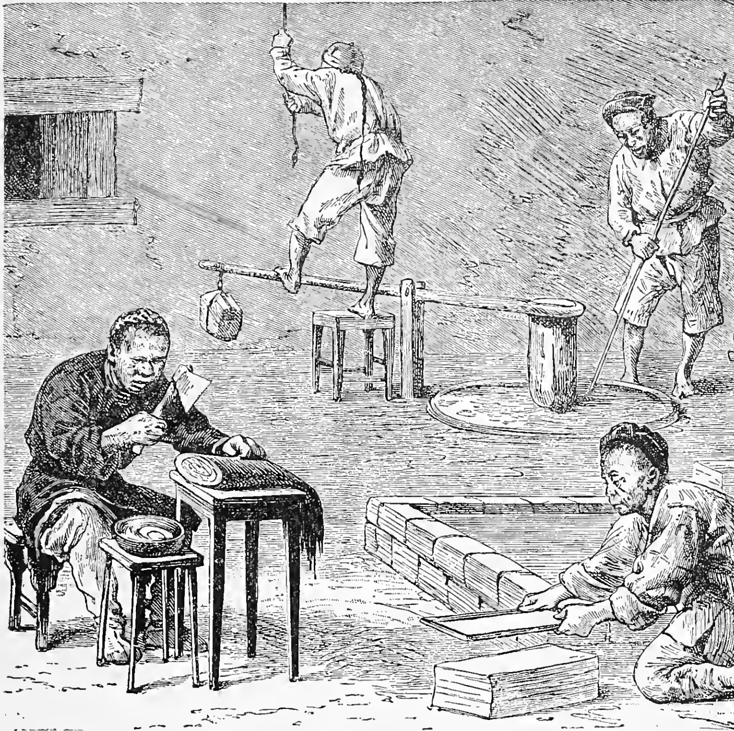
As we continue our walk through Shanghai, we come to a miller's establishment next door to our provision dealer. Here are a dozen men working in a treadmill, which raises, as they tread their monotonous round, a row of huge mallets. These mallets, poised high in air, descend into a stone well, partly filled with unhusked rice or paddy. After being pounded by these mallets for a sufficient time, the grain is separated from the chaff and is then taken out and winnowed by hand. There are other kinds of rice mills, but even the

commonest processes are yet very primitive in this great empire of the East.

All China seems to furnish an example of arrested development. Before any other nation, doubtless, China used paper and gunpowder, movable types, and the mariner's compass, but she has never improved upon her first rough draughts. As she made these articles a thousand years ago she makes them now. With most nations a new invention of any kind is only a beginning of inventions. A great discovery in physics or chemistry in other nations only sets men's minds on the alert for other discoveries and improvements in the same line. Outside of China no invention is complete at first. The perfect machine is the product of many minds and of much experimenting. In the middle kingdom, however, a machine once invented is invented for all time. No improvements appear, no rivals set their wits at work to find a better and cheaper way to produce the same result. When once a method is pointed out, it is imitated by unreasoning generations for countless future years.

For instance, a well-informed writer who spent many years in China in the consular service of Great Britain, tells us of the present-day process of making the ordinary Chinese paper. "There is an entire absence of machinery," he says, "for washing and shredding rags; there are no troughs of pulp, chemicals for bleaching, resin for watering, wire molds for receiving, and drums for firming the paper as it comes from the pulp troughs. Bamboo stems and paddy straw are steeped with lime in deep concrete pits in the open air, and allowed to soak for months. When nothing but the fibre remains, it is taken out and rolled with a heavy stone roller in a stone well until all the lime has been removed. A small quantity of the fibre is placed in a stone trough full of water and the whole stirred up. A close bamboo mold is

then passed through the mixed fibre and water, and the film which adheres to it emerges as a sheet of paper which is stuck up to dry on the walls of a room kept at a high temperature. The sheets are afterwards collected and made up into bundles for market."



A CHINESE PAPER MILL.

Contrast this primitive method of paper making with the mills of New England. Yet, in the idea of paper making, China had the start of us by a round dozen of centuries.

The most beautiful paper which I saw in China is the so-called rice paper; a soft, delicate, velvety substance, which takes colors to perfection, and which is very much in demand

for the brilliant water-color paintings in which the Chinese are so expert.

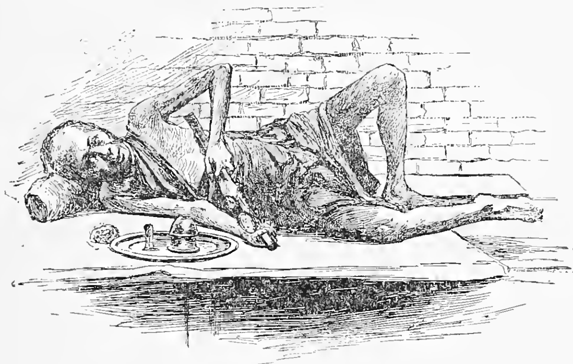
I often wondered how this paper was made, so different is it from any other similar product I have ever seen, and have only just learned that it is not paper at all, but the pith of a large-leaved, bush-like plant, which grows luxuriantly in the province of Kuei-chow. My informant was invited to visit a worker in pith after night-fall. Although somewhat surprised at the hour named he accepted the invitation. On his arrival he was ushered into a badly lighted room where a man was sitting with his tools before him. These consisted of a smooth stone about a foot square and an inch and a half thick, and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade was about a foot long, two inches broad and nearly half an inch thick at the back. It was sharp as a razor. Placing a piece of round pith on the stone and his left hand on the top, he rolled the pith backwards and forwards for a moment until he got it into the required position. Then, seizing the knife with his right hand, he held the edge of the blade, after a feint or two, close to the pith, which he kept rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remained to roll; for the pith had, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square, white sheet of uniform thickness.

The process seemed so easy that the visitor determined to try it himself, and, posing as a professional worker, he succeeded in hacking the pith and in nearly maiming himself for life. He was convinced that a keen eye and a steady, experienced hand were needed for the work. For this reason these sheets of pith are manufactured only at night when the city is asleep and the makers are not liable to be disturbed.

As we make our way through the crowded city we see

woe-begone, emaciated faces which indicate more surely than the red nose of the drunkard, the victim of the opium habit. One who has lived any length of time in China can tell an "opium fiend" at a glance, and even to the stranger the olfactory organs give immediate and conclusive proof of one's approach to an opium den. In fact the prevailing odor of China, the one that lingers longest in the tourist's memory, is the sickening stench of the opium pipe that seems to be wafted along every street and alley and court.

In the center of a circle of depraved Celestials, swarthy,



"HITTING THE PIPE."

half-naked barbarians, assembled in a filthy den, is a dim oil lamp, with a smoky chimney. One of the Chinamen has an opium pipe with a very large stem (so large that he has to distend his mouth to the widest capacity to take it in) and a very small aperture in the bowl. With a long knitting needle he takes from a little jar a wad of sticky opium about the size of a pea. This he melts over the flame, and then, after rolling it about on the bowl of the pipe for several minutes, he inserts it deftly in the little hole.

Then he lies down at full length, puts the orifice containing the opium over the flame, and for two blissful moments

draws in the smoke, swallowing it and exhaling it through the nose.

Not more than three or at the most four whiffs of smoke seem to be contained in the pipe without reloading, but when these whiffs have been exhausted the almond eyes close with a sleepy animal-like content, the pipe is taken by some other "opium fiend," and the same slow process of

OPIUM FIENDS.

preparation, followed by the three whiffs of Nirvana, follows, and so on around the circle.

Gambling is another besetting sin of John Chinaman. It is a weird and uncanny sight to watch a group of fan-tan gamblers in their dark den. Four lanterns containing smoky candles, and placed one at each corner of a strip of matting, serve to illuminate the scene. Around this are huddled a motley crowd of slant-eyed Mongolians, mostly possessing only one garment, either a loose shirt or a very

baggy pair of trousers, but very seldom a combination of these useful habiliments. Either one or the other is full dress for a fan-tan gambler.

The banker's assistant, or whatever he may be called (I must confess to a sad lack in the way of fan-tan nomenclature), takes a heaping handful of Chinese pennies called cash (little brass pieces with a square hole in the center and worth about a tenth of a cent apiece), puts them down in the center of the square of matting, and places on top what looks like a big brass paper-weight.

Then with a sharp-pointed stick he picks the pennies away in little piles of four. Until he takes the brass weight off of the central pile any one in the circle is at liberty to bet, by putting his on the center, corner, or edge of a square of cloth. If there proves to be an even number of fours in the pile of pennies, one position wins; if one, two, or three more than an even number of fours, some other position on the cloth wins.

After the weight is removed there is no more betting. Then the excitement grows intense. Every squatting figure leans forward breathlessly over the matting. All have eyes only for the counter, who, with his pointed wand, is pulling away the little quartettes of cash, slowly and deliberately from the big pile. Gradually the pile lessens; twenty only are left, a dozen, eight, four, none, and then it is more than likely the banker rakes all the silver and gold of the gamblers into his capacious till. For in fan-tan as in gambling of a higher degree, the lambs get fleeced very systematically, and are only allowed to win often enough to whet their appetite for the fatal table.

Victims of loathsome skin diseases are frequently met with in our walk, and even those who are suffering from a mild kind of leprosy, which, however is not considered con-

tagious. Where there is disease to be combatted there are, of course, doctors to ply their remedies; and, very likely, we shall meet more than one of these wise looking disciples of Galen, with finger nails some six or eight inches long—most inconvenient digits, one would think, with which to feel the pulse.

A LEPER GIRL OF SHANGHAI.

If we fall sick in China may we be spared the added torture of a Chinese doctor! Sharks' eyes, powdered chickens' livers, and the last hairs on a rat's tail are some of the favorite elements in their *materia medica*, I understand.

An unearthly screeching and unholy sawing away upon some dreadful stringed instrument not far off proclaims that some of the Celestials are musically inclined; and, sure enough, we soon stumble upon a group surrounding the minstrel, who is playing upon an instrument that resembles a double-headed hammer with two strings stretched from the head to the handle.

The head of the hammer is made of parchment, and from this undeveloped kind of a fiddle he tortures such awful music as was never heard on sea or land. If the instrumental part of the concert is hideous, the vocal accompaniment is still more appalling. It cannot be represented in English characters, but a faint attempt is something as follows: "Kyii, kyi, kyiii, yi, ya." Imagine all the tom-

cats you ever heard pooling their issues to make night hideous from a neighbor's roof. and you will have some idea of the prolonged and awful caterwauling which John Chinaman calls "music."

It is difficult to know when to stop in our walk or in our description of it. The streets go on for miles and miles; one

A JUVENILE CHINESE ORCHESTRA.

street succeeds another in interminable succession; fish dealers and green grocers; crockery stores and wood carvers; quilt makers (for quilt making is a great industry in Shanghai); undertakers, with piles of huge, clumsy coffins in their warehouse; these, to say nothing of restaurants and barber shops, and other trades and callings, would fill this volume, should I attempt to describe a Chinese street as I have seen it.

As we are obliged resolutely to turn our faces homeward from our walk in the streets when duty calls to other things, so I must resolutely turn my attention and yours, dear reader, to other things than these very commonplace, but very interesting, streets of Shanghai.

Let us visit the country suburbs of this great city, and see what odd sights are visible there. The first cause for wonderment is, perhaps, the immense loads which the coolies bear. Scores of them are coming to market this early morning with a long pole over their shoulders, from each end of which is suspended a great basket of produce.

It is surprising what tremendous loads these human beasts of burden can stagger under. Many a time have I seen a coolie with a basket of green vegetables holding not less than three bushels, or more than an ordinary flour barrel, suspended from each end of his shoulder pole. Sometimes his basket contains eggs, which are scarcely less heavy. Let my readers think of raising two barrels of eggs to their shoulders and trotting off with them at a lively pace and they will have some idea of the burdens imposed on these two-legged horses.

But the most unpleasant and ubiquitous of all are the men carrying liquid manure. Whole processions of these human night-carts do we meet with their two odoriferous buckets, holding nearly a barrel each, balanced on brawny shoulders. We need not complain, however, of the passing whiff, if the coolies can spend their lives amid such stenches, and we are the less disposed to complain when we remember that it is owing to this careful fertilizing and minute cultivation of the soil that the hundreds of millions of China are kept on the existence side of the starvation point.

At this time of year (late December) everything in an agricultural line is at its worst, and we must make allow-

ances for the bleakness of the season, for there is "an eager and a nipping air" in Shanghai as well as in Vermont and Michigan at this time of year. The traveler, coming from Japan, is struck by the fact that the cultivation of the soil is much less careful and systematic in China than in the Mikado's empire. In Japan every square inch is utilized, the furrows are as straight as mathematical precision can make them; every corner and edging is carefully trimmed and squared, until the whole country looks like one great, carefully-tended, kitchen garden.

About Shanghai, however, there is more slovenliness visible, less care in little things, more ragged edges and fewer kitchen-garden effects. Nevertheless, the average Chinaman, in spite of the lack of picturesqueness in his fields, is a famous farmer, and if Horace Greeley's dictum is true, and if that man deserves well of the world who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, then John Chinaman should have a high meed of praise.

He has learned to perfection the system of rotation of crops, and in many places, as I have before remarked, he would be ashamed not to get three if not four crops out of the soil every twelve months. Moreover, if he cannot get one crop he will take another; he is not particular so long as it brings rice to his chop-sticks.

Look over yonder this frosty December morning, and you will see twenty men wading out into a shallow pond which is covered with ice of the thickness of window glass. They seem to be whipping the surface of the pond with long bamboo poles and then raking something toward them with long bamboo rakes. For a time these strange antics puzzle us. The men cannot be fishing, neither can they be thrashing the surface of the pond for fun. Chinamen do not take their sport in any such athletic way. They need all their

muscle and energy for the stern realities of life, and have no superfluous vital energies to expend on out-door games.

What, then, can they be doing? A nearer inspection resolves the mystery and shows that they are gathering one of their yearly crops — the ice harvest. The ice dealers of the Kennebec and the Penobscot would laugh at the very idea of such ice gathering. What! they would say, store such tenuous coldness as that! Harvest ice no thicker than your finger nail! You might as well scrape the rime off of the window pane for next summer's consumption or brush the hoar frost from the grass for use next July.

But John Chinaman knows what he is about, and, not deterred by any contemptuous remarks which his visitors may make, he goes right on thrashing the thinly-coated water with his long bamboos, raking his brittle harvest together, and storing it in great straw-thatched ice houses. Then he salts it all down, literally, not figuratively, and thus freezes it anew into a solid compact mass; and, though his ice is not good for drinking purposes, he has a product that answers very well for refrigerating uses, and which lasts far into the long hot months of the coming summer.

But this is only one crop that the thrifty Celestial obtains from the same patch of soil, for before he flooded it with water for his ice crop, he had taken a harvest of rice and one of vegetables, and very likely one of fish, from the same two-acre field.

"A fish crop from a temporary pond which only covers the soil for a quarter part of the year," you say; "why, it is impossible!" Not at all, my reader, and this is the way it is done. The ova are hatched in a sluggish stream or ditch near by, and when the fish have attained an inch or two in length, the field is flooded and the small fry are turned loose into it to feed as best they may in the sub-

merged rice stubble. The fast-growing fish soon attain an eatable size (about six inches in length) and the canny Chinaman may then be seen wading into the water which comes half-way to his knees, armed with a fish pole and a bottomless bamboo basket with a hole in the top.

But the fish pole is not for the purpose of catching fish, as might naturally be supposed, at least, not in the ordinary way, nor is the basket to hold the finny captives, since it is open at both ends. But this is the *modus operandi.* With his pole he thrashes the water, and when he sees a sudden gleam and something dart into the black mud, he quickly caps the spot with his bottomless basket, and putting his hand through the hole in the top, he gropes around in the mud until he finds the imprisoned fish. This he transfers to another basket which is slung on his back, and then goes on thrashing the mud and water until he sees once more the silver gleam of a fish darting into the mud.

It will be strange if, on this walk through Shanghai's streets and suburbs, we do not see at least one of the sad processions which, in every part of the world, tell the old, old story of mortality and decay. I saw many of these funeral corteges in China, but none that interested me more than one I met in Shanghai.

A wealthy resident had lost his only daughter, and he was determined to show her every token of barbaric honor. He was evidently intent on having what our Hibernian friends would call "an iligint funeral." Long before the mourners came out of the house were the preparations begun, and bearer after bearer arrived, each bringing some contribution to the solemn occasion. First came two coolies carrying the inevitable roast pig, varnished and crisp and brown, his ears and tail decorated with red and white and silver emblems. Then came two others bearing a dressed kid, un-

cooked and standing in a most pathetic attitude with his mouth open and head hanging down to his knees. Following the bearers of the kid were others carrying little platforms covered with rice, vegetables, and sweetmeats, while on the sweets were toy butterflies and dragon flies, emblematic of the soul which had taken its flight.

Then other palanquins came upon the scene. In one were two huge paper images which were to be burned at the grave, and through whose ascending smoke the soul might find its way above this sordid, cloudy world. Another palanquin contained the ancestral tablets; and still another, a great string of mock money, made of paper in the form of gold and silver ingots for the spirit's use. These, I was told, were to be burned to propitiate the gods, and that the deceased might have some change for her long journey. At last, after much delay, the coffin, preceded by six Buddhist priests in flaming yellow robes, was brought out of the house of mourning. It was quite different from our coffins or caskets, and tapered gradually from the head to the feet, looking not unlike the mummy caskets which one sees in the British museum. Over the coffin a brilliant canopy in red and gold cloth was then raised, and on the canopy a paper stork at least three feet in height, was fastened. Usually, a paper cock has this post of honor, I am told, but on this occasion it was an unmistakable life-size stork. Then came out the family friends, and a truly pitiable sight they presented, for grief is the same in all lands. The grotesqueness of the surroundings could not altogether disguise the sorrow, though of course, I am not prepared to say that the excessive weeping and wailing and agonized outcries were all of genuine grief. But who will dare say that they were not!

The father of the damsel came first, almost bent to the ground by his sorrow, while on either side he was supported

by a mute, who was arrayed, like the father, in sackcloth and white linen. Then came the mother likewise supported, followed by the brothers all bent double with their sorrow, groaning and weeping and wringing their hands. Thus the pitiful procession moved along, the roast pig and the uncooked kid, the vegetables and the sweetmeats, the paper images and the flesh-and-blood mourners, the mock money and the narrow house with its lonely occupant, surmounted by the many-colored paper stork; all moved slowly on, followed by the more distant mourners in jinrikishas.

How unspeakably sad is such a sight! Mortality uncheered by any true hope of immortality! Death irradiated by no reasonable assurance of life! The grave with the stone still at its dismal entrance, not yet rolled away.

No wonder, O father and mother, that ye are bowed down with grief even to the ground! No wonder that ye weep and wail as those without hope!

At the grave the paper images and the mock money are burned, and the paper stork reduced to ashes. Some portions of the food are left at the grave for the dead to feed upon, but most of it is eaten by the survivors, who remark as they masticate the generous provisions, "How strange it is that this pork has no taste!" "How singular that the spirits should have taken all the goodness out of these vegetables!" "The departed have evidently been helping themselves to these sweets, for there is no taste left in them."

However, in spite of the assumed tastelessness of the funeral baked meats, which is always remarked upon, the mourners manage to make a very good meal upon the crisp roast pork and toothsome confections. Oftentimes the bodies of the dead are kept for months, hermetically sealed, in the house of the relatives, and in the neighborhood of Shanghai the body is always buried only where the priests

indicate. There seem to be no cemeteries set apart for the dead, but the whole vicinity of Shanghai is one vast graveyard.

On this walk into the country, which we have been taking together this December morning, we have seen scores and hundreds of little mounds unmarked except by a slight swell in the uneven soil, each of which tells where many bodies have been deposited. Scores of coffins, too, are seen, either carelessly set down by the roadside, or half buried under a few spadesfull of soil in the fields near by.

But the most pathetic sight in the neighborhood of Shanghai is the baby towers, into which are unceremoniously thrust the bodies of children who die before they have attained their first birthday. According to the Chinese idea they have no souls before they cut their first teeth. It matters little, therefore, what becomes of these tiny, soulless waifs, and so they are thrown, almost before the life is out of their little bodies, into these dismal, eyeless towers, which here and there dot the horizon. When the tower is filled to the roof, the little bones are shoveled out as unceremoniously as they were thrown in, and another lot of infant bodies fill the horrid cavity.

What else could be expected with Chinese views of infant life? What respect is due a soulless infant? How different this treatment from that of Him who took little children up in his arms and blessed them, who said: "Suffer the *little* children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

CHAPTER XV.

A JOURNEY THROUGH TROPIC SEAS.

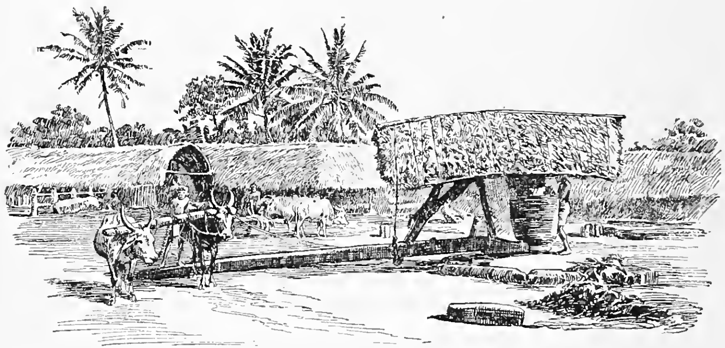
A Delightful Voyage — Liquid Fire — The Sacred White Ox — The Gharri — The "L Road" and the Bullock Bandy — Fan Palms of Singapore — A Tree that Casts no Shadow — How the Bandy Driver Stimulates his Steeds — An Effective Threat — Chewing a Bullock's Tail to make him go — Picturesque Wharf Venders — "Papa Dive" — Scrambling for Nickels — A Walk in Penang — Mangosteens and Jack-fruit — Assafœtida and Onions — The Indian Juggler — A Man with a Gizzard — The Mango Tree Trick and the Girl in the Basket — The Last of the Chinaman — Ceylon's Spicy Breezes — The Waggish Captain's Joke — The Odors of Colombo — A Horrible Combination — The Catamaran — The Two Instincts of the Singhalese — Persistent Shopkeepers — Besieged by Beggars — Baby Merchants and their Wares — The Cinnamon Gardens — An Ancient Turtle — Brawny Barbarism and Miss Nancyism.

THE journey from Hong Kong to Colombo occupies about thirteen days over tropic seas. The first few days from Hong Kong, with the northwest monsoon blowing half a gale, are apt to be rather uncomfortable for lovers of *terra firma;* but, as we travel southward, the weather grows gentler, the sea grows smoother, and before we reach Singapore we vote this journey to be one of the most delightful on any ocean. There are usually few signs of life at sea, but on this voyage flying fish flit from wavelet to wavelet, and at night the phophorescent animalcula turn all the surrounding ocean into waves of liquid fire

as our good ship plows its way through this brilliant but harmless flame.

Occasionally a passing steamer causes all the passengers to unstrap their field glasses and level them at the distant stranger. Occasionally, also, a helpless sailing vessel is seen in the distance, in a dead calm, with flapping sails and drooping pennant; its crew devoutly wishing, doubtless, for the aid of steam, which carries us so swiftly along.

Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, is the first stopping place for steamers bound for India, and here we have our



SACRED WHITE OXEN.

introduction to Indian life. Here for the first time we see the typical white oxen with humps on their backs, just behind their necks, and with gaily painted horns, one red and one blue; a sight which becomes very familiar after a few days in India, for the ox is not only sacred in this land, but is also the indispensable beast of burden. Here, too, we are first introduced to the universal Indian vehicle, the *gharri*.

Nothing is more indicative of the character of a people than the vehicles in which they ride. We are tempted to perpetrate a second-hand aphorism to the effect that if you will show us the carriages in which a people ride we will tell

you the character of the people who ride in them. The "L road" and electric street car are as typical of the hurrying, impatient American character as the ram-shackle bullock bandy is of the careless, easy, happy-go-lucky Hindu of Southern India.

In Japan the universal jinrikisha is always with us at every railway station and in almost every country village throughout the empire. In Hong Kong the sedan chair bears the traveler aloft above the heads of the flocking throng. In Shanghai the wheelbarrow, with its large central wheel and its seat on either side for two persons, shows the highest aspiration of the average Chinaman, so far as locomotion goes. But in Singapore and throughout India, the gharri is the common carriage for the better classes. It is not a bad one either, for a hot country, with its double roof, and latticed, movable blinds on all sides, which admit the air and exclude the sun. It seems to be, on the whole, the best public carriage that can be devised.

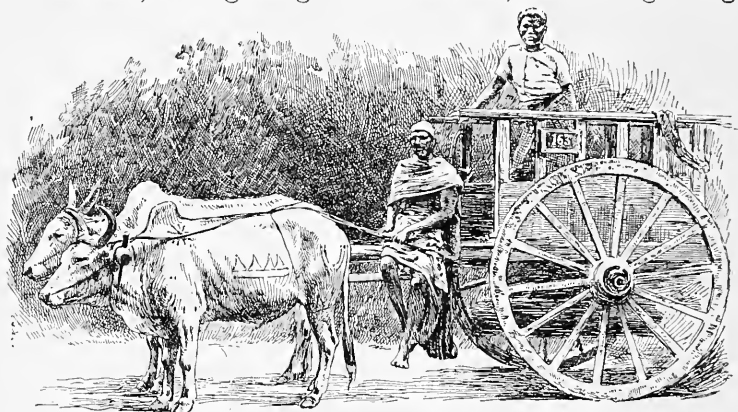
In Singapore, however, jinrikishas are also used and are most gorgeously painted with huge gold Chinese figures on their broad backs.

The most interesting drive is to the Botanical Gardens, which are extensive and well worth visiting, especially for their beautiful fan palms, whose leaves radiate from a common center, forming a huge representation of our common palm-leaf fan, with a great trunk for the handle and the branching leaves for the fan. It would take a giant, to be sure, to wield such a fan, but the representation is complete on a colossal scale.

When these palms are planted at different angles they form a very picturesque addition to the landscape of a garden. Looked at edgewise the tree is almost as thin as a sheet of paper and can hardly cast a shadow in the brightest

sunlight, but looked at from the front or from behind, the huge spreading fan presents a perfect shield to all within its shade.

Here, in Singapore, too, we see the great straw-thatched bandy with patient bullocks hitched to it; and in this bandy, when gharris were not to be had, we have been more than once glad to ride, shielded as we were from the hot Indian sun, and getting over the road, not at lightning



THE BULLOCK CART.

speed, but at the rate of three or four miles an hour, which is very good trotting for these little animals.

The bandy driver usually stimulates the speed of his bullocks not only by judicious application of a short stick, but more often by twisting their tails, in a way that seemed to us most cruel and inhuman; while one driver, who could not get sufficient speed out of his bovine steeds, in his despair actually grasped the tail of one of them in his teeth and began to chew it vigorously as "a discourager of hesitancy" on the road. We were obliged more than once to threaten our bandy-drivers and "gharriwallahs" with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, unless they desisted from their practices.

Whether our threats were understood or not, or whether "the society with the long name" is known in Singapore I am not sure, but in every case our vigorous protest seemed to have its desired effect, and the poor animals trotted along without so much applied stimulus from the outside.

But more interesting to us than the busy streets of Singapore with their squalid inhabitants, or even beautiful botanical gardens, were the crowds of young adventurers that swarmed to the wharf with various wares and temptations for our pocketbooks.

Here were boats loaded with most curious and beautiful shells, lovely nautilus shells, huge, flat, pearly mussel shells (so thin it seemed impossible for any living animal to find a home between the two discs), crinkly, curly, spiral shells of every hue and possible curve. From other boats great branches of coral, red, white, and pink, tempted the purchaser. Still other men, with gaudy turbans and brilliant cloths round their waists, offered for sale parrots of even more gaudy plumage than themselves; while others came down to the wharf with great baskets of delicious pineapples, for the straits are the very home of the "pine," and nowhere else is it found of finer flavor or of larger size.

In the water about the steamer were scores of naked boys ready to dive for a piece of money which the amused traveler might throw them. Every grown-up stranger to them is either "papa" or "mamma," according to the sex of the person addressed; while all European boys are yclept "Charlie" by them, however they were christened by their parents. So, as we three pilgrims looked over the side of the vessel, scores of vigorous voices would cry out, "Papa dive," "Papa dive," "Mamma dive," "Mamma dive," "Charlie dive," "Charlie dive." This did not mean that the pilgrims should take headers into the water, as the im-

perative mood seemed to indicate, but that these brown-skinned natives in the boats would exhibit their powers if only the inducement of a five-cent bit was thrown into the water. As at Honolulu and other places where we have watched the performance, when the little silver piece began to flutter down beneath the waves, what a commotion there was among the twenty boats! Twice twenty supple, clean-limbed little fellows would jump into the water, their wriggling toes and the white soles of their feet would appear for a moment above the waves, while underneath the disturbed waters would prove that they were grabbing and scrambling after the silver bit. Soon one brown hand would appear above the surface followed by another and another, until gradually the whole upper surface was brown with hands and heads, and, puffing and blowing, the whole little regiment of divers would come bobbing to the top; the strongest and most expert usually having the silver piece safely tucked away in his cheek.

In the meantime, their little dug-out canoes would, very likely, float off to quite a distance, some of them would fill with water, others would disappear in different directions; but they would soon collect their property, get into their several canoes, bale them out with a quick, dexterous motion of the foot, which shoveled out sufficient water to keep them from sinking, and then their occupants were ready for another dive, if "Papa," or "Mamma," or "Charlie" would only favor them with a five-cent piece.

Two days after leaving Singapore we reached Penang, and as we looked out of our cabin porthole early in the morning, we found our steamer at anchor and surrounded by gaily painted sampans; red and white and blue of the most vivid hues were the prevailing colors.

"Mahommed Baboo" had his name painted in flaring

letters on one of these brilliant boats, and for the sake of his name, perhaps, more than for any other reason (it sounded so distinctly Oriental), we chose his sampan and were rowed ashore for the modest sum of five cents each.

Penang is an uninteresting place, and its few sights scarcely pay for the necessary walk in the hot sun. Such gorgeous costumes as one here sees, such Oriental disregard of any costume at all, would be startling in any other port of the world, though here these scanty garments seem by no means so inappropriate as in cooler latitudes.

The fruit stores are filled with strange products which look very odd to our unaccustomed eyes. We indulged in some of them, and found, that while a few were delicious, others required a long course of education in order to appreciate them. The mangosteen, for instance, a fruit about the size of an apple, with a dull, reddish color, is most spicy and fragrant and refreshing. One never is obliged to *learn* to like the mangosteen.

The jack fruit, on the other hand, which our loquacious guide persuaded us to buy, asserting that it was most delicious, proved to be a most horrible combination of bad onions and assafœtida. After hanging a specimen of this fruit up in our stateroom for an hour of two, the cabin became utterly uninhabitable for several hours, until it had been fumigated and opened in all directions to the breezes of heaven. We are told by old inhabitants of the country, however, that our guide was not far wrong, that the jackfruit is really by no means so bad as its odor indicates. However, we were satisfied with what one of our senses told us concerning it, and we did not attempt to find out whether it tasted as badly as it smelled.

Here in Penang, too, we saw our first Indian juggler. He came aboard the ship while she was lying at anchor, and

performed all his stock of tricks, which are decidedly interesting when first viewed, but which became somewhat stale when, one after another, a dozen jugglers did exactly the same tricks in the same way; each one talking cheap-jack patter to attract or distract the attention of the spectators.

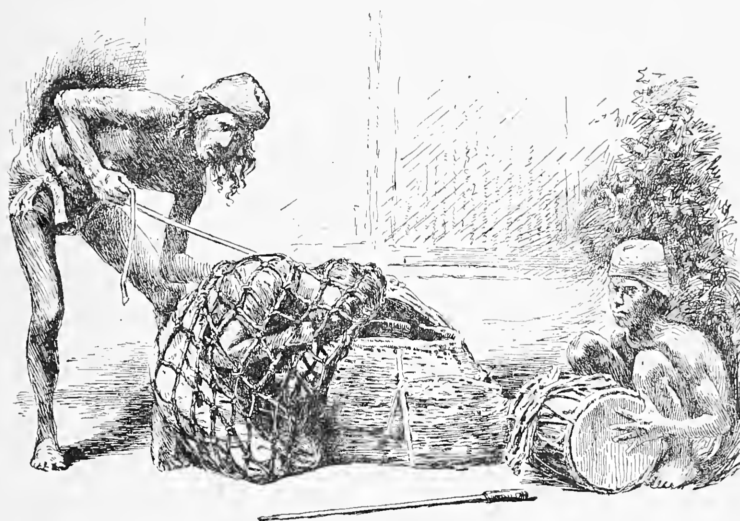
In spite, however, of the sameness of his tricks, the Indian juggler is a very clever fellow. He will cause a little pebble to make its way under a brass cup, without hands, when he is apparently six feet away, and when the spectator is willing to take his oath that the cup is absolutely empty. He will pick another pebble out of your shoe or a large stone out of your pocket, though you are very confident you are not carrying a small quarry about your person. He will show you an innocent little ball of yarn in his hands, as big as a large bullet, and after speaking to the ball for a moment, it will be transformed into a little paroquet, which opens its bill and squeaks and makes a "salaam" at the command of its master.

He will put an egg shell in a little cloth bag, slap the bag around in the most vicious manner on the deck, against his own shins, or on a projecting spar, will then take the bag in both hands and wring it so vigorously that you are sure that not even a fly could live within its folds; then coolly opening the mouth of the bag, the egg shell, unharmed and sound, will roll out upon the deck at your feet.

He will open his mouth and take out one pebble after another, until you are convinced that he has a gizzard like a turkey's, and that he keeps a store of stones for digestive purposes in his gullet, for they all seem to come up from the depths of his throat. One, two, three, four, up to nine of these pebbles he will disgorge, and then, with a convulsive effort by which he seems to be throwing up his Adam's apple itself, will come, one after the other, four large stones

as big as hens' eggs, which he will add to the pile of the smaller stones at his feet.

Before your very eyes he will plant a dry, withered mango-stone. After pronouncing a few conjurer's incantations over this stone, and passing a handkerchief over it, you find, to your surprise, that it has sprouted into a little mango tree with four tiny leaves. Another incantation and the tree has grown into a sizeable bush with three or four



THE FAMOUS BASKET TRICK.

branches; still another spell is pronounced and the bush has become a tree, from which he will pluck and hand you a ripe and luscious mango, even if it be not in the mango season.

The "basket trick" is also a favorite with these followers of the "black art." A young girl, often a very pretty girl, is tied together with long, stout ropes, which seem to be knotted most securely. The girl is then crowded into a wicker basket, larger at the bottom but growing smaller towards the top, where the hole is just large enough to

admit her body. Then the conjurer takes an ugly-looking sword, which is, however, probably far more harmless than it appears, and deliberately jabs right and left, up and down, backwards and forwards, into the basket. Through the center and out at every side the sword is seen to stick, while one is willing to aver, by all that is true, that it is impossible for the sword to escape the body of the imprisoned girl. Most recklessly the juggler lunges at the basket. For the sake of heightening the effect, the girl emits timid little squeals once in a while, and sometimes red fluid, that looks like blood, pours from the side of the basket. But, a few moments after, the girl, who has apparently been stabbed in a hundred places, steps forth from her prison-house smiling, unbound, and unharmed.

Five days from Penang brings us to Colombo, where we have our first glimpse of genuine Indian life. Hitherto, the ubiquitous Chinaman has been before us everywhere. He has monopolized the markets, crowded out the natives, trundled the jinrikisha, and cheated us with bare-faced impudence. But before getting to Colombo he seems to stop short, and there we see only the natives of the soil. To be sure there are many people from the mainland of India, who have come to the more fertile island of Ceylon to find work when their crops have failed. But the Singhalese and the natives of Southern India speak the same language, and resemble one another very much in customs and costumes.

The glorious missionary hymn, which every young Christian learns as soon as he knows the Lord's Prayer, has thrown a peculiar halo of romance around this beautiful island of the coral seas, and more romantic day dreams have centred here than upon any other spot on the face of the earth. One is quite prepared to detect the "spicy breezes" long before he sights the palm-girt shores of Ceylon.

A waggish captain of whom we have heard, taking advantage of this universal expectation born of the old hymn, while the passengers were at "tiffin," smeared the rail of the upper deck with oil of cloves and cinnamon. Just as the vessel neared the land, the passengers came up from their lunch one after another; the spicy odors were strong and pungent, and were cited by the captain as proof positive that the breeze was blowing "soft o'er Ceylon's isle." It was not till he reached Calcutta that he explained the little joke, and dispelled the romantic notions of fair Ceylon.

One is sure to believe, when he first lands at Colombo, that the breezes are anything but spicy, for all sorts of odors which make up the usual smells of a large seaport city greet one as he steps ashore. Moreover, if one penetrates far into the native town, he will be still more convinced that there are other odors besides those of clove and cinnamon which are wafted abroad in Ceylon.

As every place has its characteristic vehicle, so every seaport has its characteristic native boat. The slipper boat of Canton gives way in Kobe to the larger and clumsier lighter of Japan. This in turn is displaced by the gorgeously painted sampan of Penang, while in Colombo none of these styles of boat building are seen, but a curious double-keeled catamaran, with large out-riders, and so narrow that a passenger can barely squeeze his two legs between the sides of the very rakish-looking little craft. However, the catamaran is by no means so insecure as it appears, but, owing to the large out-rider, it is able to brave almost any sea in safety.

The harbor of Colombo, though protected by a long and expensive breakwater, is not, by any means, a quiet haven, and such boats as these are the only ones, besides the steam tugs, that will lie in the turbulent surf that sometimes breaks

on the shore. We were seized upon as we stood upon the deck of the *Malwa* by half a score of importunate boatmen, and were almost pulled limb from limb in their anxiety to secure us for their little craft. At last, asserting our right to ownership in our beleaguered persons, we transferred ourselves and our baggage to the least importunate of our boatmen and were rowed safely to the pier.

Here, again, the struggle to possess us and our baggage was renewed. Bandymen and coolies, hotel runners and guides, besiege us from every quarter, jabbering and pulling and jostling and pushing, with all the importunate impertinence of cab drivers at Niagara in the olden time. Again we are compelled to assert our claim to our own personality, and, after seeing our baggage duly installed in a bullock bandy, we walk on behind after the custom of travelers in Colombo, until we reached our roomy and comfortable hotel.

Even the walk to the hotel reveals a conglomerate picturesqueness in the swarming streets, which promises well for the interest of our stay in Colombo. Here are white-turbaned Hindus, with long white cloths over their shoulders and round their loins; Brahmins with little spots of sacred yellow ashes on their foreheads; Sivites with three vertical lines, two white and one red, to indicate that they are worshipers of Siva, the cruel goddess; and many other Hindus with different lines and spots of sacred ashes to show the particular brand of their heathenism. Here, too, Mahommedans in red fezzes and Parsees in high glazed hats mingle with the throng, and here and there a European, shaded by an immense pith helmet, which often comes down over his features like a mushroom over a diminutive toad. Naked children, many of them with beautiful black eyes and bewitching curly hair, swarm everywhere. Before they are able to speak they learn to hold out their little hands in

beggary, for two instincts seem to have been fully developed among the inhabitants of Colombo — the commercial instinct and the faculty for begging. Beggars swarm everywhere, with all sorts of claims on human sympathy, revolting and disgusting enough oftentimes, thrusting their deformities and loathsome diseases into your very face and eyes in order that they might excite your pity.

Of all traders that I have ever seen, the Colombo shopkeeper is most persistent, vivacious, and vigorous. Certain lines of business seem to be overstocked in this little city, especially the trade in precious stones,— moonstones, sapphires, and rubies. It is safe to say that every second man whom we meet on the street has his pocket full of precious stones, either real or imitation, most likely the latter, which he is bound you should buy, if his eloquent persistency can induce you to part with your rupees. From every shop door and window comes the beseeching invitation, "Lady buy"; "Master come in"; "Master look, just look, need not buy"; "Do come, master"; "Mamma, please look here." Every few steps a proprietor of a jewelry bazaar will rush out at you with a handful of moonstones and sapphires, which he will insist on your taking. If you assert you have no money to spare, he will tell you that he will trust you, and that you can take the jewels home with you to America, and send him the money when you are convinced of their value. Such confiding trust in human nature I have not seen elsewhere, and when I asked for the reason of this confidence in a passing traveler, I was assured that the dealers could well afford to take the risk involved in the offer, and that, though they occasionally lost their jewels, they made up for it amply by the enormous price which they obtained from other people for comparatively worthless stones.

Even the children scarcely out of babyhood acquire the

mania for trading, and they will run by the side of your gharri by the half hour with bouquets of bright-colored flowers and canes and every imaginable trinket, with which they think they can beguile the unwary traveler. If you refuse to buy they will throw the bouquet into the carriage at you, crying out in their childish treble: "Take it, master, it's yours"; "It's a gift, mamma." If, however, you take them at their word and actually accept the bouquet as a gift, they will follow you weeping and wailing and beseeching you to pay them for it, and make your life miserable until you either throw back the worthless little bunch of flowers or give them a half anna as its price.

The Cinnamon Gardens just outside the busy streets of Colombo are by no means as impressive and as beautiful as their romantic name indicates to foreign ears, for the cinnamon bush is rather a scraggy shrub, without any special characteristics in outward appearance to distinguish it from a hundred other bushes in the jungle. As one crushes the leaves in his hands, however, or scrapes the tender bark from the branch, the delicious odor of the cassia plant is perceived, and one is tempted to buy all the gnarled and ugly sticks which are for sale, for the sake of the spicy fragrance.

Here, too, every tropical fruit grows with the utmost luxuriance. Unlike Southern India, Ceylon is frequently visited by refreshing showers which wash Nature's face and keep it always smiling. Long rows of cocoanut, bread-fruit, and jack-fruit trees line the country roads, and some magnificent views tempt one to linger beneath their shade.

A few miles from Colombo is a fine estate, noted among other things for its ancient turtle, which is known to be at least 400 years old; since it has been upon the title deeds of that property for that length of time. It lies in a little pool of fresh water in a valley near the seashore, and never

attempts to wander away to greener fields and pastures new. In the hot weather, however, the pool dries up, and then his turtleship every morning marches majestically up to the bungalow to have cold water thrown over his parched and dusty carapace. When he has been sufficiently refreshed with many buckets of water he goes back to his valley again, until he is ready for another refreshing shower bath.

As in other Eastern countries, everything here is done out of doors. In Colombo the fruit stores and shoe shops, the barber, cabinet makers, and jewelry dealers all do their trading and bargaining and mechanical work with as few partitions between them and the general public as possible.

Everywhere we meet semi-naked coolies carrying huge baskets of vegetables and other provisions, dry goods and hardware, and every article known to commerce, upon their stalwart shoulders. Loads which would crush an average European to the ground they hoist to their shoulders or lift to their heads, and trot off with them as though burdened only with a feather duster.

The Singhalese men wear high tortoise-shell combs, which give them a very odd appearance. To see a stalwart, muscular man with a little girl's tortoise-shell comb perched on the top of his head is a combination of brawny barbarism and Miss Nancyism, which is very amusing.

But we have lingered as long as our journey will permit amid the soft breezes of Ceylon, and must take the steamer across the turbulent strait that separates us from the mainland of India.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

A Journey with a Bad Reputation — Landing at Tuticorin — Railway Traveling in India — A New Use for a Dirty Sock — Preparing for Hot Weather — House Building in the Tropics — "Give the Sun no Chance" — Horses under Pith Hats — Barren India — On the Ragged Edge of Famine — Gaunt Starvation — Disputing with the Ants — Buffaloes and Long-legged Goats — A Sunset Scene — A Missionary Bungalow — A Girls' Boarding School — How They Make up Their Beds — An Inventory of a Maiden's Jewels — A Missionary's Manifold Labors — A Picnic in the Jungle — The "Nine Lac Garden" — Serious Duties Again — A Bicycle Story — The Good Devil and his Terrible Bell — "Tell Me Your Name, Good Devil" — Bound in the Shackles of the Caste System — Encouragement for the Future — A Brave Brahmin.

THE journey from Colombo to Tuticorin has anything but an enviable reputation, but it is like some people whose reputation is worse than their actual character, or who at least have lucid intervals when their better natures prevail. We found the short journey of a day and a night between the two ports very pleasant and restful. The British India steamer was large and comfortable; the sea was smooth and smiling; and even the dreaded landing at Tuticorin, which had been pictured to us as a most harrowing experience, was by no means as bad as we expected.

On all this southern coast of India there is not a good harbor, and Tuticorin, like the great capital of Madras, is situated on the stormy, surf-beaten shore of the open ocean.

At Tuticorin passengers are taken ashore by a small, puffing, bobbing tug-boat, whose gyrations often try even the strongest stomach. Calm as was the day on which we landed, the little steamer which came to take us off jumped and bumped against her larger sister, and threatened to tear away the gangway which had been let down for us to descend. However, by skillful manœuvring, we got away from the great ship's side without any serious damage, and, in course of time, we landed at the tiny wharf which ran out from the shore.

Tuticorin is a long, low, rambling, native town, containing about twenty European inhabitants. It does not invite the traveler to linger long in its hot and dusty streets. We found our way to the railway station and were soon aboard the train for Madura, the largest city of Southern India.

Railway traveling in Southern India has some peculiarities which distinguish it from travel in other parts of the world. The distances are long, the trains are slow, and much of the journey must be done at night, so that every first and second-class car has a sleeping compartment. But do not imagine for a moment, my reader, that a Pullman or Wagner have cast their inventive spell over the Indian railways. Far from it, as you will find before you have spent a night on one of them. There are two tiers of berths on each side of each compartment running lengthwise with the car, and sometimes three tiers, and on these narrow shelves one must curl up, providing his own blankets and pillows, and thus pass as comfortable a night as circumstances will permit.

Many travelers take their own servants with them, who make up their beds and look after their baggage, and even

provide them with lunches from the capacious hampers, which are usually taken along on such journeys. A servant is not necessary, however, but is often felt to be rather in the way by those who are accustomed to wait upon themselves. There are occasional eating houses provided at the stations along the route, and any number of coolies may be hired at a moment's notice, who, for a quarter of an anna, or one cent, will carry your baggage for any reasonable distance.

The ideas of some of these native servants who are picked up by the round-the-world traveler, as to the proprieties of civilized life, are sometimes startling. To this, that traveler will testify who woke up one morning and looked aghast as he saw his servant straining his morning coffee through one of his socks which had been discarded the night before. Springing from his berth the traveler cried out: "What are you doing, you rascal, what are you straining that coffee through?" "Oh, master, master," replied the terrified servant, "it is not master's clean stocking, it is master's dirty stocking. Coolie will not use master's clean stocking for coffee." The master, however, was hardly reassured by this information, and lost his appetite for his usual morning beverage, as can be easily imagined.

These railway cars, like everything else in India, are built for hot weather which, in the southern part of the continent at least, prevails for eleven months in the year. So everyone prepares for the hot weather, and the people suffer as little, I imagine, from the extreme heat as inhabitants of a northern clime suffer from extreme cold. The pity that is lavished upon dwellers in the tropics on account of the heat they endure and on the inhabitants of Arctic regions on account of the cold they suffer, is largely misplaced, as these inhabitants themselves would assert.

As I said, in India even the railway cars are built for hot weather. The double roof keeps the sun from beating directly upon the passengers; the wide, projecting blinds ward off his beams from the windows, which are often made of smoked glass, the better to protect the traveler; the seats are not upholstered in plush and woolen, but in cool leather or still cooler straw, and often at the stations water by the bucketful is thrown over the top of the cars and allowed to trickle down their sides that evaporation may keep the occupants cooler.

This regard for the season, too, regulates the building of the houses, which for the most part are high-posted dwellings of one story, with ample verandas, and wide doors which are seldom closed, day or night. A screen with a wide space at the top and bottom of the doors affords ample privacy, and in every way air is encouraged to circulate above and below, and wherever a breath of wind can be prevailed upon to blow.

The airy costumes of the people emphasize the fact that they live in the tropics, while foreigners usually provide themselves with huge pith hats, which, though far from comely, protect the sensitive skull of the European from the burning rays of the sun.

"Give the sun no chance," is one of the proverbs on every person's tongue. If he once shoots his rays upon you, so that you are even partly stricken by them, it is very difficult ever after to live in India. Even horses in many cities are protected by pith helmets. At the best, these poor creatures do but little work when compared with their Northern brethren. Eight or ten miles a day for a horse, unless he be one of the hardy native ponies, is considered a sufficient daily task for these tropical latitudes. Men and women, too, learn to take life more easily here than in the

North. Early morning tea, often in bed, a late breakfast, with a nap in the middle of the day, and dinner towards sunset, is the usual routine of family life. Work, both intellectual and physical, must be done in the cool of the day; exercise must be taken when the sun is sinking below the horizon, or not at all.

Southern India was much more barren and desert-like than we had supposed. "India's coral strand" had always been pictured to our imagination as clothed in living green and begirt with waving palm trees. When we saw it vegetation was as withered and much of the land was as parched as the desert of Sahara itself. Gaunt, bleak mountains rose in the distance, and as we came nearer we could see that they were treeless and pastureless; no gurgling brooks ran down their thirsty sides, no growth of spruce and hemlock, pine or fir, which make our American hills so beautiful, clothed their ragged spurs, but, arid and bare, they stood out in the blazing sunlight, the bleached monuments of many centuries of drought.

Many dry seasons have succeeded one another in some parts of Southern India, and in not a few places the people, always on the verge of famine, had crossed the terribly narrow line which separates them from poverty or actual starvation.

In many places in the fields we could see men and women digging eagerly for dry roots, which in times when the crops fail and dire necessity urges, are used for food, but which are, at the best, very coarse and distasteful fare. In other places we could see old women crouching over and hobbling along the road, picking up, grain by grain, a few scattered kernels of rice which had fallen from the scanty sheaves which the men had borne along before them. A missionary friend told me that he had more than once seen

the people scratching in the ant-hills for grain hidden by the industrious insects for future use, so reduced and poverty-stricken are the masses of the people.

The government had started relief-works in some parts of India, anticipating a famine, and the missionaries were busy, even in the early spring, in distributing what they could afford, to keep their people from actual starvation.

NATIVES OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

The price of rice, which in seasons of plenty goes as low as sixteen measures to the rupee, now has gone up to five and six measures to the rupee, and it can be imagined how little the people whose crops have failed get for the few "pice" they have at their disposal for their daily rations. Those who live in more favored lands, where famine is unknown and the rains never fail, can scarcely comprehend what it is to see the gaunt form of Famine stalking along the highway.

Scenes from the car window, however, are not altogether sad and gloomy. The railway stations are alive with dusky people in many colored garments. Even the dry fields seem to afford some nourishment for the hump-backed cows, and the smooth-haired, rhinoceros-like buffaloes; while great herds of long-legged goats, which appear to be walking on stilts, show the sky line plainly beneath their bellies, as one looks out upon the fields where they are grazing in every direction.

The goatherds, as in Scripture times, are watching over their flocks, and sometimes, as they go on before to better pastures, they are followed by long lines of their gaunt flocks marching in single file a quarter of a mile long, over the dry and dusty fields.

Here and there we pass tanks and reservoirs of water which are not entirely dry. Occasionally we see treadmill bullocks, hitched to long ropes by which water is raised from the depths below and poured into the open ditches, whence it is conveyed to the few rice fields which the inhabitants are still trying to cultivate.

As the day goes on the evening coolness steals over us, and with the setting sun the most delightful period of the Indian day approaches. The whole western sky is suffused with brilliant light; a delicate pink above shades off into vivid crimson and purple near the horizon. Not a particle of vapor is in the air, and the clear, transparent sky above, unflecked with clouds, is made strangely luminous by the brilliancy of the departing "King of Day." Lower and lower sinks the sun, and the glories above the horizon become less pronounced but more delicate in their tone, while even now is rising the full, silvery moon. At least, on this journey to Madura she rose as the sun went down and flooded the plains with her mellow light.

And now everything is glorified; the squalid hovels of the pariahs are touched with silver; the rugged outlines of the hills are softened and mellowed; the dry and parched rice fields, which would bear not even a cupful of precious grain for their cultivators, look, under this silvery radiance, like the favored gardens of the gods, and everything is changed from the harsh brilliance of sunlight to the mellow glories of the evening.

A journey of two hours after sunset brought us to some

A NATIVE VILLAGE OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

dear friends in the first missionary bungalow which it was our privilege to visit in India.

Imagine a long, low building with wide verandas, supported by large pillars. The out-lying buildings are quite impressive, not by reason of their magnificence or architectural beauty, but because of their extent, for the sleeping rooms must be large and airy to be in anywise tolerable in the hot season, and the missionary is often expected to entertain guests, which compels him to have a house of generous size. The irreverent globe-trotter who goes home to deride

missionary life, and to tell about the luxury and extravagance of missionaries' homes, is frequently very glad to take shelter beneath this hospitable roof when he finds himself in an Indian city with no other place in which to spend the night than the indifferent traveler's bungalow.

A little away from the first bungalow, into which we were introduced to missionary life, stands another house, that of the medical missionary. Here, tens of thousands of suffering natives every year obtain medicine or surgical treatment which restores them to health and strength. There is no more powerful auxiliary of missionary effort than the surgeon's knife, and the well-stocked dispensary. On either side of the central bungalow are the teachers' houses, where the unmarried ladies of the mission have their abode, and near by is the dormitory for the girls' boarding school. We find no dainty, carpeted, and curtained boudoirs such as Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley can boast, but a low shed-like building, which affords shelter and the few necessary conveniences to the girls who are here obtaining an education.

No four-posted, spring beds, with hair mattresses, are required for these damsels, for, if we look closely, we shall see the beds for fifty of them rolled up and stuck into a little case like an umbrella rack. Each maiden has one mat for her bed, and all she has to do when bedtime comes is to unroll her mat, spread it on the floor, and go quietly off to the Land of Nod. What a saving, this, of chambermaids and household annoyances, to be thus independent of sheets and blankets and spring mattresses! And here are the girls themselves in their schoolroom, gathered for evening prayers, a hundred bright-eyed, earnest, intelligent damsels, many of them exceedingly pretty, and showing in their faces their capacity for intellectual discipline. To be sure,

their clothes and their ornaments look strange to unaccustomed eyes. A long piece of brilliant cloth affords ample clothing to answer all the demands not only of decency, but modesty. The ears of many of them are full of jewels from the upper to the lower rim.

Let us take an inventory of the jewels which bedeck one of these little maidens.

On her wrists are seven bracelets, on each ankle three more tinkling silver circlets, her nose is pierced with rings and is glowing with sparkling jewels, which are probably paste, but in any event are most precious in the eyes of this unsophisticated damsel, while in her ears are no less than five rings, some of them of enormous size. Some of these girls have their ears not only pierced, but slit open so widely that three or four fingers of one's hand might easily be thrust into them, and heavy pewter bangles dangle from them, resting oftentimes upon their shoulders.

JEWELS OF INDIA.

The Christian girls, however, eschew these ornaments more and more as they are brought under missionary influence, and not a few of them have had their ears sewed up again, as they have learned to appreciate the barbarity of their ornaments. In another part of the mission compound

is a row of little cell-like rooms, where the girls retire every morning and evening for private devotions, not being able to have much privacy in the common sleeping room. Their bill-of-fare is not the elaborate *menu* of a girls' college at home, of which the comic papers are so fond of making fun, but is a very simple one, consisting largely of rice and grain and curry. The girls grind their own grain in primitive stone mills, such as were used in Bible times; while the curry, which is made of various ingredients, peppers, saffron, cardamon seeds, cocoanut, etc., mixed together, is rolled under a heavy stone in much the same way, and thus prepared for table use. As can be imagined, their simple living, which satisfies every want and is all that they are accustomed to, costs exceedingly little. Twelve dollars a year will support one of these dainty maidens, or one of her brothers in the boys' school, in another part of this same missionary compound. What do you think of that, O students of Yale and Harvard. The twelve dollars would be considered by most of you a scanty supply for the expenses of one week, to say nothing of the other fifty-one in the year.

GRINDING CURRY.

About the walls of this mission bungalow lizards are crawling, deftly catching the flies and mosquitoes, proving

themselves very good insect exterminators. On this account they are often welcomed by the inhabitants, and live for months and years in the same room without being disturbed. Crows, with slate-colored necks, go hopping about everywhere, so tame and audacious that they will fly into the very dining-room and pick the food off of the tables. In the open compound the white bullocks, which are used to draw the missionaries' bandies, are grazing, and before the door beautiful flowers and groups of bright-leaved plants are growing.

Altogether it is a very comfortable and pretty picture which the missionary bungalow presents to the visitor's eyes. If he stays long enough to get into the missionary spirit he will see the vast amount of hard, self-sacrificing work which is accomplished every day,—a work which, though its results seem small and meagre at times, is laying the foundation for a great Christian empire in India,—a work which will bear fruit a hundredfold in this world and a thousand times a hundredfold in the world to come.

To attempt to relate the manifold work of the missionary's most interesting and varied labors would be impossible in this connection. He is not the pastor of a single flock, as is the minister at home, but rather the bishop of a district containing hundreds of thousands, or perhaps millions of souls. Under him are catechists, pastors, Bible women, and helpers of both sexes; schools for boys and schools for girls; relief work for those who are in dire poverty, and hospitals where thousands of out-patients and hundreds of in-patients are treated every year.

But it must not be thought by any of my readers that the missionary is so wholly given over to the affairs of the other world, that he has no regard for the good things of this life. He is not by any means an ascetic if he is a true

missionary of Christ, for his Master set him no such example. His mission in part is to live among the people as a man among men; to show them by example what a Christian home may be, and to elevate them to his own standard as far as he may be able.

There is much hearty good cheer and fellowship in these stations, especially when missionaries come together for the annual meeting, from their different fields of labor. It was our privilege to be present at some of these annual meetings of different missions in India, and to know something of the good cheer as well as of the hard work of missionary life.

A missionary picnic in the jungles of Southern India will long live in our memories as a pleasant picture. The jungle is not always an impenetrable tangle of tropical shrubs and climbing creepers, as perhaps many of my readers imagine, but is a common name often given to the forest land of India, and is sometimes a delightful place for a holiday excursion, as in this case. Though, to be sure, one must keep a bright eye out for cobras and other venomous snakes, and he need not travel far from any city of Southern India to find the dreaded cheetah or panther of the jungle.

This particular picnic which I have in mind was in the "Nine Lac Garden," as it is called. A "lac" is a hundred thousand, and the "Nine Lac Garden" was the garden of nine hundred thousand trees, planted by the prince of Arcot many years ago. The reckless prince squandered his patrimony, and lost the Nine Lac Garden with the rest of his property, and now all his nine hundred thousand cocoanut trees and palmyra palms, mangoes, tamarinds, and guavas, have passed into the hands of aliens. It still affords, however, as delightful a place as ever for a summer holiday.

Here, under the spreading banyan trees, were laid the snowy white tablecloths, while the bachelor missionaries, by

whom the picnic was given, exercised their skill in providing many toothsome dishes; ending the entertainment with a grand surprise, which was no other than some bricks of ice cream from Madras. To be eating various kinds of ice cream on a hot February day in the jungle of Southern India, did not at all correspond with our preconceived ideas of life in the forests of India, but railways and express messengers and telegraphic communication have made it possible to have all the necessities and many of the luxuries of civilized life in regions where a few years ago they were unheard of. After an hour or two of hearty good cheer, we took our places in our gharris once more, and were driven back to one of the serious duties of missionary life—a meeting for the educated Hindus, in a village near by. Thus the day was ended as it had begun, and was continued in earnest effort for the people round about, as every day is spent by our missionary friends. The picnic was an episode and breathing spell, as necessary and deserved as a parson's holiday at home, or a student's outing after a long term of study.

Thus we rode back to meetings and services with which all our days in India were filled; some in open carriages, some in bullock bandies, and some of the missionaries on their favorite steed, the bicycle.

Many amusing stories are told of the effect upon credulous natives of the first appearance of a missionary upon his wheel.

As one of the missionaries was riding along at night on his high wheel, he met a Hindu, who, in the gloom of the evening, could see only his high-perched form supported, apparently, by nothing, moving at a tremendous pace over the macadamized road. As the missionary approached he rang his bell that the Hindu might get out of

the way. This completely paralyzed the poor fellow, and falling upon his knees he cried out: "Oh! good devil, good devil, tell me your name, tell me your name, good devil. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! I never did you any harm, good devil. Go away, go away! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" Then he began to scream and run, and just kept ahead of the wheel in what seemed to him its demoniacal course. Seeing that he could not gain on the "good devil," and hearing the terrible bell sounding in his ears and proclaiming his destruction, as it doubtless did to his excited imagination, he broke incontinently across the fields and ran with all his might to the nearest village, to tell how he had been chased by an evil spirit, who was sounding the very tomtom of Hades in his ears. No wonder that such a sight thus affected his untutored imagination.

The morning of the day on which we enjoyed this unique picnic in the Indian jungle had been spent in visiting missionary schools, dispensaries, hospitals, and evangelistic work. And the evening concluded, as I have said, with a meeting of educated Hindus.

This movement among the educated classes of India is most interesting and hopeful. Though few of the higher castes are as yet directly connected with the Christian church, the leaven of the Gospel is evidently working among them. For the most part they are very friendly to the missionaries, and open to their influence in social and educational matters, while in efforts for the temperance cause, the Brahmins, who by religion and heritage are strict teetotalers, work together with the missionaries for the uplifting of their fellow men.

In some places the missionaries have established lyceums and debating societies, and in connection with these, high caste people are brought, to some extent at least, under

the influence of the Gospel of Christ. As yet the great masses of Hindus are bound hand and foot by the fetters of their caste system, which is more inexorable than any other social system that ever existed, probably, in the history of the world. But it is interesting to notice that these shackles are giving way.

In one of the villages of Southern India, a Brahmin, who had become convinced of the degrading and benumbing influences of his people's prejudices, recently advertised publicly in the papers, that he would accept the invitation of any cleanly vegetarian of a lower caste who should invite him to dine with him. This was a challenge thrown in the very teeth of public opinion. Not long after it was accepted, and a low-class Hindu gave an invitation to the Brahmin to dine with him at his house in Madras. True to his word the Brahmin accepted the invitation, and on his next visit to Madras, where his profession as a lawyer frequently called him, he dined with this man of lower caste, not secretly, but in the most public way, giving notice in the papers that he would do so, and inviting other Brahmins to see that he dared to resist the crushing force of public opinion.

Of course, he was read out of their synagogues, his wife and all his family connections left him, as he knew they would; even his cook refused longer to prepare his food. For two weeks he was actually obliged to live on milk and plantains, which require no cooking.

But his courageous example is infectious, and two other brave Brahmins in his native city have given notice that they are willing to dine with him whenever he returns to his home, though they know it means to them loss of caste, social ostracism, and public disgrace in the eyes of all their old companions. It means that their wives will leave them,

their cooks will desert them, and they will be practically outcast wanderers on the face of the earth. Nevertheless, there are some of these men who are willing to endure this obloquy for the sake of freeing their nation from the galling chains which enslave her.

In one of these public meetings for educated Hindus of which I have spoken, I have heard a Brahmin denounce the caste system with all the fire and fervency and elevation of sentiment that a devout Christian missionary could use.

The same man, Nayna Sastri, a lawyer of Cuddapa, who risked his all in dining with a lower caste family, has since issued several Social Reform pamphlets, which are well worth perusal by Englishmen and Hindus alike, for the sake of the high moral sentiments which they inculcate.

All honor to such brave men wherever we find them. The martyr spirit is not yet dead in the world. There are some among the Brahmins who will not bow the knee to the Baal of caste. Thank God for the courageous and heroic spirits of India. May their number multiply.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAMOUS CITIES OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

A Fascinating Land — Gorgeous Heathenism — Tattoo Marks and Sacred Ashes — A Man of the Thief Caste — A Robber Village — Calling the Roll of Thieves — The Thief Middleman — The Women at the Well — The Greasy Fakir — Paying Him for Drifting to Leeward — Blood-curdling Announcements — A magnificent Temple — Twenty-five Millions of Dollars — Dusty Gods and Goddesses — The Holy of Holies — A Stone Bull in a Stone Bath Tub — The God's Bath — A Beautiful Palace — The Temple of Tanjore — Filthy Water as a Purifier of Sins — The Last Rajah and His Wives — A Wedding Procession — The Kicking Capacities of an Old Smooth-Bore — Vellore and its Temple — Suspense and Terror — A Brave Rescue — The Gallant Horses — Tippoo Sahib's Relatives — The Madras Hunt — The Punkah Wallah.

EVEN the most vigorous traveler would find it difficult to explore every interesting city of this marvelously fascinating land of India. I must be content to take my readers to a few of the places which have most interested me. Not always are they the "show places" of India, or those over which the traveler always goes into raptures; these places you will find described in scores of books of travel, and I may well leave them to those who are most impressed by their wonders and beauties, while I describe those which have most strongly appealed to me.

The city of Madura, to my mind, is one of the most inter-

esting cities in all India. Here we find the people in all the gorgeousness of their native costumes, splendidly bejeweled, and bedecked, and becrimsoned with the gay cloths which they wear in most picturesque fashion. Here, too, the degradation of heathen worship is seen as perhaps nowhere else in India.

In the North, Brahminism seems to be a more refined and occult religion than in the South. In the South the religious doctrines appeal to the senses, and the magnificent temples and innumerable gods which are everywhere worshiped, tell of centuries of idolatry and superstition.

As one walks along the street, he is struck not only by the costumes, but by the tattoo marks and by the signs on the foreheads of the people whom he meets, which tell of the god they worship and of the caste to which they belong. Each morning they smear their foreheads with sacred ashes in red or white or blue, and sometimes with a combination of all the colors. Many wear a single spot just above the bridge of the nose. Others bedeck themselves with three lines running from their eyebrows to their hair, while the foreheads of others are decorated transversely from temple to temple with the sacred ashes mingled with oil. One who has lived long in the country and has become expert in the signs on the forehead, can tell at a glance to what great caste each man belongs, though it is impossible to distinguish the minor castes, as they are almost numberless.

As I was sitting in a mission bungalow one day, a bright, intelligent Hindu entered the door, and spoke to the missionary in charge in regard to some church work which had been committed to him. As he went out, my friend said to me, "That man belongs to the thief caste." I was quite surprised at this piece of information, for the man appeared to me to be a very respectable citizen, and he was clad in

snow-white cloth and spotless turban. Instead of playing the thief on this occasion he made me a most respectful "salaam," as he came into the room, laying the flat of his hand against his forehead, and then very courteously stated his business, not attempting to deprive me or my friend of any of our possessions.

Before he departed he placed a little lime, the symbol of friendship and good will, in the palm of my hand and then respectfully retired. "That man belongs to the robber caste," said my friend. "What do you mean by that?" I asked. "Just what I say," he replied. "He is a Christian man now, and since his conversion he has had nothing of the thief in his nature, having put aside the 'works of darkness.' But it is none the less true that he belongs to the thief caste and lives in the village where all the inhabitants belong to the same caste. Some years since we established a mission for them in that village, a number have left their thieving practices, but the great majority of the inhabitants still continue in their former evil ways. The reputation of this village is so bad, that every night at midnight the police call the roll of every adult male citizen, and every man of them must answer to his name at the roll call, and show that he is in his own proper habitation at the hour of midnight. But they are wily fellows," continued my friend, "and as soon as the police inspection is over and they have answered to their names, they are off on their marauding expeditions once more."

"Nearly every native house in Madura pays tribute to this caste," he went on to say. "They go around at stated intervals, demanding a rupee or some small piece of money. If the tax is not paid by the household on whom the demand is made, soon it is found that a cow is missing, or a bullock is hamstrung, or that in some way their property has suf-

fered damage." "But why do they not apply to the police?" I asked. "Oh!" said my friend, "the police are oftentimes corrupt and in league with the robbers themselves, and it is more trouble and annoyance to seek the aid of the police, or to go to law about their loss, than it is to pay the small tribute demanded by the thieves. When anything is missing, the natives go to the middlemen who abound in these villages of the thief caste, and for one-third of the actual price of the missing article they buy it back. For instance, if a cow valued at thirty rupees is stolen, the owner knows that ten rupees ransom money paid to the middleman will secure the cow. To apply to the police and go through the tedious operations of law in getting back their property, would cost so much more, that the middleman's services are usually employed, demoralizing as the effect must be upon the people who are subject to such extortions."

One of the characteristic sights of Madura, as of all other cities of Southern India, is that of the women at the well with bright brass water jars, which they are filling at the public fountain, and which they then carry home on their heads or in a basket of braided rope.

How often this scene has reminded us of our Master's conversation with the woman of Samaria as he met her drawing water for her family needs, in just the same way so many hundreds of years ago.

Another common sight is that of the religious mendicants or fakirs, who adopt every conceivable method of attracting attention.

Here is one with long hair, whose greasy, dirty ringlets reach to his very toes. Another with filthy, matted hair thrusts himself upon you hoping that his very offensiveness will lead you to buy him off and pay him for getting well to the leeward.

A BAND OF NATIVE INDIAN JUGGLERS AND SNAKE CHARMERS. (*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

"If this snake should bite you," said one of these gentry, at the same time opening one of the baskets, "you will die in fifteen minutes. "If this one should bite you," opening another basket, "you will die in ten minutes." Opening still another basket, he remarked coolly, "If he should bite you, you will die in five minutes," and still another basket was opened with the blood-curdling announcement, "If this snake should bite you, you will die in one minute."

Here is another with a tomtom and a curious one-stringed fiddle, making what he calls music, but what any other person would call the essence of hideous noise. Here is a snake charmer with a basket of wriggling, writhing, red-tongued reptiles on his head. He will sometimes open this in close proximity to your very eyes, and you involuntarily start back amazed and disgusted at the contents of his basket.

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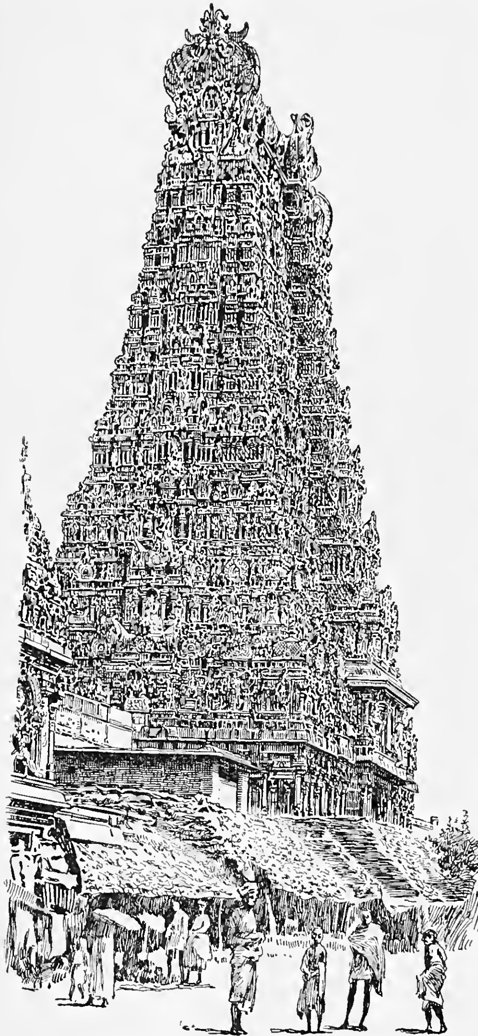
The temple of Madura is probably the most magnificent in Southern India, as it is certainly the largest which can be found in any part of this land of temples. It is impossible to describe the thousands and thousands of sculptured pillars, the beautiful tessellated pavements, the painted ceilings, and the rich ornamental stone-work which abounds everywhere. The mind is confused by the very richness and gorgeousness of the effect, while at the same time one is tempted to laugh at the grotesqueness and weep over the indecency of many of the figures.

The great towers or gopurams of this temple are covered with most elaborate figures in stone. This mighty monument of heathenism is said to have cost five millions of pounds sterling, or twenty-five millions of dollars. The outer

court of the temple is occupied by those who buy and sell and get gain, as the Jews of old plied their business in the temple courts of Jerusalem. But there is no occasion for a divine reformer with a scourge of small cords to drive out these traffickers, for the worship that goes on within the Holy of Holies is more degrading than the business of the outer corridors. It contains no spiritual element. Various gods and goddesses are seen in dusty little niches, dripping with oil and grease, and filthy with the dust of ages, while before them is sometimes prostrated a devout worshiper almost as filthy and as greasy as the gods themselves.

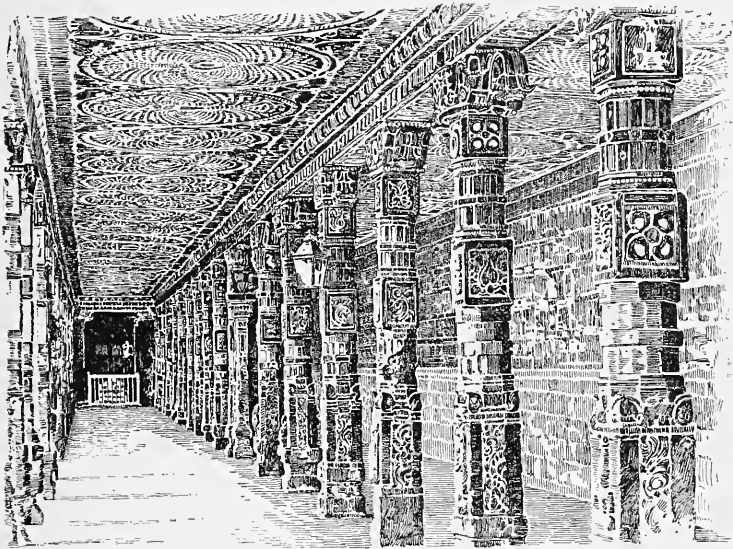


THE GREAT TEMPLE OF MADURA.

But for the most part I saw little respect paid to the temple or the gods of the temple by the people who were roaming through its aisles. If they re-

garded the place as sacred, they kept their opinions very much to themselves, for it seemed to have little more sanctity for those whose religion was here embodied, than it had for us of Western education who regarded it as representing gross superstitions and abominable idolatry.

In the very Holy of Holies, where the chief god has his habitation, no stranger is allowed to go, but as we wandered



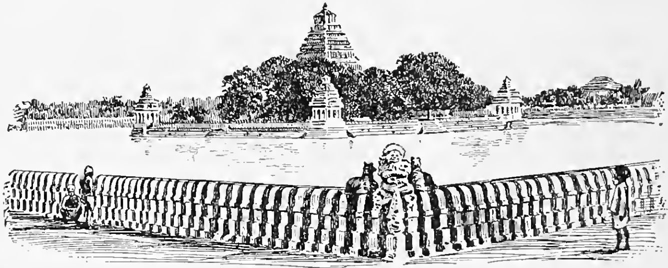
THE PAINTED CORRIDOR IN THE TEMPLE OF MADURA.

about the temple the High Priest, with a numerous retinue before and behind, passed on into this holy place.

In the center of the temple is a stone bull, which is the characteristic divinity of Southern India. This particular bull sits in a stone bath tub, which was built around him at the time of the last great famine in 1877, in the hope, I suppose, that if he sat in the water himself he would cause the rains to descend upon the parched fields over which he presided as the tutelary divinity. His tub has remained

there ever since, though when I saw it it was very dry and dusty.

In another part of Madura is a vast sacred tank, which holds a large amount of water. In the middle of this artificial lake is a beautiful little island containing a most elaborate and costly temple. To this temple, once a year, over the green and slimy waters of the tank, the chief god of the Madura temple is carried in great state on a raft. This great event causes a vast commotion among the people, who flock to see the god take his yearly airing, his ride on a raft to the temple and, if I mistake not, his bath in the



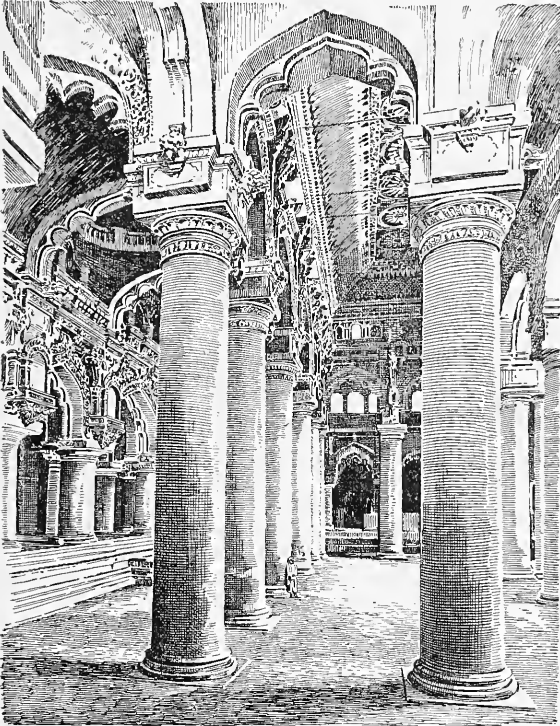
THE SACRED TANK OF MADURA.

sacred tank. Certainly all the gods that I saw in the Madura temple looked as if they were sadly in need of at least an annual bath.

The palace of Madura is another building remarkable for its architectural grandeur and imposing effect. It rivals, in my opinion, the Vatican of Rome. In fact, I have rarely seen in any land a building which so impressed me with its lofty arches and its noble Byzantine columns.

It is supposed that a Mahommedan architect must have designed this building for the immensely wealthy rajah who erected the temple and the palace. Now, however, even the memory of the architect, who, in his way, must have been a prince of the guild, has passed away. The

palace is no longer in the hands of the family that built it, but is occupied by the British government for its court rooms and offices, and for this purpose it affords a most admirable building. The old harem of the king is now one of the high courts of the Madura district, a far worthier use



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT PALACE OF MADURA.

to put the apartment to than that for which it was originally designed.

Another interesting city of Southern India is Tanjore. Here, too, the temple is the great attraction of the place, though not so vast and elaborate as the temple of Madura. It stands by itself and impresses the observer by its solitary magnificence more than the swarming towers and endless

pillars and corridors of the Madura temple. The central tower of this temple is 280 feet high, and covers the holy of holies in which is the chief idol. This central tower is, to my mind, the most magnificent piece of architecture which I have seen in Southern India. Next to the Taj Mahal, perhaps, it will take the palm from all other architectural wonders of the empire. So symmetrical is it, that its shadow at noon does not project beyond its base, and the tradition is, as our guide told us in his broken English, that "it never cast a shadow," but this perpetual miracle is not borne out by the facts of the case.

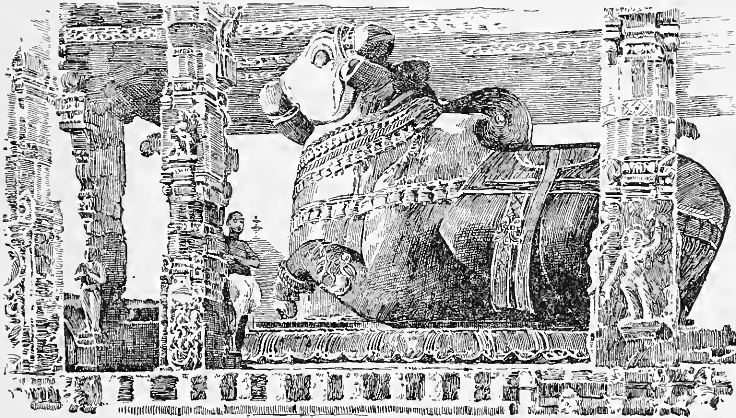
At the top of the tower is a huge dome, a solid granite block. How it could ever be placed in such a position is beyond my conception. Tradition says that an inclined plane five miles in length was built, up which the stone was rolled by forced labor. Everything about this gopuram from base to pinnacle is of granite, sculptured in the most elaborate way, with figures of men, animals, gods, and demons. One of these figures is sometimes called "John Bright." It represents a man of European type of countenance, with an unmistakable English hat on his head. The tradition for many years before the British occupancy was that men with such features and such "tiles" on their heads would sometime conquer and bear sway over India.

Some have supposed that this figure represents the famous traveler, Marco Polo. We found Marco Polo among the five hundred Buddhists' effigies in the great temple of Canton. Here we find his possible effigy in Southern India. These traditions show at least how this enterprising traveler affected the imagination of many nations.

Of course we saw here the famous Nandi, the sacred bull of Siva, in this temple as in others. This bull is the biggest and most remarkable of all his stony companions.

He is sixteen feet long and twelve feet high, and is sculptured from a single block of syenite. He is daily anointed with oil, and, as the dust accumulates upon his back, he is anything but a pleasant and wholesome object to look upon. The huge stone from which he is carved weighs hundreds of tons and must have been brought at least four hundred miles, for there is no stone of this description within this distance from Tanjore.

A sculptured water-spout in another part of the temple,



THE SACRED BULL OF SIVA.

brings the greasy water which is poured over the principal idol which has his habitation in the most hidden recesses of the temple visited only by the high priests, out to the light of day, and this water is eagerly caught and drank by hundreds of devout worshipers. Loathsome and impure as it looks, this water is supposed to purify them from all their sins. One would rather suppose that it would breed all sorts of noxious disease.

There are other interesting sights in Tanjore besides the temple. The palace of the former king of Tanjore is well worth visiting. Rather a dilapidated affair it is at present,

and even in its best estate it must have been somewhat tawdry in its decorations, but it is vast in its circumference and substantial in its architecture, and not unimposing. Here, to this day (though the last rajah died thirty-seven years ago), still live some of his many wives and concubines. The wives still have a monthly allowance of eight hundred rupees from the old estate, and the concubines a grant of two hundred rupees a month.

We saw the place where the women were confined, though we did not see the aged matrons themselves. One of them, formerly the chief wife, is now about sixty years of age, and the younger ones, who as mere children were betrothed to the rajah, may still have many years to live, though their husband has been dead for nearly two scores of summers. The father of the last rajah was a noted man in Tanjore; a man of great strength of character and ability, which was not inherited by his son. This old rajah was a friend of the celebrated English missionary, Schwartz, who is buried in an old church near by, and who, more than almost any other man of his time, furthered the establishment of the English government and of English civilization in the land to which he had devoted his life.

Our vivacious guide, anxious to please and to earn his salary of a rupee for his day's work, then took us to the big gun of Tanjore. It is a monster, indeed, but about as useless as any Quaker gun that was ever bored out of a big cottonwood. This cannon is more than twenty-four feet long, made with huge rings of iron welded together with brass. Its circumference is more than ten feet and its bore two feet two inches. In all its history it was never fired but once, and then so frightened were the gunners and so convinced were they of the kicking capacities of their old smooth-bore, that they laid a train of powder two miles long, which took

forty minutes to burn to the gun. That was the first and last time that the ancient cannon was used. Since then it has been worshiped as a god in times of peril. It now brings to the guides and its keeper some small revenue as an object which every traveler must see, and is probably quite as useful as ever it was in its peaceful and uneventful life.

Another interesting town of Southern India is Vellore. It is probably little visited by the average traveler, but as a city of missionary work it is of decided interest, and also for its historic associations, which are well worth recording. Here, also, is found a famous old temple, now entirely deserted save by owls and bats, its silence never broken by the footfall of a single worshiper. But most interesting to me was the old fort of Vellore, which was the scene, many years ago, of one of the mutinous uprisings of Southern India. The English officers and their wives who were stationed here were surprised and overpowered, and confined in the narrow room over the gateway of the fort. Here they waited their expected doom in fear and trembling. Their captors, however, before putting them to death could not restrain their desire to sack the fort and make way with the gastronomic dainties which they found therein. While they were rioting amid the unaccustomed luxuries of the officers' quarters, one of the beleaguered prisoners was let down over the wall, and, making his way stealthily from the fortress, ran with all his might to the nearest garrison, which was stationed at Ranipet, some fourteen miles away. It was a long, hard road, but the man was running for his life and for the lives of all his companions, and, breathless and excited, he at last reached the garrison at Ranipet. In a few seconds the troops were all in their saddles, galloping as fast as their steeds could carry them to the rescue of their companions. Vellore was fourteen miles away; the road was by no means

an easy one; the bed of a sandy river a mile and a half in width must be crossed; the sand was ankle deep, and was very difficult for the horses. But the good steeds and their riders pressed on, for they knew that a minute of delay might mean death to all their friends at Vellore. The beleaguered prisoners in the room over the gateway counted the slow minutes as they dragged on. They knew that soon the rioters would be satiated with their plunder, and would return to massacre them in their cell-like prison. They could not count upon many minutes of respite. They heard their keepers discussing how they should be put to death. They knew they were about to fall upon them and cut them to pieces without mercy, when, in the far distance, they thought they heard the hoofs of advancing horses. Nearer and nearer came the rescuing troops. The sound of tramping feet was never more grateful to strained and wearied ears. At last the horsemen were seen galloping along the road which led to the castle gate. They pressed into the courtyard and cut to pieces the mutineers who were about to crimson their blades with the blood of their officers. Scarcely a man among the mutineers was left to tell the tale, but the officers and their wives in the room over the gateway were saved; and, as they looked at their watches to see how long the rescuing troops had been in coming to their relief, it was found that it was just fifty minutes from the time that they vaulted into the saddle at Ranipet to the moment that they were at the gates of the castle of Vellore. They had ridden fourteen miles, a wide river bed had been crossed, their companions rescued, and their enemies put to flight all within an hour. No wonder that a full share of praise was bestowed upon the gallant horses, panting and reeking with their hard gallop across the hot plains under the broiling sun of India.

As I look upon this fortress, which now is quite deserted

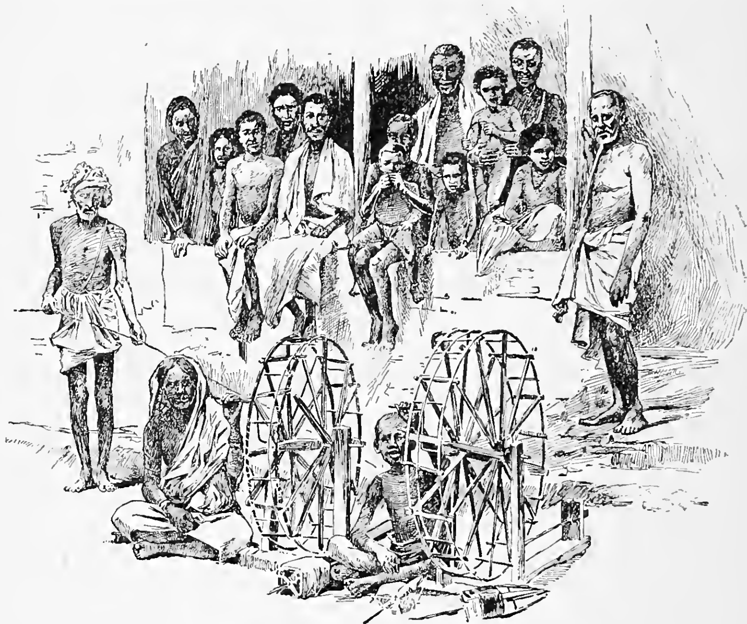
of all its troops, and saw the wide moat around it, which formerly was filled with hungry alligators who snapped up any besieger who attempted thus to get within the castle gateway, the whole scene seemed to pass before me, and I could almost see the strained and eager faces of the beleaguered families looking through the barred gateway. I could almost hear the wild tramp of the rescuing troops.

To this day, the relatives of Tippoo Sahib, the famous mutineer, though he was not implicated in the outrage I have described, are confined in the jail within the confines of this old castle.

Another most interesting town of this region is the famous old capital of Arcot. Now it is a decadent city and the fort itself, so bravely captured and held by Clive, is quite deserted and is crumbling to ruins. The massive masonry of the old fort, which looks as though it was built for all the centuries, is gnawed in many places by the remorseless tooth of time. But it still shows in its massive ruggedness what it must have been in the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was taken by the brave young clerk from Madras, who afterwards became Lord Clive, the man who established British supremacy throughout India.

Clive seems to have had the faculty possessed by Napoleon and Alexander, of inspiring unbounded confidence in those under his command. Even the native troops acknowledged this mighty supremacy, and were ready to lay down their lives to obey his slightest behest. When besieged and sorely pressed by the French, and when famine stared them in the face, the natives came to him, inspired with his own valor, and said, "Do not surrender; we will live on the very water in which the rice is cooked, while the English soldiers eat the rice, if you will but hold the fort against our common enemy."

Such valor and leadership would prevail anywhere. No wonder that by such men as Clive and Warren Hastings, and the great men who have succeeded them, the English government is established so strongly throughout this mighty empire. The paramount importance of individual leadership was never more distinctly shown than in the history of the British occupancy of India. That one great leader is worth



WEAVERS IN THE STREETS OF MADRAS.

a hundred thousand men, is a lesson that may be read upon every page of India's history.

The place from which most travelers in Southern India embark for the North is the city of Madras; a great metropolis with nearly a million of inhabitants, situated on the wind-swept and wave-beaten Coromandel coast. Until recently there has not been even a breakwater to partially defend the surf-washed shore. With the greatest difficulty

at times vessels are loaded and unloaded even with the breakwater, which now defends the artificial harbor to some extent. The surf beats upon the shore most violently when the wind is in certain quarters. The travelers who are about to embark are still borne upon the brawny shoulders of coolies, and deposited in deep native boats, which are composed of planks bound together with thongs and caulked with cocoanut fibre, in which no nails or rivets are used,

CHILD ON A LEAF OF THE VICTORIA REGIA.

since they would soon be wrenched out of their places by the buffetings of the heavy surf.

Some beautiful government buildings there are in Madras; the law courts being especially fine. This building, designed after the architecture of a Mahommedan mosque, is crowded with minarets and domes projecting from every angle. But this splendid structure, and a few others like it, only emphasizes and makes more marked the squalor of the native section. However, the climate is not severe. Little shelter and less energy are required in order to live; the wants of the people are few, and perhaps they

are as happy as their more favored companions in other cities and climes.

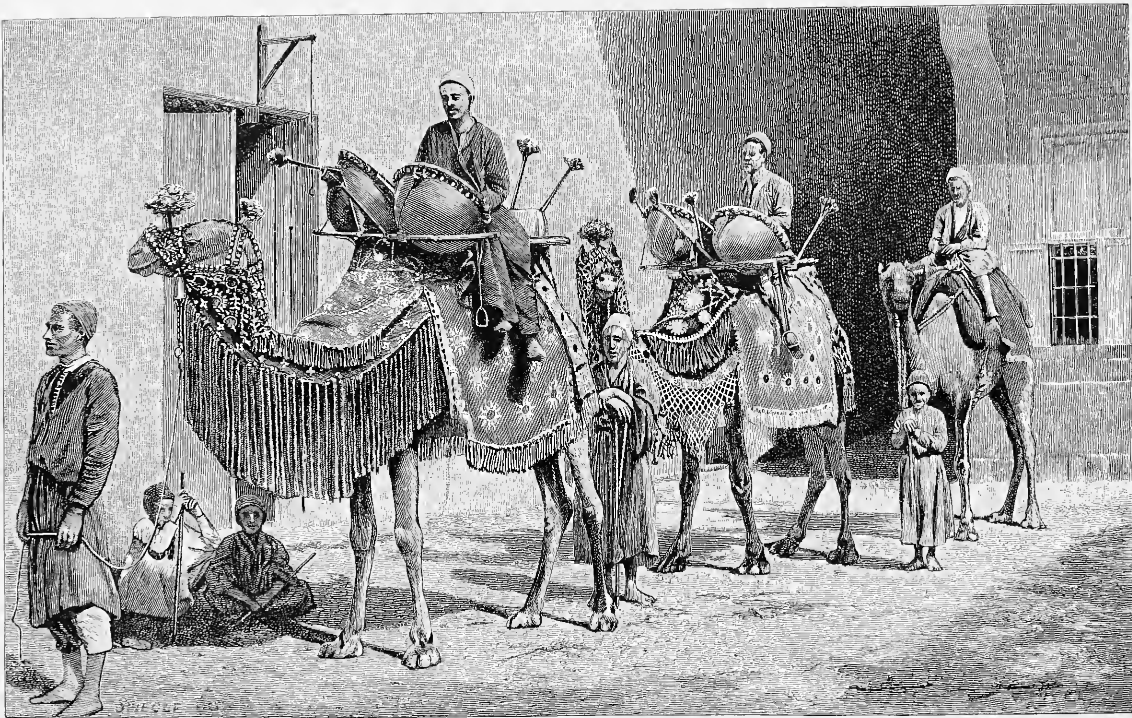
Here in the tanks and reservoirs are found not only the sacred lotus flowers with their broad leaves, but the Victoria Regia, many of which are quite strong and large enough to hold a child three to four years of age. A little brown-faced baby, when weighed, tipped the scales at just twenty-eight and a half pounds, and the leaf upon which he sat hardly shipped a cupful of water under his weight.

THE POPULAR MADRAS HUNT.

In the streets of Madras as in all these Eastern cities may be seen every possible occupation going on before the face and eyes of the world. Here are the weavers and the carpenters and the shoemakers and the barbers, and everywhere the inevitable throng of loafers.

It is not at all uncommon to see a row of old men and women, and younger ones, too, for that matter, sitting in the glaring sunlight engaged in "the Madras hunt," where the unhappy hunting grounds are each other's heads.

One day a wedding procession passed by. Three silent-



A WEDDING PROCESSION IN INDIA. (*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

Three silent treading, knock-kneed, ragged camels led the way, covered with bright cloths and much tinsel. There seemed to be little life or merriment about the procession, and I presume the poor young girl who was going to the home of her aged husband, whom, perhaps, she has never seen, felt as melancholy as the solemn procession seemed to indicate.

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The extreme poverty of the people is perhaps nowhere more indicated than by the women whose business it is to pick up every particle of manure from the streets, and to make it into flat cakes ("Bratty" as it is called), which they dry upon the sides of the walls of the houses. Then it is picked off and sold for fuel. Hundreds of these women with high-piled baskets of this fuel are met with everywhere as one goes about the streets.

"BRATTY" MAKING.

The "punkah-wallah," too, or the man who pulls the huge fans with which every office, dining-room, parlor, and church is provided, is a well-known character in Madras, as in all Southern India. I must say I have seen days in New York and Boston when a punkah was as necessary as it even is in hot Madras. This occupation often descends from father to son, for many generations, and the true punkah-

wallah by instinct and training becomes so expert that, tying the string to his toe, he will go to sleep and still keep jerking away at the cord to fan the hot brows of the Europeans within, who may be dining, or reading, or writing, or sleeping, as the case may be.

In the streets of Madras I have frequently seen the women and dogs lying together in the glaring bright sunlight, one apparently as happy and as unconscious of degradation as the other.

On the other hand, many among these people are well educated, and bright and intellectual. The magnificent law courts are crowded with native lawyers, who are as fine a body of men in their gowns and wigs as can be met with in any hall of justice in the world.

Nowhere does one meet with greater extremes of social life. Nowhere is there greater need or greater scope for the life-giving religion of Christ than in this swarming city of India. Here, in Madras, I am glad to say there is much missionary activity. In some parts of the Presidency the Telugu people are flocking to the standard of the Cross by tens of thousands, and it seems to be only a question of time when the walls of caste prejudice shall be broken down and when the empire of India shall take its place among the great Christian empires of the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PEN PICTURES FROM NORTHERN INDIA.

The Mouth of the Hoogly — A Precaution — From the Parisian to the Pariah — The Great Banyan of the Geographies — Ten Thousand Troops under its Shade — The Burning Ghat — A Sidewalk Barber's Shop — A Ghastly Group — Innumerable Beggars — Religious Parasites — The Old Fakir's Offering — The Bathers in the Ganges — A Devoted Son — Dying at her Leisure — A Burning Ghat — Decorations after the Bath — Burning the Dead — Hindu Theology — Towers of Silence — Dreary Biers and Hungry Vultures — A Cannibal Feast — The Jews of India — Why They Give their Bodies to the Vultures — The Bondage of Caste — Paying Dear for his Dinners — A Venerable Bridegroom — Match Makers in India — The Stars Favorable and Marriages Frequent — A Wedding Procession — A Pathetic Mite of a Bride — A Matter-of-fact Wooer.

FROM Madras to Calcutta the voyage is comparatively uninteresting until one draws near to the great political Capital of India. As we near the mouth of the Hoogly river, one of the great Deltas of the Ganges, which pours its muddy waters into the Bay of Bengal, for many miles the eye can follow the distinct line of demarkation between the fresh water of the sacred river and the salt water of the bay.

After a little the low line of palm trees on one side shows that we have entered the vast and capacious mouth of the Hoogly, which of all rivers is most difficult of navigation on account of its shifting sands and its treacherous shoals.

While the passengers were at "tiffin" the stewards closed all the ports of the vessel, and when we asked the reason for this summary shutting off of our supply of fresh air, the captain informed us that we would have a better chance of escape if the vessel should strike a sandbank and keel over, as more than one vessel had been known to do.

A distressing disaster of this kind occurred not many months since when all the passengers were below, either in their cabins or the public saloon, and many of them were drowned like rats in their holes.

However, a good Providence favored us, no accident or delay occurred, and, on the morning of the 3d day after leaving Madras, the "*Chusan*" steamed up to her dock in the busy port of Calcutta.

This city is one of the most interesting in all the East, interesting not solely or chiefly on account of its splendid government buildings or fine warehouses or expensive docks, but more especially to the traveler because of its conglomerate population of every shade and color, every nationality and costume on the face of the earth, from the Parisian-clad European to the Pariah in all his squalid nakedness.

In some particulars the zoölogical gardens in Calcutta are quite beyond any of their European rivals; the collection of parrots, for instance, is surprisingly large, their plumage most gaudy; and the pigeons, some of them as large as Guinea hens, with tufted crests and fan-like topknots, were the most unique I have ever seen.

The botanical gardens are even larger and finer than the zoölogical. The most interesting feature here is the great banyan, which is said to be the model from which the banyan of the old geographies was drawn. It is stated that 10,000 troops can be mustered under the shade of this tree. How many hundreds of thousands of school boys and school

girls have in imagination gathered beneath its umbrageous shade it would be impossible to reckon.

But here it stands just as it looked in the geography of our school days, with its drooping pendants, which, after a time, take root and develop into huge trunks, only to send out other pendants, which, in turn, develop into other trunks, and so on, *ad infinitum*. There seems to be no limit to the growth of a well-developed and carefully cultured banyan tree. Theoretically, at least, it might cover a province or a nation, or grow indefinitely until it reached a climate or a soil in which it could no longer flourish.

The "burning ghat" is another famous place in the environs of Calcutta. This is a huge, one-storied, shed-like building, in which the bodies of deceased Hindus are burned. As this particular "ghat" is situated on the banks of the sacred Ganges it is a very famous one, and the fires within are perpetually kept burning.

Let us take a drive there this bright February morning. Our little party will just fill a gharri, one of the characteristic vehicles of this Eastern land. We will put up the blinds on every side so that we can look out in every direction, and miss none of the sights and bits of scenery which are sure to greet our eyes.

The sun has just risen, for the early morning is the best time to visit the ghat. The poorer part of the native population is shaking itself awake after the slumbers of the night. It does not take the poor people of Calcutta long to make their toilets. Their mats are spread in little recesses from the sidewalks which they call their homes, and all that is necessary for them to do in the morning, is to straighten up from their recumbent position, roll up their mats, wash their faces at the nearest fountain or public faucet, or, in default of one of these, at the nearest pool of stagnant water

or mud puddle. They seemed to take great pains with their teeth, and we see scores of them this early morning brushing and washing their mouths most assiduously; the bright, brass water jars near by holding the little water that is necessary for this internal ablution.

Even at this early morning hour, Calcutta's swarming myriads are beginning their daily toil. Shop doors are opening, early birds are looking for the unwary worms, and the bustle and hum of life begins. Here, for instance, quite

A CALCUTTA BARBER SHOP.

on the sidewalk, a Hindu barber, in white cloth and turban, is sitting on his haunches, assiduously scraping off the hirsute growth of another Hindu who, during the operation, gazes on his own homely face in a glass which he himself holds. Could a more uncomfortable barber's chair be imagined?

As we draw near to the sacred Ganges, the crowd of pilgrims that is also wending its way thither grows larger, more cosmopolitan and more interesting. Here are Hindus from every part of India and of every conceivable caste. Here are fakirs whose holiness and sanctity are measured by

the length of their hair, and apparently, by the thickness of the coat of dirt upon their vile bodies; and here also are many common people representing all classes and conditions of Hindus. In one place beside the road is a curious group gathered around a pile of sacred ashes. They look peculiarly ghastly in the bright sunlight of the early morning, for they have anointed themselves with oil from top to toe, and have then besmeared themselves with the ashes. A singularly gray and grizzly look is given to them by this operation. Still others have gone down to the waters of the sacred stream which flows near by, and have covered themselves over, from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet, with the slime and mud from the river's banks. By the side of the road are numberless beggars with little piles of rice before them. This has been given them by the devotees who have just bathed in the Ganges, for it is considered a peculiarly meritorious act to give something in charity after the morning bath in the holy waters. Of course beggars take advantage of such generosity, and swarm in almost innumerable throngs to this spot, which may be considered the very paradise of tramps and mendicants.

A HINDU FAKIR.

It also goes without saying that the superstition of the people is taken full advantage of by the religious parasites who live on the fears of the ignorant.

Here is an old fakir with long, ropy hair and a thick crust of dirt on legs and arms, and hairy breast, who has a little shrine in which are three brass gods. We try to buy one of the gods to take home to our friends as a sample of what is actually worshiped on the banks of the Ganges, but the wily old fellow tells us that these gods have been consecrated and that they are not for sale, but that if we will go to the bazaar we can get images just like them for a few annas apiece. He further intimates that if we wish to make an offering to the gods, he will not object.

A LONG HAIRED FAKIR.

"But what would you do with a rupee, if we should give it to you?" we asked. "Why, I would make an offering of it to the Ganges," he replied. "But you do not mean that you would throw good silver into that muddy river? "No," he replied, "I would buy rice with it and eat the rice, but I would throw some grains of it in the river and thus dedicate your rupee." Perhaps the man's honesty demanded a reward, but it was very evident, even if he had not told us so, that the offering to the Ganges would be made in a metaphorical and Pickwickian sense.

Beside this old fakir was a poor fellow who was born without arms; next to him, a man with his legs cut off above the knees; a woman came next with a puny, shivering, sickly baby in her arms; all appealing to the generosity and compassion of the devotees, who, as they passed by, were very

likely to throw them a quarter of an anna piece or at least a handful of rice.

As we look toward the river, we see it thronged with bathers, men and women alike, in scant bathing clothes, dipping and splashing and sousing the sacred water over their bodies with great abandon. After a few moments in the water they come up to the bank to dry themselves in the sun, and put on dry clothes, a very easy process of dressing, where the only garment consists of a single strip of cloth, while some of the poorer ones walk off to their homes, dripping and shivering with their wet wrappings clinging to their limbs.

One old woman whom we saw thus journeying homeward, her dripping cloth marking every footstep, shivered in the cold morning air as though stricken with palsy. Poor old devotee! I fear that she will not stand many such baths even in the sacred Ganges, for, as she trudges off to her home in her dripping garments, her consumptive cough and emaciated body tell us that she is near her end. Perhaps the next time she comes she will be brought by her children to breathe her last gasp on the holy bank, for it is thought to be a very meritorious thing to die on these sacred shores.

Just before the breath is thought to be about to leave the body, dying Hindus are often brought hither. Sometimes, however, there is miscalculation, and the person is not so near his end as is supposed. In such circumstances it is said, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that the mouth of the dying person is filled with sacred mud, and the end is thus hastened; for it is not within the bounds of custom (and custom here is as the laws of the Medes and Persians) for a person who has once been brought to the banks of the Ganges to be taken home again, however long he may obstinately persist in living.

One devoted son of whom I have heard, has built a little house for his mother, whom some years ago he brought to the river's bank on the supposition that she was about to give up the ghost. She did not die, however, as was expected, but persisted in getting better; so there was nothing for this filial son to do, as she could not be taken back to her house again, but to build a little house for her on the banks of the river, where she might wait her end and die at her leisure.

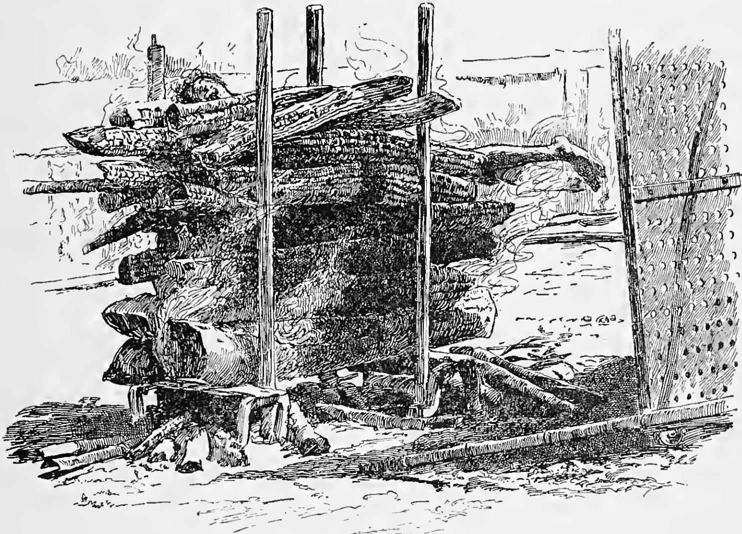
At one place which we pass, a wealthy Hindu, as an act of religious merit, has built a "bathing ghat." As we look into this ghat or bath house, which is open to all sight-seers, as well as to the four winds of heaven, being simply a covered shed with a tessellated stone pavement, we see the pilgrims who have just bathed in the river receiving their morning shampoo.

Men who understand the business are rubbing and kneading the bathers most assiduously, after which they are anointed with oil, their eyebrows and finger nails are stained with the proper pigment, and sacred ashes in red and white and yellow are mixed with oil and rubbed upon their foreheads in a most artistic way, in lines and circles and little spots, which often have the effect of a coarse kind of tattoo.

But all this time we have been drawing near the "house of burning," though our progress has been slow on account of the number of interesting sights on every hand which claim our attention.

Here is the famous ghat at last. After being conducted through one or two small ante-rooms we come to a large, shed-like building which opens upon the Ganges on one side, while the side next to the public road is entirely closed to view. There is no roof to intercept the passage of the

smoke from the burning bodies to the stars. In the soil around which the walls of the enclosure are built are eighteen hollow places about six feet long and two feet wide. Here the bodies are laid; wood and straw is piled around, over and under them; the nearest relative lights the fire; the poor, human clay, deserted of its spiritual tenant, is wrapt in flames, and in about two hours nothing is left but



THE BURNING GHAT.

a little pile of ashes, which is carefully swept up and thrown into the sacred waters which flow near by.

Poor people who cannot afford to burn their relatives light a little wisp of straw, blacken their faces with it, and throw the bodies unceremoniously into the Ganges. Formerly it was said that travelers up the river met many of these deserted human tenements floating down the stream. Now, I think, the practice is forbidden by law, and the sight of floating bodies is uncommon, but by no means unknown.

On the day of our visit to the burning ghat there was but one body undergoing cremation, and that the body of a little child. The morning before, however, the attendant told us that no less than eleven of the eighteen ghastly fireplaces were filled with burning bodies at one time, and an average of twenty each day are brought to this particular ghat for cremation.

Hindu theology says that after the body has been burned, the parts all are joined once more and must march through a river of mire and blood, but if the friends of the dead man will give the Brahmin a cow, his journey will be much easier; this is certainly a very convenient doctrine for the Brahmin priest to promulgate.

After the dead man gets beyond this unpleasant spot he must walk over ground like fiery hot copper, and if a pair of shoes is donated to the priest it would be more pleasant for the departed spirit. Next the spirit comes to a road full of spikes, and if the friends will only give the Brahmin a bedspread, the spirit need not lie upon the spikes. By this time the priest is pretty well fitted out, and the departed spirit is allowed to get along as best it can. Thus do these mercenary religionists prey upon the fears and superstitions of their ignorant followers. What a contrast this to the unselfish invitation, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

If, now, in imagination, we pass over the 1,500 miles of mountain and valley and spreading plain that stretch between Calcutta and the commercial capital of India, Bombay, we shall find still another very peculiar process of disposing of the dead, for in Bombay are 80,000 Parsees, who neither bury nor burn, but expose their dead on towers built on hill tops, called "Towers of Silence." The Towers of Silence in Bombay number five, and are situated in the midst of a beautiful garden. It is a most impressive and

solemn place, and, though exceedingly revolting in some of its particulars to the Western mind, is nevertheless a place of intense interest.

After death the body of the Parsee is taken to the lowest floor of the house in which the dead person was born. There the priests pray for the soul that has left the body, and a dog is brought in to look at the corpse. Afterwards it is wrapped in a sheet, laid on an iron bier, and carried to one of the Towers of Silence. The friends follow on foot, as no carriages are allowed at a Parsee funeral. The mourners

A TOWER OF SILENCE.

are all dressed in white and walk in pairs, each pair holding a white handkerchief between them.

The largest tower of silence in Bombay is a round building, in which are 72 spaces for the bodies of men next to the wall, just below the spaces for the men are 72 more small places for the bodies of women, and, below them, 72 still smaller grooves for the bodies of children. Between the spaces for the men, women, and children, are little footpaths. On these dreary biers are laid the dead bodies of the departed, and, before the attendant Parsees have left the silent tower, the hungry vultures, which are always sitting

like horrid Harpies on the edge of the tower, swoop down and tear the flesh from the bones and fly back to their filthy perches. Thus they dispute for the last morsel of the dead body until only the bleaching bones remain. After the skeleton of the dead man has been left for some three or four weeks on the tower, the bones are thrown into a well in the middle of the tower, where they decompose after a while into lime, and are washed out by the descending rains, and are thus finally disposed of. There is something peculiarly disgusting to many minds about such a disposal of the dead, but, from a sanitary point of view, the physicians say that it is not by any means the worst of methods.

On the day of our visit fully one hundred of the thousand vultures which are said to haunt the towers of silence were sitting in a dreadfully suggestive way on the edge of their stone parapets, waiting for the horrible feast which would be spread for them before the day was over.

There are many things of living, healthful interest in this great city of Bombay. The streets are wide in some portions of the city, and lined with really magnificent buildings. As one drives along the street he sees not only Hindus of every caste and condition of life, but Parsees with their curious glazed caps, Jains with their two-cornered turbans, and Arabians in voluminous garments with coils of camel's hair around their heads.

Brilliant colors, too, abound everywhere,—red, and green, and blue; while the higher class women in their graceful, transparent, silken robes, interwoven with delicate figures in subdued colors, add a very picturesque element to the crowded streets.

The Mohammedans are of course very numerous. It is said that there are more Mohammedans in Bombay than in any other city in the world.

Of all this polyglot population, the Parsees are the most interesting. Many of them are well-to-do and some of them are very wealthy. Their cast of countenance is decidedly Jewish, and their long aquiline noses and shrewd business features would not look out of place in the Jewish quarters of Amsterdam or Frankfort. Their great teacher was Zoroaster, who lived 1,200 years before Christ, and their religion has few of the revolting, idolatrous elements which characterize the mass of heathen religions.

They are sometimes called fire-worshipers, which is not, however, a correct designation. In worshiping God they say one ought to look at some of the wonderful things that He has made, such as the sun, the moon, the water, or fire, not that these elements are gods but in them they see God revealed.

This idea lies at the root of their burial practices. They cannot put the bodies in the ground according to their notions, or else the earth would be defiled. They cannot burn them, for fire is a sacred element. They cannot throw them into the river, for the water would be desecrated, but the vultures, being unclean birds, can dispose of the dead bodies without defiling land or water, fire or earth.

If one walks in the beautiful Victoria Gardens towards sundown, he will see the greatest variety of Eastern peoples to be found on any spot on the face of the earth. According to the latest census, in Bombay alone, sixty-one different languages are spoken, and the castes are almost innumerable. The distinctions of caste are giving way to some extent in Bombay as in other parts of India, but very, very slowly, and among the great masses of population it is still considered a most disgraceful and outrageous thing to lose one's caste.

A mother will turn her child out of doors if he eats a

particle of food that is prepared by a woman of lower caste. A woman will desert her husband whom she suspects, not of marital unfaithfulness, but of having dined with some one of lower rank than himself. Even the cooks in the kitchen will shake the dust from off their feet and indignantly leave the service of him who has in any way broken his caste and defiled himself by forgetting the strict ceremonial observance which the bondage of the ages has imposed.

Here is a paragraph which I have just clipped from an Allahabad paper. "In order to be allowed the privileges of the caste to which he belongs, a young Bengalee barrister, who had just returned from England, performed the other day an exceedingly unpleasant *Prayaschitta* ceremony, in the presence of pundits and many Hindu gentlemen. It is a distinctive feature of the Hindus of the present day that they are not reluctant to re-admit into their fold those whom they regard as social sinners of the blackest dye. But how that barrister's English friends would have stared, if, while he was eating his dinners in London, he had told them what he would have to eat on his return home."

What this ceremony of regaining caste is, is not to be explained here. It would not be possible to enter into details for they are not for ears polite, and we will only say that this young barrister had to eat the vilest compound which can be possibly imagined, to pay for the gay dinners of which he had partaken in the land across the sea.

Here is another paragraph from one of these progressive papers, which shows the impatience of modern Hindu life with the ceremonial shackles of the past: "He is aged 82 and he is to marry a girl of the same sect, aged 10. They are both Madhwas, and the holy rite of matrimony will be performed at Madras; yet people say we live in a progressive age!"

Though the bridegroom is not often so old as the venerable party here alluded to, the bride is often quite as young, and frequently much younger than the ten-year-old girl who was sold into matrimonial slavery at Madras. The usual age for a man to marry is sixteen or seventeen, the frequent age for a girl, eight or nine. Not uncommonly she is

A HINDU BRIDE.

married when three or four years of age, though she does not go to live at once in her husband's house.

The business of the match-makers in India is not a secret and clandestine affair as in America, nor are match-makers looked upon as meddlers with other people's business, but it is an open, honorable, and avowed occupation.

These match-makers spend their time in going about arranging for marriages. When they have found a boy and a girl that they think will make a good couple, they go to

the parents and talk the matter over, praising up the little girl to the parents of the boy, and lauding the beauty and the wealth and the good disposition of the boy to the girl's parents. Of course their descriptions are taken with a grain of salt, and the matchmakers' glowing accounts are not altogether trusted, but they are usually the intermediaries through whom the youthful pair are brought together.

When we were in Bombay, the stars were favorable, and the priests proclaimed that for many months to come there would not be such desirable heavenly auspices for connubial bliss. On this account weddings were very frequent, and we could scarcely go along any of the crowded streets where Hindus most do congregate without seeing one or more wedding processions.

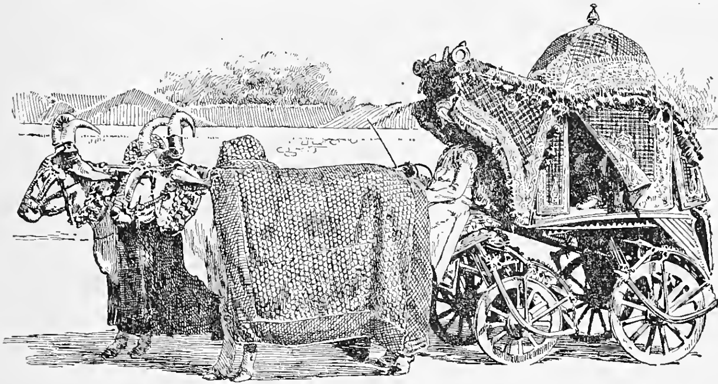
They were most gorgeous affairs. First would come a brass band blaring with its trumpets and beating its cymbals and drums. Then would come the family friends of the bride and bridegroom arrayed in all their finery of bright-colored silks; their arms, wrists, noses, and ears bedecked with chains and bracelets, jewels, and rings, large and small, of most elaborate designs. Then frequently we would see the bridegroom trying to look grave and dignified with all the burden of his sixteen years resting heavily upon his shoulders. Often he would be decked and garlanded with flowers and chains and jewels so that his face was scarcely visible. Sometimes a companion would walk by his side solemnly fanning him.

The bridegroom is usually perched upon a high horse, and if the later stages of the wedding have been reached the little bride is often seen behind her husband. Frequently she is a tiny, pathetic little mite indeed. She ought to be in the nursery playing with her dolls, or in the kindergarten learning her A B C's, but instead of this the responsibilities

of womanhood have been thrust on her in her infancy, and she is borne off to her husband's house to live the stupid, uneventful life of the zenana.

The wedding ceremonies last many days, and are accompanied by great expense to the father and mother of the bride at whose house they take place. Oftentimes the poor man will spend his last rupee, mortgage his property, and go in debt for years to come for the sake of giving his daughter a proper wedding feast.

Though he lives in rags, dirt, and poverty, the little girl



A ZENANA CARRIAGE OF BOMBAY.

must for once be decked in silks and jewels before she is carried off to her husband's home. The missionary is frequently called upon to act as matchmaker between the Christian boys and girls. One of my friends was recently asked by a promising young man to speak to a girl of whom he had heard good reports as likely to make a suitable wife. He had never seen her but once in his life, and then at a distance.

The missionary undertook the delicate matter, but the girl refused the offer point-blank. The ardent swain, however, was by no means discouraged, for when my friend told

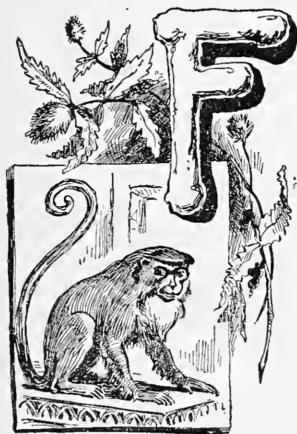
him of his fortune, he remarked that he was glad to know of the matter without any unnecessary delay, since he already had another damsel in mind for the position, to whom he hoped the missionary would make his next application. No doubt final success smiled upon this persistent though somewhat nonchalant lover.

These matchmakers' marriages do not always turn out as unhappily as might be supposed, by any means. The young couple, thus brought together, make the best of their circumstances and of each other. The husband is usually affectionate, and the wife, from the very force of circumstances, faithful. If love's passionate young dream is not experienced, neither is the frequent disillusionment and reaction of married life in more northern climes, and it is pleasant to believe as we leave this subject that behind the walls of many of the poor mud huts of India, as everywhere else in this old world, is much conjugal felicity, parental affection, and filial devotion.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GREAT MUTINY.

Across Northern India by Rail — In an Indian Sleeping Car — Scenes from our Car Window — Storks and Penguins, Monkeys and Jackals — "It is a Beautiful Morning; Come, Let Us Kill Something" — Defiling a Peddler's Sweetmeats — A Work of Patience and Diplomacy — An Every Day Conversation in India — The Mecca of the Brahmins — The Monkey Temple — Cawnpore of Bloody Memory — An Awful Page of History — The Angel of Remembrance — Memories of Lucknow — The Gallant Lawrence — Havelock's Troops to the Rescue — The Hero's Grave — The Cannon Ball that Robbed the Mother of Her Babe — The City of the Taj Mahal — The Mogul's Promise and How He Kept It — "In Memory of an Immortal Love" — The Hand of the Vandal — "Jane Higginbottom" in the Taj — How the Old King Played Parchesi.



FROM Calcutta to Bombay, as the crow flies, is not much more than a thousand miles, but by the way that most travelers journey it is fully twice that distance, since a considerable detour must be made to take in the historic cities of Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Agra.

It is a journey well worth taking, I assure you, dear reader, for it leaves upon the memory of every traveler indelible photographs of marvelous temples and incomparable mausoleums; of fortresses and battle grounds, made sacred by the blood of heroic men and women; besides many more peaceful pictures of smiling

fields and thronging villages, and gaily dressed crowds of people that are constantly moving in a kaleidoscopic way across our picture.

The railway train in which we set forth, like all Indian railway trains, is divided into first, second, and third-class compartments, with an intermediate class corresponding to the third-class, for European travelers only. The fares are exceedingly cheap except in the first-class compartments, and even there they are not extravagant according to our Western notions. Tickets in the third-class carriages cost less than one-half cent a mile, in the second-class about one cent a mile, and in the first-class about two cents for the same distance. As a result of these fares, the third-class carriages are always crowded with native travelers; the second-class are sparingly used by Europeans, and the first-class compartments are run at a dead loss to the railway company. You need not expect any remarkably luxurious accommodation even in the first-class cars, as we warned you when writing of railway travel in Southern India. No deft porters make up our sleeping berths for us; no luxurious arm chairs invite rest and repose; no nickel-plated lavatories and toilet rooms fitted up with all kinds of Yankee contrivances need we expect. If we take our own servant, as many travelers in India do, he will spread our blankets and quilts, which we must carry with us, upon the seats when night comes, and arrange our pillows as comfortably as may be. He will then seek his own place in a third-class carriage while we betake ourselves to the Land of Nod as quickly as possible, for the dull and smoky lamps afford no inducement to sit up to read after the evening lamps of the sky have been set aglow.

While daylight lasts, however, there is plenty to attract us in the varied scenery through which we are continually

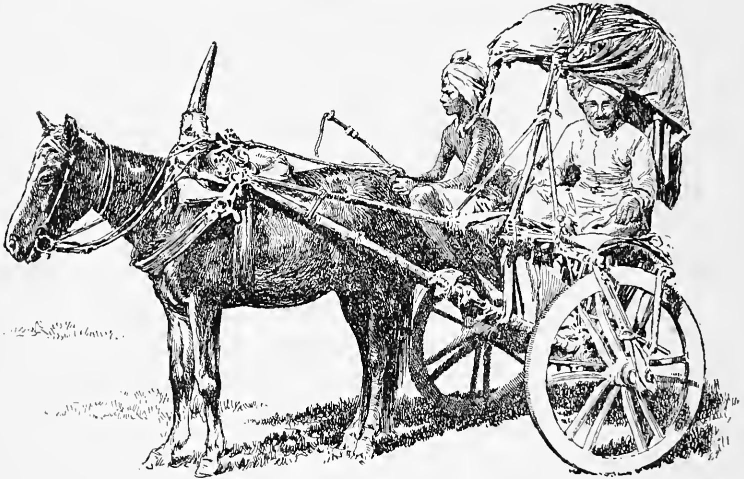
passing. Village succeeds village, a curious throng at one station is succeeded by a more curious throng, as it seems to us, at the next station, and all is life and bustle wherever the train stops.

Looking from the car window one sees more wild birds and beasts in an hour when passing over the plains of Northern India than he would see in twenty-four hours in America. The Hindu regard for life has caused birds and beasts to multiply and abound everywhere. Saucy crows with grey necks, and bright, bead-like eyes, will almost pluck food out of your very hands as you are eating your midday lunch; green parrots by the hundred will scream at you from the telegraph wires; owls will hoot from their undisturbed perch on the top of the telegraph poles; beautiful birds in blue and crimson plumage will flutter about the branches wherever a tree is to be seen; great, red-headed storks, standing almost as high as a man, will unblinkingly contemplate the rushing train as they stand upon one foot gazing after us; solemn penguins with heavy bills and huge pouches beneath, will watch us from the bogs in which they are getting their noonday meals; herds of spotted deer will scamper away as the train approaches; jackals will sneak out of sight, and monkeys will grin and chatter at us from the overhanging branches; while the familiar and impudent blackbirds and jackdaws will perch on the horns of the goats and cattle as we rush by the pastures, so sure are they, after centuries of protection, that they will not be disturbed.

What a pity it is that in America every cruel schoolboy, before he reaches the age of mercy and humanity, is allowed to have his rifle and shotgun to pop away at the poor, harmless creatures which God has made, driving them into the solitary wilderness where alone they can expect to rear their young in safety and peace.

"It is a beautiful morning; come, let us kill something," is the sarcastic Frenchman's comment on the average "shooting" Englishman; a comment which will apply as well to the average American, I am sorry to say. Something besides game laws and legislative enactments are necessary to preserve the sylvan life of our woods and fields. Better is the superstitious dread of the Hindu in regard to life-taking than the indifferent cruelty of the Anglo-Saxon.

When we stop at the stations and show ourselves on the



A NATIVE "TURN-OUT."

platform, a motley throng gathers about us. Here is the fruit vendor with his yellow bananas, his loose-jacket oranges, his guavas which require a considerable course of education before one can enjoy them. Our taste *is* educated up to bananas and oranges and we can buy as many as we please for a quarter of an anna, or about half a cent apiece.

Here comes some other railway vendors, with trays full of cakes and sweets of a very doubtful and curious character to our unaccustomed eyes.

The peddler sets them down from his head, where he always carries them, as every other bundle is carried in India, and we are about to take one of them from his tray to see what it is, when with a gesture of horror, he prevents us from doing so, and insists upon our pointing to what we want from a respectful distance. We soon learn that we should defile all his tray-full of goods by so much as touching one of his sweetmeats with our little finger, so polluted are we in his Hindu eyes; and yet the same peddler is doubtless a sweaty, dirty, ragged, and generally disreputable fellow, who, from his appearance, has not had a decent bath for a year.

It raises our Yankee ire somewhat to be regarded as an unclean pariah by this dirty specimen of humanity, but we submit to the inevitable, point to the particular goods that we want, pay for them with a few small copper coins, and take our place once more in our carriage to enjoy our unaccustomed feast.

Besides these peddlers of fruits and sweets, every large station abounds with venders of more substantial wares; brass-work from Benares, inlaid marble curios from Agra, curiously painted metal plates and cups from Moradabad, and clay figures of all kinds and shapes and sizes from Lucknow.

To buy any article in India is a work of patience and diplomacy, on the part of both buyer and seller. In this land I have often thought of Solomon's description of the purchaser: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." Here is the conversation that is usually preliminary to a purchase in India. "How much for this clay figure?" asks the buyer.

"One rupee," answers the seller.

"Too much," is the invariable reply of the buyer; and so

it is, for the seller always asks at least three or four times as much as he expects to take.

"How much will you give then?" asks the merchant.

"Two annas" (one eighth of a rupee), says the prospective buyer, thinking he will be sure to make his offer low enough.

With a gesture of surprise and almost indignation the vender repudiates the offer, as much as to say: "This is simply outrageous. Do you insult a man by offering him one-eighth of what a thing is worth? However, seeing that it is you, and since I regard you as a very good friend, I will throw off a little something; you may have it for twelve annas."

"No, no," says the buyer, "I will give you two annas, take it or leave it as you choose."

"What a hard-hearted, cruel individual you are," the merchant by every look and gesture seems to say; "you would rob the dead of their grave clothes, you would take the orphan's last crust of bread out of his very mouth; but, seeing I want to make a sale, I will let you have the image for eight annas."

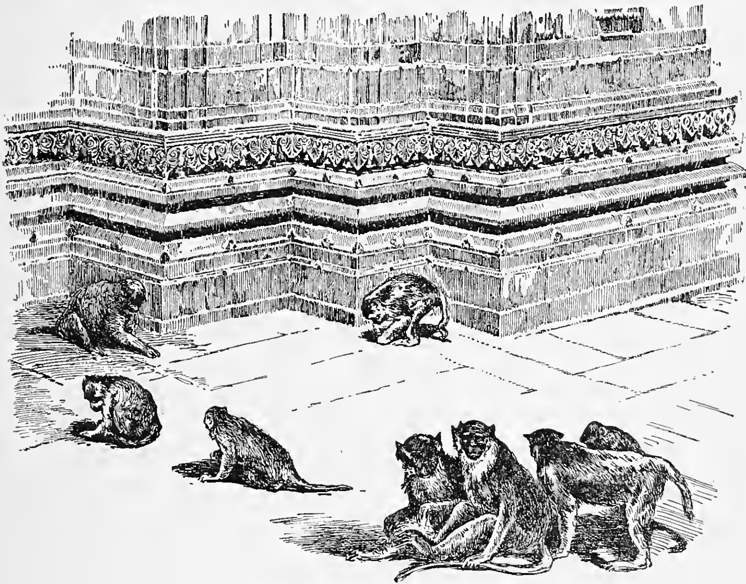
Again the buyer shakes his head resolutely: "Two annas, only two annas."

"Well, you may have it for four," says the seller, but another resolute shake of the head sends him off for a few minutes.

He has no idea of leaving, however; you may count on seeing him back almost instantly, with an expression of injured innocence on his face, especially if there are other peddlers near by, saying by his looks: "Well, rob me if you will, take the last anna from a poor starving merchant, but if you will only give two annas for this beautiful image, why, here it is, take it, it is yours."

Then very likely he goes off, chuckling over his bargain, having obtained twice as much from the unsuspecting traveler as the thing was really worth.

Beguiled by such varied scenes as here described the time passes rapidly away until we come to the end of the first stage of our pilgrimage, the sacred city of Benares,



IN THE MONKEY TEMPLE.

which is also the end of their journey for many other pilgrims beside ourselves.

This city on the banks of the Ganges is to the Hindu the holiest place in all the world, and the Holy of Holies is the well full of dead flowers and rice and Ganges water, which is worth to the devout Hindu any amount of money per teaspoonful, so sacred is it in his eyes.

The Hindus think that Benares is 80,000 steps nearer heaven than any other place, and it is the Mecca of every devout Brahmin. Here, besides the Golden Temple, is the

great Monkey Temple, where scores of monkeys are continually running in and out. Here, too, is the Cow Temple, which is only less sacred than the abode of the monkeys.

Not many miles beyond Benares is the great city of Allahabad, a very important place in Central India. When the Hindu pilgrim first comes to Allahabad, we are told, he sits down on the bank of the Ganges and has his head shaved, holding it over the waters so that every hair may fall into the river, and he believes that for every hair he shall get a million years in heaven. So if a man is only rich enough to take the journey to Allahabad, and has a good head of hair to spare, he is sure of a very considerable time in Paradise. The view from the port of Allahabad is most extensive and interesting. Just beyond the fort is the juncture of the two sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna. The Ganges flows down dark and muddy, the Jumna bright and sparkling, and here where they mingle their water is the place of places for all Hindus, the most sacred, except Benares, in all the world.

Here Brahmin priests and fakirs have built their huts. Here the barbers ply their trade in order that the hairs may fall into the sacred stream and thus secure an eternity of bliss. Here, at the junction of the two rivers, on the vast plain which, in the wet season, is swept by the rushing water, and which is left bare when the dry season returns, a great fair is annually held. Once in six years it is of larger proportions than on other years, and fully a million people, it is said, are sometimes encamped on the banks of these sacred rivers.

Here, superstition, ignorance, and ancestral traditions combine to fleece the pilgrims of their money, and to give to them for their hard cash unsubstantial promises of bliss in the Brahmin's heaven. Allahabad, also, is a great military

station for English and native soldiers, and here, best of all, the American missionaries, both of the Presbyterian and Methodist boards, have flourishing and important schools and churches.

But our journey is a long one, and we must hurry on until we reach Cawnpore, a name forever associated with hideous deeds of cruelty and acts of highest heroism. Not only have Englishmen an historic interest in this city, but Americans as well have part in the traditions of the place, for four American missionaries with their wives and their children were among the first to suffer martyrdom in the great mutiny.

As we recall the awful story of the mutiny, it will be remembered that for many days the little British garrison had defended the helpless women and children who had taken refuge within the fort, with great bravery and determination. But there was no great general to direct operations at Cawnpore. Individual courage abounded, but the directing mind was absent. The besiegers pressed more and more closely, until, at last, the garrison capitulated under promise of safe conduct for all the men, women, and children to Allahabad.

But the treacherous villainy of the bloodthirsty Nana Sahib was not then known ; his promises were believed, the fort was surrendered, and the men, women, and children embarked on boats for passage to Allahabad. No sooner were they well aboard before orders came from Nana to fire on the boats and to burn the straw thatch with which they were covered.

A murderous volley was poured upon the unprotected boats, and of all the hundreds of soldiers and civilians who made up their human freight, only four escaped by swimming and diving and dodging the bullets until they reached the

opposite shore. At this juncture orders came from Nana Sahib to save the women and children alive, after all the men had been killed.

The women were crowded together in a little building, afterwards known as the "House of Massacre." Two hundred and one were thrown into two rooms, twenty feet by ten in dimensions. Here they were kept in mortal and momentary terror of their lives for a few days, until at last the Nana, hearing that Havelock was on his way to the rescue, and thinking that he would not be so eager to make the attack if he knew that all were dead whom he had come to rescue, sent his soldiers to murder the women who were confined in their narrow quarters.

The soldiers would not obey his orders, and then the bloodthirsty wretch sent five professional butchers with knives and hatchets to kill these frail and beautiful English women and their lovely daughters. It took the butchers an hour and a half to finish their horrid task, and for each woman killed they received one rupee. Then when the awful massacre was completed and the clotted blood, ankle deep in the House of Massacre, began to ooze out under the doorsills, the bodies were rudely dragged out of the door and thrown into a well near by.

From some of the bodies the breath of life had not yet departed, but all were ruthlessly thrown into the horrible pit. What a contrast to these scenes of blood and carnage is the peaceful Cawnpore of to-day! No rude alarms of raging foes to-day disturb the silence of the beautiful garden which surrounds the spot where the House of Massacre once stood, and the well hard by into which the bodies were thrown. Around the well is a tasteful stone enclosure several feet high, through which one enters by an iron gateway into the precincts of this most melancholy and pathetic

of all spots in India. Over the well rises a beautiful white marble angel with outstretched wings, bearing in either hand a triumphant palm branch,—a beautiful design most beautifully executed.

Around the mouth of the old well, beneath the marble angel, is the inscription in old English characters:

> **"Sacred to the Memory of the Great Company of Christian People, Chiefly Women and Children, Cruelly Massacred Near this Spot by the Rebel Nana Sahib and Thrown, the Dying with the Dead, into the Well Beneath, on the 15th Day of July, 1857."**

In the beautiful Memorial church which marks the spot where the heaviest fighting occurred before the capitulation of the fort, are many inscriptions which stirred my soul as I read them with the memory of the horrible butchery, perpetrated so near, fresh in mind. One of these inscriptions on a tablet reared by a widow in memory of her husband who had here lost his life, is: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Another: "We reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed." Still another, most appropriate and touching of all: "These are they which have come out of great tribulation."

Only about forty miles from Cawnpore is the still more famous city of Lucknow, for here were gathered together in the "Residency," which was hastily fortified at the beginning of the mutiny by Sir Henry Lawrence, no less than 2,242 persons, men, women, and children. Here for eighty-seven days, by a small handful of troops as compared with the tens of thousands who besieged them, they were defended, until the brave General Havelock, with his "Saints," who could always be relied upon for bravery in action and clemency in victory, relieved the place and rescued their countrymen.

Soon after the investment of the city by the mutineers, the brave Lawrence, who divides with Havelock the honors of Lucknow, was struck by a shell, and, after two days of suffering, during which he directed and advised and inspired his troops, he died, crying out: "Never surrender. Remember Cawnpore. Save the women and children." Here, the scene of his heroism, is Lawrence's fitting monument with the world-famed inscription upon it:

"Here lies one
Who tried to do his duty."

Never did man better deserve this simple but comprehensive eulogy. His dying directions were carried out to the letter; the brave spirit which left his body on July 4, 1857, seemed to find a dwelling-place in every common soldier during the awful months of the siege.

General Havelock's troops, which at first came to raise the siege, were themselves invested and beleaguered by the rebel Sahib's scores of thousands; but at last Sir Colin Campbell, with a still larger force, came to the rescue of the rescuers, and, under Havelock's supervision, the women and children were all conveyed in safety from their long imprisonment and taken to Allahabad.

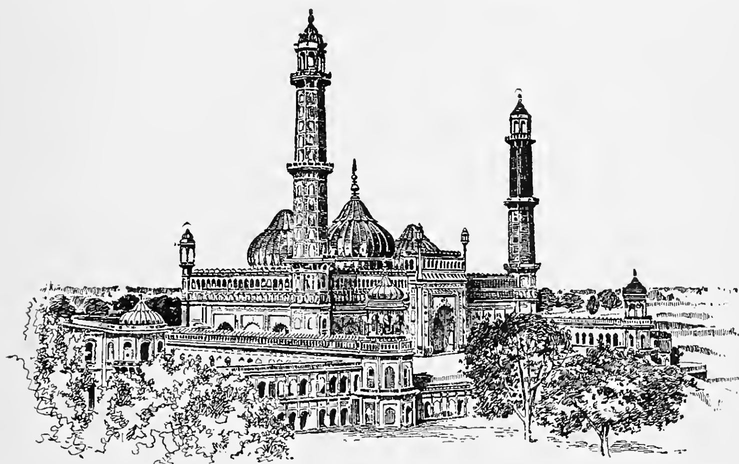
Only a few days after the successful completion of this bravest rescue in the annals of history, the noble Havelock, yielding to mortal illness which had come to him in the performance of his duty, was laid low, and he is buried, not in Westminster Abbey, as his bravery and devotion deserve, but in a lonely grave some three miles from the Residency which he rescued and defended.

Seldom have I been more deeply moved than when visiting this scene of heroic and pathetic memory. The Residency is now a mass of ruins situated in the midst of beautiful gardens; but well preserved ruins they are, for great

pains are taken by the English government to mark and protect every reminder of the defense and relief of Lucknow.

Beautiful vines and creepers, all ablaze with blossoms, cover the ruined walls of the Residency. Here is the spot, we said to ourselves, where men and women of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, for weary day after weary day, heard the whiz of bullet and the shriek of whirring shell.

Here was the banqueting hall transformed into a hospital, where hundreds of poor fellows with mangled limbs, bleed-



MOSQUE OF THE GREAT IMAMBARA, LUCKNOW.

ing and dying, were brought to spend their last weary days under the broiling sun of tropical India.

Here most interesting of all is the "Tyekhana," where the women were imprisoned during the siege. This is an underground cellar with lofty walls, which was deemed the safest place in any part of the Residency. Two hundred and ninety-nine women were crowded into this one cellar for many dreadful weeks. The fierceness of the siege and the way in which every exposed portion was battered by the sharpshooters of the Rebel Army, are well indicated in this

room of suffering and death. Only three or four very small windows at the top of this room admit the light and air. They all slope upwards and are overshaded by the projecting buildings overhead, so that it seems impossible for a bullet or a cannon-ball to find its way within this secure retreat. However, the battered walls show that many and many a shell exploded within the cellar.

One hole is pointed out to us by the guide (an old soldier, by the way, who came to the rescue with Havelock's army), made by a cannon-ball which swept a baby out of its mother's arm without injuring the mother, while it pinned the bleeding, mangled remains of the little one against the wall near which the mother was leaning, spattering all the walls, as well as the mother's breast, with the baby's gore. No wonder that the legends of the place go on to say that the mother went insane.

Another hole in the wall is shown us, made by a cannon-ball which whizzed so near a woman's ear that she fell dead, killed by fright, though unharmed by so much as a scratch from the ball.

During this dreadful siege, eight or ten babies were born in the Tyekhana, most of whom, strange to say, lived to the estate of manhood and womanhood. To scores of the brave men who defended the Residency during that awful siege, as well as to Sir Henry Lawrence and Gen. Havelock, may be applied the thrilling verses:

> "Here rest thee, Christian warriors, rest from thy two-fold strife;
> The battle-field of India, the battle-field of life."

While of the two great generals and commanders who lie interred near by may be sung with full assurance of faith:

> "The gallant chiefs of gallant men are more than conquerors now."

One more city we must visit before we end this most

interesting and memorable journey — the city of the Taj Mahal — a city justly famous for the one perfect work of architectural art in all the world.

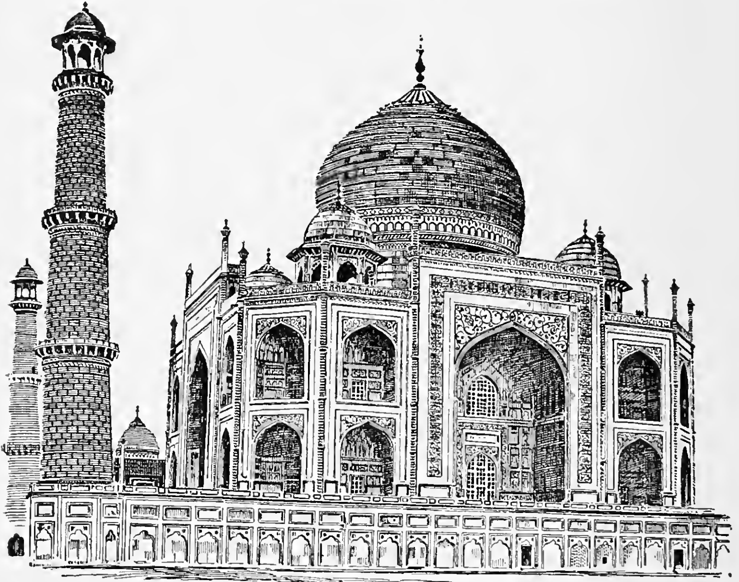
Agra, the city of the Taj, lies about a day's journey from Lucknow. Its chief gem is the one building that never disappoints the traveler ; the one glorious pile that fulfills every anticipation. The Taj bursts upon the bewildered view as a thing of beauty and remains a joy forever. It is not a temple, as many people suppose, but a mausoleum built by the great Mogul, Shah Jehan, over his beautiful Empress "Moom-taj," who, by her beauty, her grace, her intellectual ability, and her winning ways, had obtained such power over the Emperor, that when she came to die she made him promise that he would not marry again, and that he would build the most beautiful tomb in the world over her remains to perpetuate her name.

She died in 1631, and immediately the bereaved Mogul set about the task of fulfilling his promise, and of building the wonderful tomb which is known by all the world as the "Taj Mahal." It is situated in the midst of a beautiful garden of palms and banyan trees, flowering shrubs and brilliant creepers, fountains and marble tanks full of gold fish.

On three sides are huge mosque-like gateways of brown sandstone inlaid with marble, so that one does not see the glories of the Taj until he enters through these massive lofty portals, and the magnificent building breaks at once upon his gaze. As the traveler beholds it first against the intense blue of the Indian sky, the white dome seems to be soaring into the sky, so light and airy is the substantial architecture.

We were struck dumb by the beautiful spectacle, and dropping upon a marble seat at the very entrance of the gardens, we feasted our eyes upon this most splendid of buildings. As we enter the mausoleum, astonishment at the

magnificence and beauty of the building gives place to amazement at the delicate work which is inwrought in every part of the structure. Polished marble and precious stones of every description abound and are wrought into the white marble both without and within. On the Empress's tomb, worked into figures of flowers, are all kinds of precious stones, bloodstones and agates, jasper and turquoise and



THE TAJ MAHAL.

lapis lazuli of fabulous cost. In one flower alone, in an obscure corner of the tomb, are thirty-five specimens of brilliant carnelian ; in another leaf forming a single petal of a carnation are twenty-three different stones. In still another flower are 300 different jewels formed into an exquisite rose.

But the hand of the vandal had not been withheld even from this most exquisite production of the ages. Some of these jeweled flowers have been picked to pieces, and the

precious stones of which they were made carried away; while on the small crystal windows the tourist has frequently cut his commonplace name. Here we find that "W. C. Smith" and "Jane Higginbottom" have tried to immortalize themselves. I wish that I could hold them up to perpetual ignominy for their vandalism.

Before we leave Agra one more place claims our attention, the palace where the beautiful queen lived. It was built by her husband's grandfather, but largely beautified by her own taste and her husband's generosity. The private rooms of the queen are embellished in the same way as her tomb. Her bathroom is called the "room of mirrors," and is ornamented with thousands of tiny looking-glasses. In the niches of the walls were placed fairy lamps over which water flowed in an illuminated stream to the bath beneath. In another part of the palace is the place where the king played parchesi with his twenty-four wives, sitting in the middle square himself, while each of his wives in a different colored costume, occupied one of the twenty-four squares of the tesselated pavement, and moved backward and forward as he commanded, until at last she got into the "home circle" which surrounded his august majesty. From this royal model has come the game so popular with the children of America. In still another part of the palace we saw the raised dais from which the king and his beautiful queen looked over the parapet into the valley beneath, where the elephants and tigers were compelled to fight for their delectation. Those were barbaric days in which the palace and the Taj were built.

But we must not linger. Our time for the wonders of Northern India is exhausted, and we must hurry on to the seaport of Bombay, carrying with us throughout all our lives enduring memories of the exquisite "Jewel of Agra."

CHAPTER XX.

ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN—THROUGH THE GREAT DITCH.

Some of our Fellow Passengers—Missionaries and Men of Mars—The Little Athletes—Potato Races and Hurdle Jumping—The Red Sea—A Glimpse of Sinai—"And a Half, Eight"—Waiting our Turn—A Huge Jack o' Lantern—A Sight Long to be Remembered—A Stupendous Enterprise—A Tarnished Name—Canal Diggers before De Lesseps—In the Canal—Ismalia and her Donkeys—"Yankee Doodle" and "Washy Washington"—Undeniable Desert—A Woman with a Supplementary Nose—Our First Glimpse of the Bedouin—A Family of Arabs—The Land of Goshen—Pharaoh and his Prime Minister—Bricks without Straw—The Fellahin and How They Live—Their Superstitions—"O, Virgin Mary"—"The Sun Do Move"—The Blessings Brought by John Bull—A Ghostly Reminder—How They Carry the Babies—"Backsheesh, Backsheesh"—"Oh Sugar for a Nail"—"God Will Make Them Light, Oh Lemons"—The Little "Sons of the River."

HE who makes the voyage across the Indian Ocean from Bombay to Ismalia has nothing of ocean horrors to dread, at least in the month of February, when it was our good fortune to make the journey. The majestic steamer sailed steadily on, day after day, over rippling blue seas, while at night she seemed to be cutting her way through wavelets of molten silver, so bright is the phosphorescence of these Eastern waters. Even the poorest sailor suffered no qualms of seasickness, and men, women, and children all enjoyed themselves in their own way, as their tastes and habits dictated.

Among our passengers were many officers of the English army, who were going home on a furlough, and whose evident delight at the thought of seeing the green fields and cooling fogs of old England, after years on the arid plains of India, was as keen and fresh as that of a schoolboy on his way home for his Christmas holidays. Among the passengers, also, were many faithful missionaries, whose service is far more arduous and far less remunerative than the work of the men of Mars. These brave soldiers, too, deserve an occasional holiday, and some of them, worn and wearied and quite broken in health, after years of service, were going back for a short period of rest to their homes in America and England.

It so happened that among these missionary and military families were many children of all ages and sizes, and a very happy day was given them when we all arranged for a series of races between the little folks, with bright rupees for prize money. There were straightaway races round the deck, in which an eager-faced little girl, not more than five years old, won most triumphantly, passing the line red-cheeked and panting, but full of gladness that she had beaten her older brothers and sisters, even though she was given a long start at the beginning. Then there were three-legged contests and potato races, marvelous juvenile feats in hurdle-jumping, and all kinds of games for all ages to participate in. A brave major, with battle-scars seaming his face, was the starter, a warlike captain was the time-keeper, and a heroic missionary was the judge; and it is strongly suspected that the warriors and the missionaries enjoyed the afternoon quite as much as the children themselves.

After four or five days of smooth seas and pleasant weather the *Victoria* entered the Red Sea, which is so wide in many parts that the sensation is not that of sailing

through a narrow canal with land on either side, as one would think when studying the map, but, for the most part, one imagines that he is on the boundless, shoreless sea. To be sure, once in a while, we see some bold promontory in the distance or some towering mountain looming up on the hazy horizon, and occasionally we pass near a rocky, surf-beaten island; but, until the steamer reaches the narrow Gulf of Suez, at the northern end of the Red Sea, there is but little difference between one's sensations here and upon the broadest ocean. In fact, the north wind, which often draws through this channel between the mountains quite fiercely, frequently makes the sea rougher than the surface of the neighboring Indian ocean.

As we approached Suez the eyes of all the passengers were strained to catch sight of Mount Sinai, that mountain which more than any other on the earth's surface has affected the destinies of mankind; but it is very rarely that one gets even a glimpse of the Mountain of the Law, for only on the clearest day, when the air is absolutely transparent, can it be seen from the steamer's deck. This condition rarely prevails in these latitudes, and the captain of our steamer told me that only on three occasions, although he had sailed up and down the shores of the Red Sea for half his lifetime, has he caught a glimpse of the mountain that once quaked and smoked with fire and brimstone.

Toward evening of a beautiful bright day in February we approached the low shores of Suez, and could descry the magnificent embankment which indicates the entrance to the Suez canal, that marvel of modern engineering skill. The channel by which the approach is made to the canal is narrow, the currents are treacherous, and the water on either hand is shallow, so that great care must be taken by the larger steamers in approaching the entrance. For some

time before we anchored, waiting for our turn, the quartermaster on either side of our steamer was casting the lead, and singing out in musical accents to the pilot on the bridge the depth of water beneath our keel. One quartermaster would cry out, "And a half, eight." The next instant the quartermaster on the other side would respond, "And a half, seven," showing that the water was rapidly growing shallow and a fathom less was between us and the bottom than a moment before. Then the first quartermaster would chant, "And a quarter, seven," while the one on the other side, in a kind of antiphonal response would answer: "And three quarters, six."

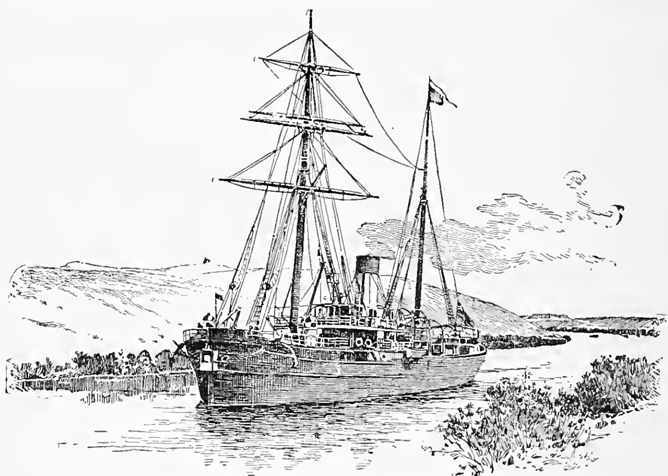
Thus we felt our way along, avoiding the shoals and the sandbanks, and then had to cast anchor for several hours, waiting for our turn to come to enter the great ditch.

Night came on, and the stars came out, but even the stars were paled by the brilliant electric searchlight from the tower at the entrance of the canal, which swept around in every direction, bringing out every yardarm, sail, smokestack, and huge trumpet-like ventilator on the vessels about us, in startling relief. Suddenly, as we were gazing out into the darkness, thinking that no object was within the range of our vision, the great fan-like wave of light would sweep towards us and rest for an instant upon a full rigged vessel, which would seem to start out of the blackness like a ghostly visitor. For an instant the light would play over its huge bulk like a vast enveloping jack-o'-lantern, and then would sweep on to reveal other objects beyond.

It was a sight long to be remembered and worthy even of the marvelous days of the Pharaohs themselves, who were supposed to be versed in all the occult wonders of mystic lore. This ghastly white light, sweeping about, apparently at its own pleasure, seemingly undirected and erratic in its

movements, ferreting out all things within its range, glorifying the floating seaweed and the flotsam and jetsam borne by the tide, as well as the huge man-of-war and leviathan merchant ship; this modern miracle, I believe, would have astounded the miracle-workers of old with all their Egyptian learning.

The 16th of November, 1869, was a day long to be remembered in the history of the world, for that day witnessed the wedding festivities of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.



IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

On that day was inaugurated the vast enterprise of which the ages had dreamed and which the ingenuity and perseverance of the great French engineer had made possible. Nearly one hundred million dollars had the canal cost; and it is said that the Khedive spent no less than twenty millions of dollars in the ceremonies of the inauguration.

It will be readily seen of what inestimable value the canal is to the commercial world, when we remember that it reduces the distance from London to Bombay from 12,500 to 7,000 miles, a saving of nearly one-half. From London

to Hong Kong the distance is over 15,000 miles by the Cape of Good Hope, and only 11,000 miles by the canal; while from Marseilles to Bombay, the distance by the Cape is over 12,000 miles, by the canal only 5,000, a saving of nearly sixty per cent. But not only is the canal a stupendous and successful enterprise from a commercial point of view, but it is as successful financially as in every other aspect. The tolls amount to many millions of dollars every year, and are constantly increasing.

But it must not be thought that in the nineteenth century was first conceived the project of a waterway between the two oceans, or that De Lesseps' fertile brain was the first to evolve this gigantic scheme. From the very earliest days there was an overland route between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, but it is said that Sethi I, the great prince of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, desirous of transporting his navies from one sea to the other, built the first canal. A representation of his time on the wall of the banquet hall of Karnac, tells us that on his victorious return from Egypt the conqueror traversed a canal, swarming with crocodiles and defended by bastions.

But Father Time has a great fashion of defacing and destroying the mighty works of man. If with his tooth he can gnaw away the pyramids, he has little difficulty in filling up a ditch, however vast it may be, or however important to the commerce of the world. And so it came about, as the centuries went on, and lesser men occupied the throne of the Pharaohs, and the people relapsed into commercial indifference, that this canal was obliterated, and even its course cannot be discovered to-day.

But eight hundred years after the Pharaoh who built the first canal, came Pharaoh Nekho, who was very desirous for the welfare of his country. He began to construct a canal

between the Nile and the Red Sea, and it is said that no less than 120,000 Egyptians perished while engaged in this work. It was afterwards abandoned, because the oracle told Pharaoh that the barbarians alone would profit by the work. However, the work already accomplished, and the lives lost, did not go altogether for nothing, for the canal was completed by Darius, the great founder of the Persian Empire, the same Darius of whom we read in the Book of Daniel, who has left in many ways the impress of his mighty personality upon the world.

Even as late as the century immediately before the Christian era, there is no doubt that the remains of this old canal were still found, for history tells us that after the battle of Actium, Cleopatra made an effort to convey her ships across the Isthmus of Suez, in order to escape with her treasures from Octavius. If there had been no canal, she would not have been foolish enough to try to transport her ships over the land, though it is probable, as the historians tell us, that the canal was in a very dilapidated condition.

Afterwards, it is said that the Romans, and later still, the Arabs, reconstructed the old canal or dug a new one; but the only thing that seems to be certain about this vast hole in the ground is, that it became unserviceable after the eighth century, and for a thousand years the merchants toilsomely sent their vessels around the Cape of Good Hope, until De Lesseps proved the feasibility of the present canal, the possibility of its construction, and with unbounded faith and energy overcame the countless obstacles which lay between him and triumphant success.

But during all this time our vessel has been anchored near the entrance of the canal, waiting for the signal to be given that the channel is clear, and that it is our turn to enter. At last it comes, and, weighing anchor, stealthily

and slowly, the great ship swings within the breakwater which defends the mouth of the canal, and very slowly feels its way between the sandy banks that stretch away on either side. The great ditch is twenty-five feet wide at the bottom, while on the surface it is much wider, and sometimes stretches out into broad natural lakes, which saved the constructors of the canal much digging on their way from sea to sea. There is very little of special interest in the journey to Ismalia. It takes about eight hours time, so slowly do the steamers proceed, lest the wash of waves which they create should destroy the banks. But at last in the early morning light, the little modern town where we are to leave our floating home comes in sight, and a steam launch soon bears us to the shore.

DONKEY BOY OF ISMALIA.

There is almost nothing to see in Ismalia except the donkeys and the donkey boys. The latter are ubiquitous and most persistent. They meet you at the landing; they thrust their donkey in your face and eyes as soon as you step ashore. They plant him before you, broadside on, to

bar your further progress, unless you mount and ride. They sound his praises in every note of the gamut. After all other recommendations fail, they plead with you to take him because of his "lovely black eyes." One boy even recommended his donkey to us as a "riglar masher." If they suspect you of being an American, they will cry out, "Take my donkey, Master," "My donkey is Yankee Doodle," "My donkey's name is Washington," while one boy gravely assured us, thinking that he surely would secure our patronage thereby, that his animal rejoiced in the name of "Washy-Washington."

We tarry in Ismalia no longer than is absolutely necessary, for stranger sights lure us on to the City of the Califs.

Taking the railway at Ismalia, a journey of a few hours brings us to the ancient city of Cairo. The first part of the way lies through the desert, and a most uncompromising and undeniable desert it is. The yellow sand hems in the narrow railway track on every side, and there is scarcely a green thing far or near to refresh the eyes. Still, barren as is the country, its people are of never-failing interest. Every railway station is bright with the colors of the curious costumes of men and women. Here is an orange seller, for instance, with her face entirely covered by a hideous black veil, with only a slit large enough for two piercing black eyes to shine through. Over her nose is a curious brass contrivance like a great supplementary nose, which seems to attach the veil to the upper part of the headdress. Here is another woman with a heavy water jar on her head, which she carries, standing proudly erect, in a way that shows that she has been used to such burdens from her earliest girlhood. At another station we see a whole family of Arabs squatting upon the platform, the women veiled as

those we have already described, though the little girls are allowed to go with uncovered faces. For the most part, they are a stupid, degraded lot of human beings, with nothing of aspiration in their eyes, and no desire to be anything but the hewers of wood and the drawers of water which they and their ancestors have been for so many centuries.

After a few miles of this desert journey, we grow rather listless and indifferent to that which may be seen outside the

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

car window, but suddenly we are aroused from our indifference by an entrancing sight of green fields and fertile gardens and waving palm trees. It is as though we had come into a fairy land, out of a very prosaic workaday world. And indeed we have entered fairy land, and the magician that works the wonder is none other than old Father Nile. He sends out his life-giving waters, and whatever he touches springs into new life and blossoms like the rose. The line of demarcation between the desert and the well-favored lands

of the Nile is clear and distinct; one moment the train is in the arid purgatory of the desert, the next it is in the smiling paradise of the oasis.

And this first fertile tract to which we have come is none other than the Goshen of the Bible. No wonder that the aged Jacob rejoiced when his long pilgrimage was over and he entered into this fair land. We can understand better than ever before the great power that Joseph must have enjoyed to be able to secure this goodly land for his father and his unbrotherly brothers.

Off in the distance, but a little way from the railway track, are the fields where the Israelites made bricks without straw, and perhaps our eye rests upon the very place where Moses, rendered indignant beyond the power of control at the cruelties which were heaped upon his suffering fellow countrymen, slew the Egyptian, and became an exile from the court where he might have reigned as a prince, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Our hearts throb within us as we look out on these historic sights, and realize that these were the same sandy plains, the same green fields, watered then as now, "with the tears of the Nile," while the same cloudless Egyptian sky bent over them as over us. Out here rode in majestic state the famous Prime Minister of the Pharaohs, the young man who, by his own virtue and force of character, raised himself from the position of a captive peasant to a prince of the realm. These roads, too, were trodden by the feet of Aaron, the High Priest, by Miriam, the tuneful singer; and along these same highways rumbled the chariot wheels of the great Pharaohs, who, as world-conquering rulers, have never been equaled by Greek or Roman, Turk or Briton.

We see very little, however, to remind us of the magnifi-

A NATIVE EGYPTIAN SCHOOL. (*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

An Egyptian school is a curiosity. The pupils sit on the floor, study their lessons aloud, rocking back and forth, and they make the schoolroom about as noisy as a ward political meeting. I generally knew where a schoolroom was at least half a minute before I reached its doors. The master squats on the floor, or stands among his pupils, who are seated in rows or promiscuously scattered through the rest of the apartment.

cence of the Pharaohs, or of the state in which Joseph traveled in those early days. Most of the villages which we pass are mean collections of wretched mud houses. Their four walls rise scarcely higher than the head of a man, and except for an occasional mosque, with its slender minaret, there is no attempt at architectural beauty or embellishment of any kind. Most of the lower classes who swarm at the railway stations, and whom we see from the car windows, wear around their necks charms, written on paper, and sewn up in leather. They are ignorant and superstitious to the last degree, and not only protect themselves, but their cattle in the same way. Every man, as he passes a saint's tomb, it is said, mumbles a prayer without stopping, and, saints' tombs being very numerous, a mumbled prayer is always on his lips. Some of the great saints are appealed to on every possible occasion. If a man sneezes, or is afflicted with the hiccoughs, or turns his ankle in the streets, he adjures his favorite saint. Even if his legs are stiff as he rises from his seat, he exclaims, "O Virgin Mary!" Their ignorance is beyond all comprehension, the education even of the upper classes being confined to the narrow limits of the Koran. Not one of them can be convinced that the earth is not flat, while they agree thoroughly with Parson Jasper in his dictum that "the sun do move."

An Egyptian school is a curiosity. The pupils sit on the floor, study their lessons aloud, rocking back and forth, and they make the schoolroom about as noisy as a ward political meeting. I generally knew where a schoolroom was at least half a minute before I reached its doors. The master squats on the floor, or stands among his pupils, who are seated in rows or promiscuously scattered through the apartment. Their lessons are given to them upon slates or large cards, and they sit rocking back and forth and studying aloud.

A learned priest, which means a man learned in the mysteries of the Koran, indignantly walked out of an examination hall in Cairo recently, when told that the scholars were there taught that the earth was round. No such heresy would he allow to have place even for a moment in his theology. Every other man is to a Mohammedan an infidel; and not only an infidel, but a miserable and despicable infidel, at that, who deserves stoning and torture and death, though the laws unjustly interfere in his behalf. Even the children will greet the Europeans on the street with the exclamation: "Ya Nusrani!" (O Nazarene). The donkey boy calls out to his ass, as he prods him with a sharp stick: "Go along, you son of a pig, get on, you son of a Nazarene!"

It is said by those who have lived long in Egypt, that the centuries of oppression under hard task masters, and the subserviency to a false and degrading religion, have not only dulled the moral and intellectual faculties of the Egyptians, but have deadened even their physical senses as well. A traveler and resident for ten years in Egypt says that the sense of pain is very small among the lower classes, that their olfactory nerves are also extremely dull, that they cannot distinguish one person from another by his footsteps, and not easily by his voice, and that they never hear a slight or distant sound, or notice a whisper.

In the interior of the poor houses, whose outer walls we see from the train, is no furniture worthy of the name. A few mats, a sheepskin, a basket or two, kettles for heating water, and a small array of wooden dishes, is all that we find within the hut, and this hut is shared by the hens and the ducks, the goats, and the sheep of the establishment, as well as by the human inhabitants, while the cows and buffaloes would have no hesitation in pushing their way within the doors, were they wide enough to receive them.

Almost the only food of the laboring classes is a kind of bread made of sorghum flour or of Indian corn, wheaten bread being eaten only by the wealthy classes. For supper, however, we are told, even the poorest cause a hot repast to be prepared. This usually consists of a highly salted sauce made of onions and butter, or, in the poorer houses, of butter and linseed oil.

Around the low table the various members of the family sit, while each member dips his piece of bread, held in his fingers, into this common family sauce. In addition to this, buffaloes' and goats' milk, and in the summer, cucumbers and pumpkins are the only addition. Of course, this meagre bill of fare and this wretched manner of life applies to the lower classes only. There is an aristocracy in Egypt, as there is everywhere else, that clothes itself in purple and fine linen and lives upon the fat of the land. But the poverty of the masses is almost beyond description.

Poor as it is, the common people of Egypt were probably never so well off as they are to-day. From the time of the Israelites they have lived the lives of serfs. Oppressed by the original Pharaohs, doubly oppressed by each succeeding dynasty, their lives held cheaper than the very dirt of the street, hundreds of thousands of them sacrificed in the digging of every great canal and the building of every gigantic pyramid; it is only within the memory of the present generation that attention has been called to the wretched condition of the Fellahin, and that anything has been done for their relief. Since the English have acquired a dominating control in Egypt, their beneficent rule has been felt as in other Eastern lands. Order has come out of chaos, justice has succeeded to tyranny, and theoretically, at least, the tiller of the soil can assert his rights as well as the proudest descendant of the Pharaohs. As a matter of fact, there

is doubtless still very much of oppression and iniquitous taxation, for the work of centuries cannot be undone in a moment, or the rights of a people secured by a single decree. However, Egypt is on the high road to recovery. Every succeeding year sees a better state of affairs in the land of the Nile, and the common people, at least, should devoutly give thanks for the interference of John Bull and his red-coats.

But among our fellow-passengers are many others besides the Fellahin of the Nile. There are grave Mohammedan dignitaries. Some of these Moslems wear green turbans, showing that they are descendants of the great prophet himself, for no others are allowed to wear this color. The scholars wear a broad, evenly-folded turban of a light color, and it is said that the orthodox length of a believer's turban is seven times that of his head, being equivalent to the whole length of his body, in order that the turban may afterwards be used as the wearer's winding-sheet, and that this thought may familiarize him with the prospect of death.

The Copts, some of whom we also see among our fellow-passengers, or among the loungers at the railway station, wear a dark blue turban, and the Jews a turban of yellow, since these were the colors decreed in the fourteenth century.

One of the most characteristic things of any country is the way in which the children are carried. As may well be believed, such luxuries as baby carriages are unknown in the East. In China and Japan the babies are strapped upon the backs of their mothers; in India they are carried upon their thighs; while in Egypt they are perched upon their mother's shoulders, the little legs hanging down before and behind, while they lean over on their mother's head, and

frequently go to sleep in this seemingly uncomfortable position.

Of course beggars are very common. You cannot step off the railway trains, or into the mosques, or turn the corner of the streets, without being besieged by some new claimant for charity. Thin, scrawny, diseased hands are thrust into your face at every turn, and your loathing repugnance is more often excited than pity, by the horrible specimens of humanity that dog every footstep. Men with noses and chins eaten away by cancer, with eyes sealed and corroded by countless sores, with finger joints twisted and gnarled by rheumatism, or with handless stumps gradually being eaten away by leprosy, confront us at every turn until one has to harden himself against these sights, or else flee incontinently within doors, and lock himself away from all his fellow-men.

Instead of politely saying good morning to the passing stranger, the beggar cries out to every European, "Backsheesh, backsheesh!" (A gift, a gift.) The wise traveler responds to all such salutations, "Ma fish, ma fish!" (I have nothing for you). Or, if he wishes to vary the formula, he will say, "Allah yatik" (May God give thee). This often answers in place of backsheesh, and the beggar will go away quite as contented as if he had received what he asked for.

A very common sight in the great cities, as well as in the smaller towns, is the water carrier with his goat-skin of water, which looks like the great bloated carcass of an animal carried on his back. He still plies his trade in the city of Cairo, although the city is well supplied with water from the new water-works. Still, he passes along the street, with his heavy goat-skin on his shoulders, crying out at the top of his lungs, "Ya auwad Allah!" (May God recompense me). Nevertheless, notwithstanding his pious cry, he will

be very much disappointed if any one took a draft from his goat-skin and left all the recompense to Allah.

On feast days, especially the birthdays of the saints, pious Moslems, desirous of securing an easy entrance into paradise, frequently hire one of these water carriers to supply all comers with water gratuitously. Then the water carrier shouts in a loud tone, "Sebil Allah ya' atshan ya moyeh!" In this way he invites all to drink freely, but he is very careful to turn to his employer, who usually stands

WATER-CARRIERS FILLING THEIR GOAT SKINS.

near him with a good deal of ostentation, saying, "God forgive thy sins, oh dispenser of the drink offering, God have mercy on thy parents!" To which they who are partaking of the water reply, "Amen. God have mercy on them and on us." After numerous blessings of a similar kind have been interchanged, the sakka hands the last cup of water to his employer with the words: "The remainder for the liberal men, and paradise for the confessor of the unity. God bless thee, thou dispenser of the drink offering."

Many of the other cries that one hears in the street or in the railway station are equally curious. The cry of the orange merchant and the itinerant fish peddler at home are quite unintelligible, though spoken in one's own language, and it can easily be imagined that the street cries of Egypt are quite beyond the comprehension of the passing tourist. So, without shame, we must confess that we have consulted our guide book at this point for the interpretation of these cries.

There is a man with a thin jelly made of starch and sugar. He is crying out, "O sugar for a nail, O confection!" which unintelligible cry indicates that he is willing to barter his jelly for a nail or piece of old iron.

There is a vender of lemons, who calls out to us as we pass by, "God will make them light, O lemons!" We turn to Baedeker to find that he means to say, in his highly figurative and poetic language, that God will help him to sell his lemons, and thus make his baskets light.

Another long cry of twenty syllables rings out on the air, which, being interpreted, reads as follows: "Help, O help, the lupins of Embabeh are better than almonds! O how sweet is the little son of the river!" This cry, too, must be interpreted, when we find that it means that the peas which this vender has to sell require to be soaked in river water some time before they are boiled. On this account they are called "Sons of the river," and their praises are thus sung by this poetical child of the desert.

By these various sights and sounds and cries of street vender and beggar, we are welcomed to Cairo, the magic city of the Orient, and find ourselves in the country of the Arabian nights, the capital city of the Cailifs.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS—THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSEUM IN THE WORLD—THE MUMMY OF PHARAOH THE OPPRESSOR, AND HOW THE BODY WAS DISCOVERED—LOOKING INTO PHARAOH'S FACE.

Marvelous Cairo — A Vivacious Traveler — Eyes wanted Before and Behind — Fashion in a Fez — Madam Grundy in Egypt — At the Sugar Cane Bazaar — A Glimpse of the Khedive — A Boy in a Fez — The Flight into Egypt — The Tree of the Virgin — How the Spider Outwitted Herod — The Only Relic — Joseph's Father-in-Law — Where Joseph was Married — The Most Wonderful Museum in the World — A Room Full of Mummies — Moses' Playfellow — What the Bible says of Him — A Mummy over Three Thousand Years Old — The Pharaoh of the Oppression — Where He was Buried — The Location a Mighty Secret for Centuries — How the Tomb was Discovered — Unwinding the Mummy — How Pharaoh Looked — Description of the Body — Its Identity Established — Where is the Pharaoh of the Exodus ?

HE who travels around the world is apt to become somewhat sated with wonders before he reaches Egypt. The glories of Japan, the wonders of China, the ancient magnificence of India, in some degree exhaust his capacity for sight-seeing; his mind becomes glutted with marvelous memories, and it requires a place of unusual interest to arouse his somewhat flagging enthusiasm.

But Cairo is such a place. Coming to it from the East or the West, its strange charm is always felt. No traveler can be so *blasé* as not to acknowledge the magic of this marvelous city. The strange people, the curious costumes, the

BEFORE A CAIRO COFFEE HOUSE. *(From an instantaneous photograph.)*

The strange people, the curious costumes, the unfamiliar cries in the street, the characteristic crowd of all sorts and conditions of men in front of each coffee house, the strange manners and customs of the bazaar, all furnished material for many days of delight in the capital of Egypt.

mingling of the Occident and the Orient, the unfamiliar cries in the street, the characteristic crowd of all sorts and conditions of men in front of each coffee house, the strange manners and customs of the bazaar, all furnish material for days of delight in the capital of Egypt. Before we go

STREET MUSICIANS AND DANCERS OF CAIRO.

out of the city to see the more marvelous wonders beyond — the pyramids and the sphinx, which alone of all the creations of man have defied the ravages of centuries — let us spend a little while within the city itself.

Cairo has been compared by a vivacious writer to a mosaic of the most fantastic and bizarre description, in which all nations, customs, and epochs are represented, a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of exist-

ence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. "In the boulevards of Paris, and on London bridge," says one, "I saw but the shadow, and at Alexandria heard only the prelude of the babel of Cairo, to which the Roman or Venetian carnival is tame and commonplace."

PRAYING IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

In order to enjoy these things thoroughly, one desires eyes behind as well as before, and the steady power of forcing one's way possessed by the camel. However, as a camel is a bulk too huge for these narrow streets, we will hire a donkey, with which, and the help of a vigorous and vivacious boy behind to prod him with a sharp stick, and twist his tail occasionally (a means of urging to locomotion which we cannot altogether prevent, although we are sure that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would disapprove), we can manage to get through the crowd.

The experience of the traveler, Goltz, is so graphically told, and so true to the experience of many another traveler in Cairo, that I cannot help quoting a paragraph from his pleasant description. "Having carefully learned the expressions 'ana' a wiz humar' (I want a donkey) and 'bikan kirsh deh' (how many piasters?), I yielded to the temptations

of plunging recklessly into the thick of Arabian life, its conversation and its equestrianism. I therefore pronounced the mystic words with the satisfaction of a child which utters articulate expressions for the first time, when I was instantly so perfectly understood by a score of donkey boys that they all offered me their donkeys at once; though perhaps they would have done so had I not spoken at all. I felt like a magician who has succeeded in discovering an effectual formula of conjuration. After this display of my abilities, I vaulted into the saddle with as much ease and assurance as if Cairo had been my home. The donkey boy then probably asked me 'Where to?' whereupon, feeling that my stock of Arabic phrases and cabalistic formluæ was nearly exhausted, I replied in a very abbreviated form: 'Kullo, Kullo' (everything), meaning that I wanted to see everything. The donkey boy then nodded to this, 'All right, I understand,' and I now felt perfect confidence in my powers of speech.

LATTICED WINDOWS — CAIRO.

"My donkey now set off at a gallop and plunged into the midst of a labyrinth of lanes full of riders and walkers, but where I was going, or how far, or why, I was unable to tell. That, however, was precisely the joke of the thing."

It is altogether probable, however, that our wide-awake traveler found himself before long in the bazaars, for the donkey boys have a secret understanding with the proprietors of these bazaars that they shall bring every unsuspecting traveler within their web as soon as possible. So picturesque is the sight that the traveler is usually quite ready to be caught, even though it means that he will be despoiled of a few francs, and have very little to show for them.

We passed through one street which seemed to be very largely given up to the fez makers. Here is the universal head covering of the Turk in all stages of manufacture. New fezzes are being shaped, and old fezzes are being re-ironed, just as silk hats are put into good condition in the hat shops of other countries. A truncated cone of brass is the mould on which the fez is built, and since scarcely any other kind of head gear is used in this or any other part of the Mohammedan world, it will be seen that these little factories transact a very large business. In fact, the fez is the sign of national subjection to the Turk, and Christians and Jews in Turkish lands were originally obliged to wear it, if I mistake not, on pain of being treated as heretics and traitors. In these days the servitude expressed by the fez is largely forgotten, and in church and on the street, in the mosque and in the parlors, in the railway train and on the house-top, wherever one sees a subject of the Sultan, or anyone belonging to a tributary nation, he will, doubtless, see his head covered with the red, conical cap, with the black tassel hanging down behind.

It would seem that there could not be much difference in fezzes, that there was very little scope for the fashionable hatters in this style of head gear; but human nature is very much the same in all lands, and there is a chance for Dame Fashion to exercise her powers, and for Madame Grundy to

make her remarks even upon fezzes. To the unpracticed eye they all look alike, but some are a little higher than others, as we shall find if we look closely; some are of a darker shade of red; others come more nearly to a point at the top; and just as one funereal silk hat differs from an-

SUGAR-CANE AND FRUIT SELLERS OF CAIRO.

other funereal silk hat in its solemn lines of ugliness, so one fez differs from another, and the changing fashion makes the fez-makers' business good.

Beyond this fez merchant is the sugar-cane bazaar, where, leaning up against the sides of the building, we see stacks of tall canes from which jointed sections are cut off for any

passing customer. The small boy, as can be easily imagined, especially enjoys this succulent, sugary product, and he may be seen at almost any of these numberless stalls trying to get the very largest possible piece of sugar-cane for the smallest possible piece of money.

A veiled beauty (we will give her the benefit of the doubt), with numerous strings of huge beads around her neck, is waiting on the small boy, and very likely in the foreground is a thick-lipped, woolly-pated Nubian, who in his rags and dirt will lie out in the sun all day long, with never a thought that it is uncomfortably warm.

As we were looking in at one of these shops, we saw an unusual commotion taking place in the street beyond us. People were hurrying to shop doors, and scurrying from the side streets to the corner of the larger thoroughfare, as though some unusual sight was about to be exhibited. We could not understand the meaning of the commotion until our donkey boy pulled us excitedly by the sleeve, and, pointing to the street, said something about the Khedive, which gave us to understand that this youthful successor of the Pharaohs was about to pass.

Our surmise concerning the donkey boy's information was correct, and very soon four or five soldiers dashed by, followed by an open carriage drawn by a span of splendid horses. In this carriage were two men of very ordinary appearance, one much older than the other. Both wore red fezzes of the ordinary type, but otherwise were dressed as European gentlemen. The younger of these two was the boyish Khedive of Egypt, the ruler whose predecessors five thousand years ago built the pyramids and dug the ancient canals, and erected the most magnificent monuments which the world has ever seen, monuments which even time and vandalism cannot destroy.

Going on from this bazaar, from whose doorway we have watched the passing of the Khedive, we soon enter a perfect labyrinth of passageways, lined on every hand with little stalls where every imaginable article, and a good many things which until recently have been unimaginable to us, are sold: brass ware and silver filagree work, amber and sandal wood, fish and vegetables, fruit and statuettes, donkey bells and evil-eye beads for the camels, cakes and sugar for the boys, fodder for the donkeys, saddles for the horses, veils for the women, earrings and gewgaws for the Arabs of the desert, and everything which Eastern and Western ideas have rendered necessary.

SHOE PEDDLER OF CAIRO.

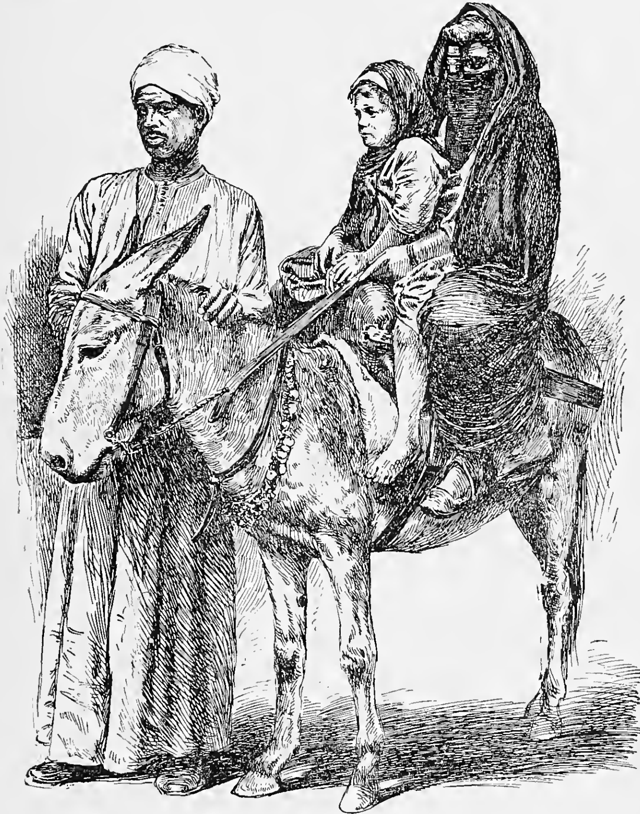
Many of these bazaars open out of passageways that are entirely covered overhead, and are dark, gloomy recesses into which a ray of sunlight never struggles. Still, dirty and dark, vermin-infested and beggar-haunted as they are, they are extremely interesting, and in their mazes any one who delights in the study of human nature can lose himself for days at a time, but never lose his interest in the strange sights around him.

Before leaving this fascinating city there are three excursions which we must make,—one to Heliopolis where Joseph lived, another to the marvelous museums of Bulak, the most remarkable depository of antiquities in all the world, and the third to the pyramids of Gizeh.

We can visit Heliopolis in a single half day. A pleasant road, winding oftentimes between gardens of oranges and lemons, and shaded much of the way by these fragrant trees, takes us to this famous City of the Sun. On the way we pass the village of Matariyeh. Here is the tree and well of the Virgin. My readers, who are acquainted with their New Testament history, will remember that the mother of our Lord, to escape the cruel persecutions of Herod, fled into Egypt with the child Jesus and her husband Joseph. The pathetic picture which is so common in Christian art of the Flight into Egypt, has done scarcely less than the Bible itself to impress this scene upon the imagination of the world. Those who have once seen this picture, or any of the innumerable copies of it, will never forget the sweet face of the Virgin Mother, as she rides along the dusty road, bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, while the dignified and manly Joseph walks by their side.

A modern traveler has said that if Joseph and Mary were modern Bedouins, Joseph would be riding the ass, while Mary would walk and carry the child. But we are glad to believe that Joseph and Mary had very little in common with the modern Bedouin, and that the western ideas of respect to motherhood and womankind prevailed in that journey undertaken so long ago to the land of Egypt. In this little village to which we have come, tradition says the virgin and child once rested, and the tree under which she rested — a large, spreading sycamore, with decayed trunk and gnarled limbs — is still pointed out. Of course, even the most credulous know that this particular tree must have been planted many centuries after that famous journey was undertaken; but it is very certain that a most ancient tradition connects the Holy Family with this very spot, and though it is known that this tree was not planted until 1672,

and that its predecessor died in 1665, it is not by any means impossible that near this spot came the Blessed Mother and the Holy Child, with their stalwart protector, from the land of Judea.



A BEDOUIN FAMILY ON A JOURNEY.

The water for the garden in which the tree is planted comes from a shallow pool near by, and, as we visited the spot, a blindfolded ox was pacing his weary round, raising the water by a series of endless buckets, which poured their contents into the ditches that irrigated the garden. Unlike most of the water in this vicinity, which is brackish,

the water from this reservoir is sweet and good for drinking, and before we left the garden we took a draught from the same pool at which the Virgin and her husband may have quenched their thirst eighteen hundred years ago.

Tradition has been busy with this place, as with every other that is connected with the Holy Family, and one pretty legend tells us that when persecution was rife, the mother concealed herself with the child in the hollow trunk of the tree which stood on this spot, and that a spider wove its web so closely across the opening that no lynx-eyed persecutor could see the mother and the child beneath the spider's veil.

Half a mile beyond this garden we see all that is left of the famous Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun. This is the place which the Bible calls On, and here we are told that Pharaoh gave Joseph the daughter of a priest of Heliopolis in marriage. In early days the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis was the most famous sacred place in all Egypt, and was the scene of the most notable ceremonies connected with the worship of the sun. No less than 12,913 priests and officials were connected with this temple, it is said. As one thinks of the former magnificence of this spot and contrasts it with its present decay, he realizes how absolutely Time destroys the mightiest works of man.

Few places have been so utterly wiped out of existence. All that is left now of this famous temple is a single obelisk, and even that is not impressive, for it is half buried in the accumulated mud and soil of the centuries, which have been deposited around it. On two sides the bees have built their cells in the deep-cut hieroglyphics, so as to fill them up completely and obliterate the characters, and the only signs of life about this temple, which once swarmed with thousands of priests and myriads of worshipers, are two

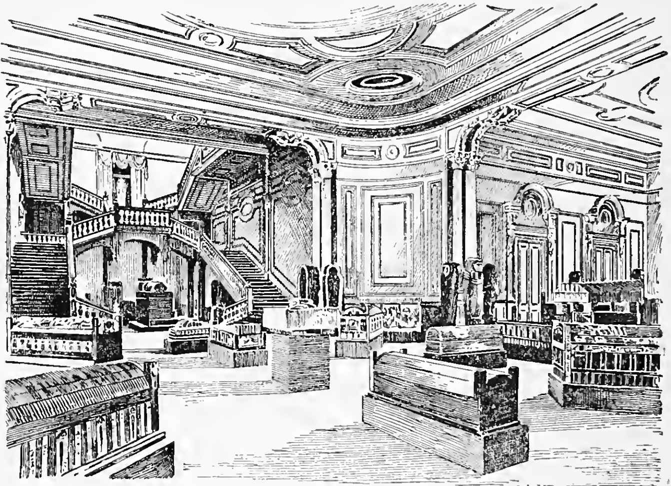
or three blind, lame, halt, and loathsome beggars, who limp after one at every step, and hold out filthy hands, distorted and twisted by disease, for backsheesh.

Companion obelisks to the one which stands here have been taken by successive conquerors of Egypt to grace their capitals, and this alone is left to tell the tale of the glory of Heliopolis. On this obelisk, doubtless, Joseph looked; beneath the shadows of this monument and its tall companions he led the Mother and Child. To the temple, which stood on this spot in its more than royal magnificence, came the Pharaohs, one after another. Every Pharaoh considered himself the human embodiment of the sun, and it is only natural that he should have brought offerings worthy of a Pharaoh to this magnificent temple, to increase with every reign of every dynasty its growing magnificence.

There is to-day in the National Museum at London a papyrus which gives a marvelous list of presents donated to this temple by Rameses III alone. But now, for more than two thousand years, Heliopolis has been but a name. Even the famous university which once flourished here, though established long after the temple had ceased to exist, and only a hundred years before the time of Christ, is utterly obliterated. Nations have come and gone, kingdoms have waxed and waned, steadily the star of empire has moved westward, but this one lonely monolith remains, half imbedded in mud, not even respected by the bees themselves, resorted to by only a few tourists, on whom beggars fatten — this only remains of the magnificent City of the Sun.

Our next excursion shall be to the Bulak Museum. As a rule, the traveler finds a museum a tiresome weariness to the flesh, unless he is engaged in some particular branch of research and desires to make use of the treasures which the museum contains, in his particular investigations; he is apt

to wander through the endless corridors in a stupid and perfunctory way, casting a glance to the right and the left, for the sake of performing his duty, and being able to say that he has "done" the museum. Eye and brain, as well as feet become tired, the confined atmosphere at last becomes unendurable, and one vows that he will see no more curiosities "while the world standeth," if they are to be bought at the expense of such utter weariness and *ennui*. Then, as one



IN THE BULAK MUSEUM.

emerges into the open air, he has a dim remembrance of a tomb here and a scarabeus there, of a collection of arrow heads over yonder, of a case of butterflies on the north wall, and another of ancient coins on the south wall. But where the butterflies first flew, or where the coins passed current, or who occupied the tombs, or at whom the arrow heads were pointed — of these details he is apt to have a very mixed and hazy idea.

But the museum at Bulak is not an ordinary museum by any means. The most wearied and travel-hardened tourist

finds here enough treasures to keep his mind alert, and to drive the weariness from his brain and his feet.

We did not linger, however, for many minutes over the bronze cats and jackals, the ibises in copper, or the shrine of Osiris. We did not take any great joy in the sight of the green porcelain deity in the shape of a distorted child standing upon two crocodiles and strangling two snakes, neither did we go into raptures over the dog-faced ape, the emblem of the god Thoth, or even over the golden diadems and chains and alabaster vases, and granite hawks with human heads, for we were anxious to spend all the time at our disposal in the apartment of the royal mummies.

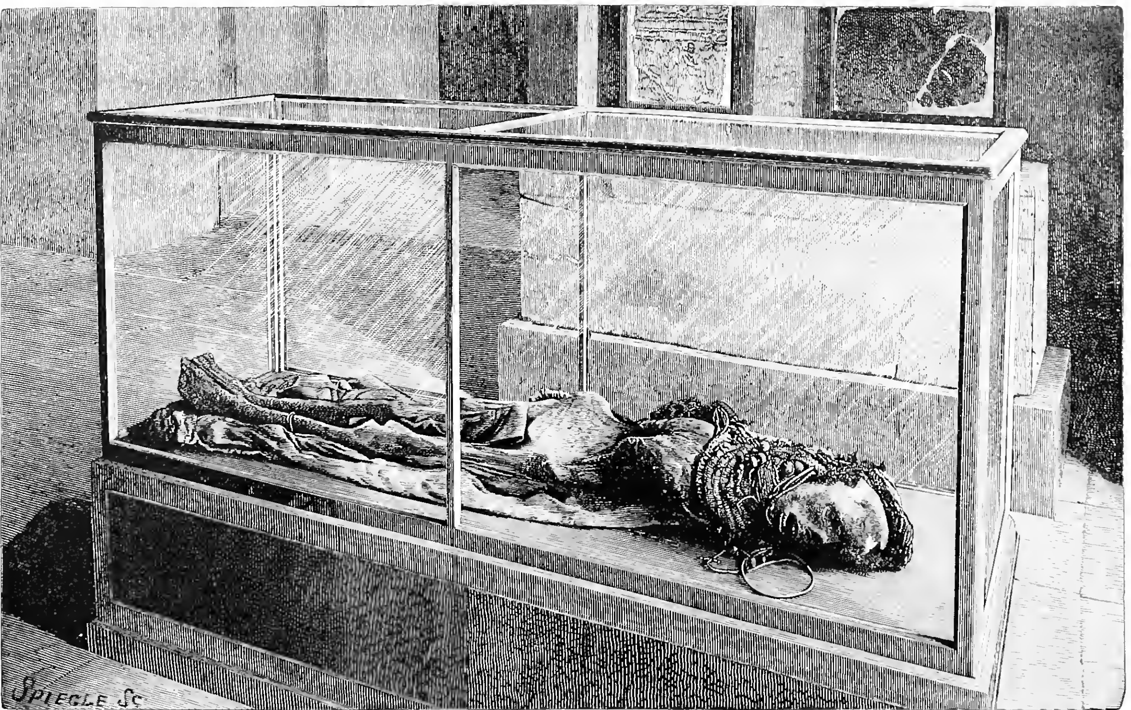
Until within the memory of many of my youngest readers, the existence of these mummies was not suspected by the civilized world. The Arabs, to be sure, knew of them, but as the royal tombs furnished them with a perfect mine of curios, seals, coins, statuettes, and rolls of papyrus, they carefully concealed their knowledge from investigating travelers. At last the antiquities were found, and treasures such as the world had not believed to exist, were unearthed. As we enter the museum we see several mummies and coffins belonging to priests and kings and princes of the twenty-first dynasty. But this was an inglorious dynasty, so history tells us. The priest-kings were unable to enforce their claims, and they are particularly interesting to us only on account of their connection with Solomon; for it was with this dynasty that Solomon made affinity, and took Pharaoh's daughter and brought her into the city of David. It was a Pharaoh of this dynasty, too, that took Gezer and burned it with fire, and slew the Canaanites that dwelt in the city, and gave it for a present to his daughter, Solomon's wife, as we are told in the ninth chapter of I Kings. In the time of these Pharaohs, Solomon had

horses and linen yarn brought out of Egypt. We are told that an Egyptian chariot in those days cost 650 shekels of silver, and a horse 150 shekels.

As we pass on further into this most interesting funereal apartment, we find priests and kings of older dynasties. Here is the coffin of Thothmes III. These were more glorious Pharaohs than their successors. They flourished more than 3,500 years ago, extended their conquests as far as the Tigris, exacted heavy tributes from the nations whom they vanquished, and embellished Thebes, their capital, with magnificent edifices.

But most interesting of all in this marvelous room are the coffins and the mummies of Sethi I and his son Rameses II, for these are the "Pharaohs of the Oppression," whose cruel story is told to us so graphically in the Book of Exodus.

Sethi, it is known, caused his son Rameses to be educated with the other young Egyptian nobles, and it is altogether probable that one of these Egyptian nobles was Moses, the great Lawgiver of Israel. How Pharaoh's daughter found him as she went to bathe in the Nile; how, by the sister's gentle ruse, the child's mother was called to be the nurse, we all remember. Who has not felt glad when the princess said to the anxious mother: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Never was such a congenial task given to a nurse before! "And the woman took the child and nursed it, and the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son, and she called his name Moses, and she said: Because I drew him out of the water." Now, after reading this brief Biblical story, let us turn to our museum again. Look into that glass case. There, in that royal gilded coffin, lies a shrunken, withered mummy. The lower limbs are yet wrapped in the cerements of the grave, but the skull is ex-



MUMMY OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD, OF SETHI I, FATHER OF RAMESES II,—THE PHARAOH WHO OPPRESSED THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(From a special photograph.)

Look into that glass case. There, in that royal gilded coffin, lies a shrunken, withered mummy. The lower limbs are yet wrapped in the cerements of the grave, but the naked skull is still perfect and visible. The long hooked Roman nose, the deep sunken eyeballs, the heavy square jaw, tell of the warrior and the tyrant. There is Moses's playfellow. For more than three thousand three hundred years he lay silent in the earth, until at last the mighty secret of his burial place was discovered, his coffin was opened, and he was found to tell us the story of the awful oppression and tyranny which he inaugurated so many centuries ago.

posed and still perfect. The long, hooked, Roman nose, the deep-sunken eyeballs, the heavy, square jaw, tell of the warrior and the tyrant. There is Moses's playfellow.

For more than three thousand years he lay silent in the earth, until at last the spade of the antiquarian broke into his dark resting place, his coffin was opened, and he was found to tell us with his firm, determined lips, the story of the awful oppression and tyranny which he inaugurated so many centuries ago.

FULL LENGTH VIEW OF MUMMY OF KING PHARAOH, RAMESES II. (The Pharaoh of the Oppression.)

[1] "Rameses II, the "Pharaoh of the Oppression," died about 3,300 years ago. His body was embalmed, placed on board the royal barge, and floated up the Nile to the Theban City of the Dead, where it was laid to rest in the great sarcophagus which had been cut from the limestone of Biban-el-Mulouk. The location of the tomb was well known then, because it had been the habit of the monarch to visit it frequently during its excavation, but for centuries the exact spot remained a mighty secret.

"According to custom, after the burial the doorway to the tomb was walled up and so disguised by rocks and sand as to make it impossible for any but the priests to discover its whereabouts. It was not until 1881 that the real hiding place was discovered. For a number of years the officials of the Bulak Museum had seen funeral offerings, and other antiquities, brought from Thebes by returning tourists, which

[1] Edward L. Wilson in The Century.

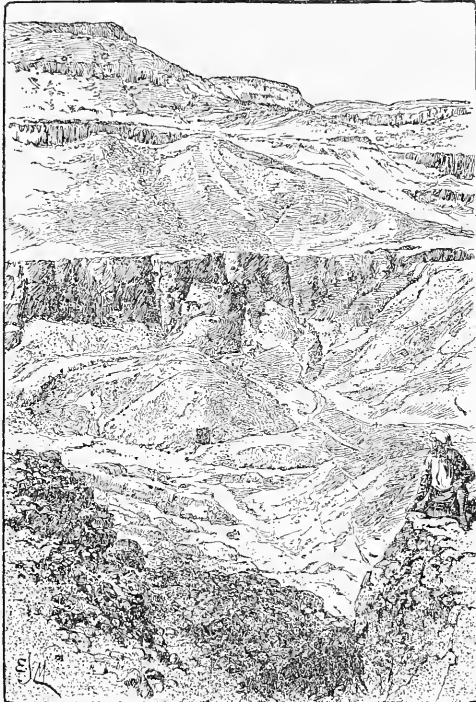
they knew belonged to the dynasty of Rameses II, of his father Sethi I, and of his grandfather Rameses I. The clear-headed officials argued that the mummies of those royal personages must have been discovered by some one. The Director-General of the Museum at once organized a detective force to help him discover the hiding-place.

"Arrest after arrest was made among the natives, and the bastinado was applied to many a calloused sole which had never felt either shoe or sandal. Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to an Arab named Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. He was arrested and confined in prison for many months, meantime suffering the bastinado repeatedly. Finally his brother made a clean breast of the whole affair, and was induced to conduct the Curator of the Museum to the hiding-place so long looked for.

"Up the slope of a western mountain a huge isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to have been arranged 'by hand' rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature. Arabs were employed to remove the loose stones from the well into which they had been thrown. When the bottom of the shaft was reached a subterranean passage was found which ran westward about twenty-four feet, and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain for about two hundred feet. This passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent, and six feet in height.

"There was found the mummy of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and his identity was subsequently established beyond question. In the same chamber were found nearly forty other mummies of kings, queens, princes, and priests.

"The following June the mummy of Rameses II was released from its bandages. After the unfolding of the mummy the merciless camera was turned upon it, and in that sort of picture, which is notorious for never flattering nor ever detracting, we have a proof of the very original himself, enabling all to 'see how Pharaoh looked.' No doubt exists about the genuineness of the mummy, for, in black ink, written upon the mummy case by the high priest and King Pinotem, is the record testifying to the identity of the royal contents. The coverings were all removed by the careful hands of one of the professors of the Bulak Museum, in the presence of the Khedive and other distinguished persons."



WHERE THE MUMMY OF PHARAOH WAS FOUND.
ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB.

The head is long, and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalming. The forehead is low and narrow; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small

and close together; the nose is long, arched, and thin, and slightly crushed at the tip by the pressure of the bandages. The temples are sunken; the cheek-bones very prominent; the ears round, and pierced like those of a woman for the

PROFILE OF KING PHARAOH, RAMESES II.
(The Pharaoh of the Oppression.)

wearing of ear-rings. The jaw-bone is massive and strong; the mouth small, and when first exposed was full of some kind of black paste. This paste being partly removed disclosed much worn teeth, which, however, are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are white and thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but

were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The skin is of earthy brown, spotted with black. Finally, it may be said, the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly

FRONT VIEW OF PHARAOH IMMEDIATELY AFTER UNWINDING THE MUMMY.
(From a special photograph.)

animal; but even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less lifelike. The neck is no thicker than the vertebral column. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon

the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man. We know, indeed, that Rameses II reigned for sixty-seven years, and that he must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died.

He had his good points, to be sure, had Rameses the Great. He exhibited great zeal as a builder, as a patron of art and of sciences, and erected monuments of victory in various parts of Egypt. But his monuments have all crumbled, his buildings are leveled with the ground, the arts and sciences which he encouraged are outgrown, and have been succeeded by nobler arts and sciences. But the one thing that he will be known for in all the future history of the world, is that which is recorded of him in the first Book of Exodus. Surely, it is true, in this case, that "the evil that men do lives after them, while the good is oft interred with their bones."

"And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

"Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

"And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we;

"Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

"Therefore, they did set over them task-masters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses.

"But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they grieved because of the children of Israel.

"And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour;

"And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour.

. . . .

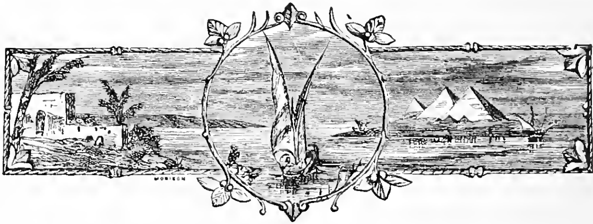
"And Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive."

A sad record, surely, is this for any man to leave after him, and yet we can believe it of this old Pharaoh, as we see him grim and determined even in death, lying in his coffin, which is exposed to the curious gaze of every sightseer. None so poor now as to do reverence to this ancient ruler of the world. He, at whose beck kings rallied to his standards, or concluded peace at his command, lies there, a mere spectacle for every curiosity monger. The poorest vagabond of the realm can now criticise his hooked nose and his retreating forehead, and his long and scrawny neck with impunity. The one on whom kings dared not look without trembling, is now known only as a persecutor and oppressor, who is hated and despised by Jews and Christians alike, though he has lain in his coffin for more than three thousand years. The old rule is forgotten, and no good and only evil is spoken of this man who has been so long dead.

Near by is the coffin and the mummy of his father, Sethi I, who also shows in the very contour of his head that he was a Pharaoh born to rule. And here is the scriptural account of the end of this man whose mummy we see before

us. "And it came to pass in the process of time, that the king of Egypt died, and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God, and God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob, and God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto them."

We know the tragic history that followed, the groanings, the oppression, the plague, the deliverance, the passage of the Red Sea, the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his chariots in the waves. The Pharaoh of the oppression lies before us in the museum of Bulak; but the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whom the Bible declares found a watery grave under the Red Sea's waves, has never been found among the royal mummies of Egypt.



CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE—OUR CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE GREAT PYRAMIDS—BESET BY ARABS—AMUSING ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES.

An Ancient Proverb—Our First View of the Pyramids—Man-made Mountains—Monuments Which Never Disappoint the Traveler—Could They be Built To-day?—A Blow at the Conceit of the Nineteenth Century—Comfort for the Optimist—Why the Pyramids were Built and How—The Tombs of the Pharaohs—A Small Pyramid for a Short Reign—A More Intimate Acquaintance—The Road to Cheops—"Mafish Backsheesh"—Unnecessary Attention—The Comanches of the Desert—An Appeal to the Sheik—Getting Up-stairs—How the Stout Lady Reached the Top—Desolation, Dearth, and Death—Life-giving Father Nile—Beautiful Cairo—An Ancient Story of the Pyramids—Avaricious Arabs—Destroying the Pyramids—Looking Down on Forty Centuries—A Ride on a Camel to the Sphinx.

"EVERYTHING fears time, but time fears the pyramids," is an old Arabian proverb that has been current in the Land of the Pyramids for more than seven hundred years. Our first glimpse of these time-feared monuments was from the railway train as we approached Cairo. We knew that somewhere off in the distance, out of the sandy desert, arose these marvelous monuments of a past age, and for some time before the domes and minarets of Cairo appeared in sight, we strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of them.

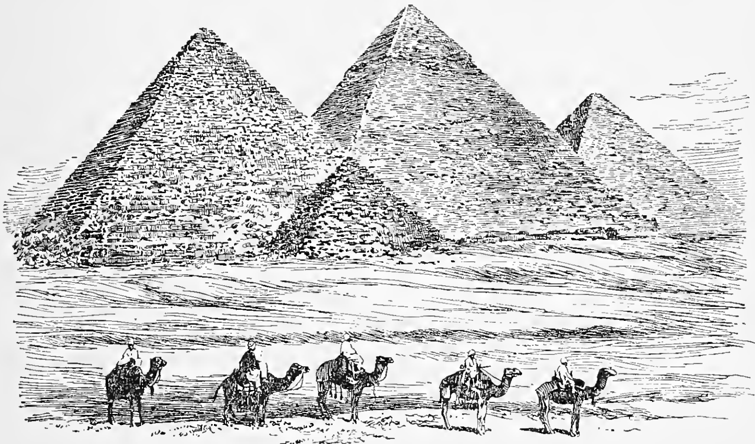
At length a bend in the road brought them into view,

somewhat dwarfed by distance, to be sure, but unmistakably the pyramids of picture-book and fancy, of boyhood's dream and manhood's anticipation. They are so unique and unapproached by any other species of architecture, so easily represented, and so readily compassed by the imagination that one thinks he is seeing old, familiar friends, as they first loom up on the horizon. The pyramids of the old geographies and of more modern photographs are here before us, in solid, substantial stone. They look as we thought they looked. They do not surprise us by their vastness on the one hand, nor disappoint us by their insignificance as compared with previous anticipations, on the other.

For almost every other famous sight one is somewhat unprepared, however familiar he may be with pictures and descriptions and measurements. The Taj Mahal of India, for instance, goes beyond the greatest expectations. No photograph can tell the traveler of its graceful lines, its aspiring minarets, its dazzling white marble, or its incrustations of precious stones. The temples of Southern India are only feebly portrayed by photographs. Of the Colosseum, one can get but a sectional and partial view, and one has to stand within its vast sweep of stones to appreciate its magnitude. Saint Peter's disappoints most travelers by its seeming want of size, as compared with his great expectations. But for the pyramids one is well prepared. Not that they do not grow on the imagination. Almost every stupendous work of architecture does thus improve upon acquaintance. The mind must have some time to adjust itself to its proportions, and the longer one gazes upon the pyramids, and the nearer he approaches their towering bulk, the more impressed is he with these wonders of the ancient and modern world, the more he marvels how they could possibly be built in rude ages when labor-saving machinery was compar-

atively unknown, the more he begins to suspect that, after all, these ages which could have built the pyramids were not so rude as his modern conceit is prone to suppose.

It is doubtful if they could be built to-day with all the appliances that modern invention has rendered familiar, with the aid of steam and electricity, and every contrivance which the ingenuity of four thousand years has been able to supply. It is doubtful if those vast blocks of stone could be



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS.

quarried or transported, or raised to their present position, or laid so accurately, by any master mason of to-day.

When we think that the building of the pyramids was only an index to the civilization of the centuries that saw them erected, our inflated notions concerning the importance of the nineteenth century in the roll of the ages grows somewhat smaller. The pyramids are like isolated peaks in some vast sea, which still remain above the surface to tell of the mighty continents which have been submerged. Everything perishable has been swept away, cities and farms, canals and roadways, the accumulations of centuries of

wealth, the arts and sciences of the ages long gone by, are all buried under the sand of the desert. The pyramids alone remain to tell us what the world then was, and to dwarf the pigmy products and enterprises of the present day. Surely there is a law of degeneration, as well as a law of evolution at work in the world. In some respects the world is going backward instead of forward.

In some particulars, we cannot equal our great-great-great ancestors who flourished in Moses' time, but the optimist may well believe,—and there is nothing to dispel the pleasant thought,—that if in material grandeur we cannot compete with the ages of the past, in moral and spiritual matters this old world never attained such an eminence as since the time when the light from the face of Christ shone upon her. If we build no pyramids in these days, we do build hospitals and colleges and orphan asylums on a vast scale. If there are no magnificent palaces of the Pharaohs, there are innumerable temples consecrated to the relief of suffering and the uplifting of humanity. If we can erect no Cheops in these days, it is at least true that we do not sacrifice the lives of a hundred thousand peasants every year in the erection of a senseless funereal monument, built to gratify individual vanity; for it is very certain that the pyramids of Gizeh, and all the other pyramids that have made the land of Egypt famous, are simply funereal monuments, huge tombs for the kings; and, though some fanciful writers have professed to find in them the embodiment of all the sciences, the standards of weights and measures, and even a prophecy of the birth of Christ, these theories have very little weight among scholars of the present day, and it is generally believed that these huge monuments were simply receptacles for the mummies of the Pharaohs who built them.

Each succeeding Pharaoh began work on his own tomb as soon as he ascended the throne. At first the monument which he built over his sarcophagus was comparatively small, and if he died after a short reign, it remained a small and insignificant pyramid. This accounts for the smaller pyramids which dot the desert. If, however, his reign was longer, he added one course of stone to another, building always from the outside, and in such a way that the pyramid would be complete in itself whenever he might die, after the course of stone which had been begun was finished. Every succeeding incrustation of stones was, of course, a larger and more stupendous undertaking than the last, and it was only the Pharaohs who lived to the greatest age who could construct such monuments as Cheops and Cephron.

But we have lingered quite too long already in the distance. It can be imagined that an excursion to the pyramids was one of the very first pleasures that we enjoyed in Cairo. We could not see those giants looming up in the distance without desiring more intimate acquaintance, and so, taking a carriage at our hotel, a drive of an hour and a half brought us to their very base. We had heard harrowing tales of the importunate beggar, and so we had practiced, before leaving the hotel, and on the route, the important phrase, "Mafish backsheesh," which was all we knew and all we needed to know of Arabic. At the same time we steeled our hearts against all kinds of miseries and persistent pleadings, comforting ourselves in our hardheartedness with the fact that all our friends and all our guide books told us that these misery-venders were mostly imposters, and that it was the most mistaken kind of charity to heed their importunate cries; that some of them were very well-to-do in the world, and were better able to give backsheesh to their victims than was the average traveler to give it to them.

The road from Cairo to Cheops is, for this desert land, a very pleasant road, being broad and well made, and lined with trees on either side. The pyramids occupy a low plateau about fifteen hundred yards square; and a considerable ascent leads from the level road to the foot of the great pyramid.

BY THE ROADSIDE IN EGYPT.

Long before we reach this spot, however, our troubles with the Bedouins begin. For rods they run along beside the carriage, some on two legs, some on one, and some on three or four; for crutches and canes are part of the stock in trade of these beggars, with all kinds of deformities and diseases — the more disgusting and loathsome, the larger is

their capital. In some places they even strew unnecessary sand and gravel before the horses for the alleged purpose of making it more easy for them to ascend the hill, but for the real purpose of having a pretext for making some exorbitant demand on the traveler. However, we are able to resist these importunities, and it is only when the carriage actually stops, and we are obliged to dismount, that matters become serious. Here we are surrounded apparently by all the Bedouins of the desert, congregated together for the purpose of boosting our precious selves up the pyramid. They surround us like a tribe of hostile Comanches on the war-path. They gesticulate and scream, seize us by the arm, and apparently intend to capture us by main force, while they try to frighten off all other claimants for the booty.

At length, however, our manhood asserts itself, and our womanhood too, for that matter — for it must be remembered that there is a feminine pilgrim in this party — and summoning all our Arabic, in the most impressive tones we can summon, and with gestures that are meant to be as emphatic as their own, we cry out, "Iscut walla mafish backsheesh!" (Be quiet or you shall have no fee.) What we lack in accuracy of pronunciation, we make up in vigor of expression. At any rate the Arabs seem to understand us, and, falling back a step or two, there is a temporary lull in the babel. We then appeal to the old Sheik, who stands in the thick of the crowd, a venerable, white-bearded old man, trying to bring some little order out of the chaos, and he assigns to each of us two swarthy, half-naked Bedouins, to take us by either arm, while he tells us that we can have another, without extra charge, to push behind if we desire.

The huge blocks of stone which form the outer coating of Cheops are usually more than three feet in height, while some of them reach nearly to the chin of a full grown man.

It will be seen that it is with no mincing step that one can mount these enormous stones. But somehow or other one course after another is surmounted, a little hollow will afford a place for the toe, the muscular Bedouin will climb like a cat, and, reaching down, will lift one to his height, while his companion below pushes one upward. Then, following along this course for a few yards, we find a place where it is possible to mount to the next course of stones, and then to the next, and so on until we stand on the very summit.

The day that we ascended was honored by the ascent of an enormously stout lady, who, though she started some time before we did, was soon overtaken. In spite of her "too, too solid flesh," her spirit was brave and resolute, and she had determined to conquer the pyramid and stand on its apex. Most tourists would have been discouraged from the attempt by so much superfluous avoirdupois, but not so with our fair and fat excursionist. Her courage was evidently quite as large as her body, and though she puffed and panted, and caused all her numerous retainers to puff and pant in sympathy, yet she persevered. Lighter and more agile tourists started long after she began the ascent, caught up with her and passed her almost at a gallop, but she still puffed and panted on. As many Bedouins pulled in front as could get hold of a finger or an arm — as many more pushed behind, and at last mind triumphed over matter, and our Amazon stood upon the peak, and was able to wave her handkerchief in triumph to her timid friends below who had not dared to make the ascent.

It must not be thought, however, that even the most agile tourist bounds like a young gazelle from one course of stones to another, without stopping until he stands upon the top. Though our guides are in a hurry to get up and get down again, we are in no haste, and we insist upon sitting

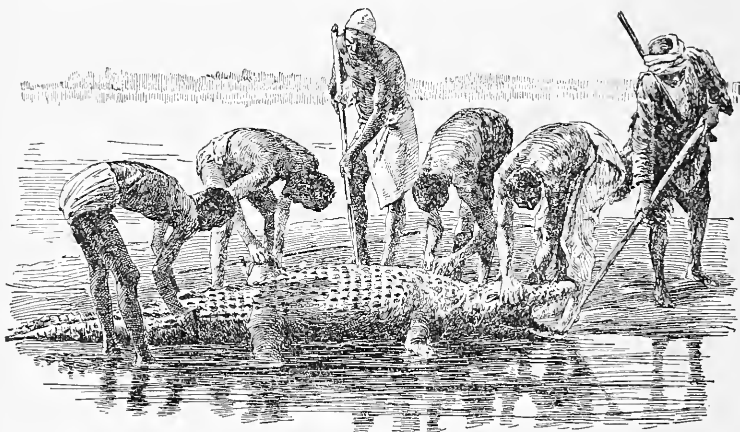
down to rest wherever we choose, for the view is growing more and more superb the higher we ascend.

The yellow sand of the desert lies beneath us like a vast, silent, petrified sea, lapping the very feet of the pyramids. On the plateau near by are two other huge pyramids, while one or two little ones — the children of the family — lie at our feet. Near by, too, is the incomprehensible Sphinx, the wonder and mystery of the ages, calm and resolute and silent, yet smiling still, though sadly battered and mutilated by the vandal hands of iconoclasts.

In every direction except one, as far as the eye can reach, is a scene of absolute desolation and death. Interminable reaches of yellow sand, no oasis, no green ribbon of a grass-like stream, no solitary palm tree waving its fronds in the air — the most mournful country upon which the sun of heaven shines. In the far distance, to the south, rise the pyramids of Abusir and Saccara, where were made some wonderful "finds" of hidden treasures. But these monuments of dead kings only seem to emphasize the desolation of the landscape. The only object which breaks its monotony are these majestic tombs — the monuments of a civilization which has been dead for three thousand years.

But in another direction the scene changes. Beautiful Cairo, mellowed and glorified by the haze of distance, rises in the east with its countless minarets and beautifully rounded domes, and all about the city, which is laved by the life-giving Nile, is the deep-hued vegetation which makes a city possible here in the midst of the desert. Wherever the river goes, or a branch of the river, or a canal from that branch, or an irrigating ditch from the canal, thither is spread in fan-like lines the refreshing green that forms such a blessed picture of life and health as contrasted with the deadly sands upon which this little fan of green is laid.

When we draw nearer to Father Nile we shall see many strange and curious sights. Possibly we shall get a glimpse of a crocodile, and we may be so fortunate as to come upon one of these ugly saurians who has devoured his last infant Egyptian, and who, bound, stunned, and helpless, is at the mercy of his captors. His hide will serve a more useful purpose than ever before when it is turned into a scaly grip-sack for the use and behoof of some American drummer.



A SCENE ON THE NILE.

Of course such scenes are more common on the upper Nile than they are near Cairo.

While we are sitting here on the pyramid-top, looking at the view from one of the upper courses of stone, it will be a good time for us to learn something of the construction of the great monument we are ascending, and something of its ancient history.

I was much interested in the account that Herodotus gives of the building of Cheops, for no one can be more accurate or reliable than the great historian in regard to objects which he himself saw. Here is his account of it: "This pyramid was first built in the form of a flight of steps.

After the workmen had completed the pyramid in this form, they raised the other stones used for the incrustation by means of machines made of short beams, from the ground to the first tier of steps, and, after the stone was placed there, it was raised to the second tier by another machine, for there were as many machines as there were tiers of steps, or perhaps the same machine, if it were easily moved, was raised from one tier to the other, as it was required for lifting the stones. The highest part of the pyramid was thus finished first, the parts adjoining it were taken next, and the lowest part, next to the earth, was completed last.

"It was recorded on the pyramid in Egyptian writing [the stones which recorded these facts, I may say, have long been removed, and there is now no writing visible] how many radishes, onions, and roots of garlic had been distributed among the workmen, and if I rightly remember what the interpreter who read the writing told me," says Herodotus, "the money they cost amounted to sixteen hundred talents of silver [more than $170,000]. If this was really the case, how much more must have been spent on the iron with which they worked than the food and clothing of the workmen."

This account of the ancient historian of the manner in which the pyramid was constructed has been entirely confirmed by modern researches.

It can very easily be believed that these vast structures, with their hidden recesses, early excited the cupidity of the successors of the Pharaohs. It is said that the pyramids were first opened and examined by the Persians about five hundred years before Christ, and it is very certain that Arabs made many attempts to get within the treasure chamber. These vast receptacles of the bodies of the kings of ancient Egypt were like the forbidden room in

Bluebeard's palace, or the box or closet which the anxious mother tells the curious child must not be investigated. The very fact that it was sealed excited the cupidity and curiosity of these children of the desert, and they were forever trying to pry open the doors, and get at the fabulous treasures which they believed were concealed within. The vastness and the strength of the pyramids is in no way better indicated than by the fact that for so long they resisted the prying curiosity of these Khalifs, who had nothing better to do than to pull down what the Pharaohs had built up.

But it is very certain that they discovered within the recesses of the pyramids, when, after hundreds of years, they were able to force an entrance, very little to pay them for their time and trouble. It was not until the year 1820, fully twelve hundred years after the first attempt was made that Khalif Mamun got within the great pyramid, and it is said that the gold found within was exactly enough to pay for the cost of breaking and entering. Along with the treasure, so runs the Arabian tradition, was found a marble slab bearing an inscription which said that the money beside it sufficed to pay for the work of the inquisitive king, but that if he attempted to go further, he would have his labor for his pains, for he would find nothing worth taking.

It is altogether probable, as historians have suggested, that if this gold were found, it had been previously placed there by the calif who made the investigation, in order that his people might not be able to chide him with having expended so much money for nothing.

Some of the vandals who succeeded Khalif Mamun were not content to search the supposed treasure chamber further, but set out deliberately to destroy with malice aforethought the gigantic mementoes of the past. Sultan Othman, who

lived at the close of the twelfth century, and whose name ought to be forever execrated by all lovers of the magnificent, set to work with the fell purpose of destroying the third pyramid, which we can see from the top of Gizeh a little to the west of us. He actually organized a party of workmen to undertake this destruction, pitched a camp at the base of the pyramid, and labored incessantly for eight months; but the pyramid was stronger than the puny Othman. His eight months of labor, and the enormous sums which he spent in the work of destruction practically effected nothing, except as one historian says, "the shameful mutilation of the pyramid and the demonstration of the weakness and incapacity of the explorers. When the stones that were removed are regarded at the present day, one would think that the structure had been entirely destroyed; but when one then looks at the pyramid itself, one sees that it has suffered no material damage, and that a part of its incrustation has been stripped off on one side only." This fact, concerning the impotence of this iconoclast, tells volumes of the strength and solidity and might of the pyramids. A great force of men, working incessantly for eight months, could only scar and mutilate its face on one side. The Pharaohs could build what their successors could not overthrow.

Now we are sufficiently rested to pursue our journey to the top; following the zigzag line, planting our toes in the convenient crevices, jumping and springing as best we can, allowing our guides to pull and push us wherever it may be necessary, we at last reach the summit, and the view which was before partial and incomplete is now full-orbed and most magnificent. Nowhere is there such a contrast of life and death; nowhere else can we look down upon such mighty hieroglyphics of the ages.

As we stand below, "forty centuries look down upon us," as Napoleon reminded his troops, when they stood under the shadow of the pyramids. As we gaze from the top, we look down upon forty centuries. Every mighty pyramid is eloquent with the tale of a past civilization, forever forgotten and blotted out. Even the silent Sphinx seems to have a tongue to tell us of the glories of the past, over which she looks with her solemn, unblinking eyes. Every grain of sand, if it could tell its tale, would have a story more marvelous than the fictions of Scheherezade.

We are aroused from these reveries concerning the greatness of the past and the desolation of the present, by the inevitable Bedouins and their exasperating cry for baksheesh. We arise in our wrath, and tell the miserable horde that if they say another word about backsheesh before we reach the bottom of the pyramid, they will not get a single piaster beyond the strictly legal limits of their pay. Though this speech is delivered in queen's English, unadorned with a single word of Arabic, they seem to understand its purport, and subside to some extent.

But we are not relieved from the pestiferous attention of the curiosity vender or the dealer in spurious coins, who haunts the pyramid. He claims, of course, that his coins were found in the vaults of this very pyramid, though we know very well that they were undoubtedly made in Birmingham or Sheffield. But what cares he for truth or poetry! What cares he for the story of the pyramid, or the tale of the Sphinx! All these things are old fables to him, and he is only concerned to work off upon us his spurious relics, his "antikkers" as he calls them, in his Arabian English.

One of our guides insists that his name is Mark Twain, "Abdul Mark Twain," he solemnly informs us, and when

we accuse him of prevarication, and tell him that we left Mark Twain at the foot of the pyramid, and did not engage him for the ascent, he unblushingly informs us that there are three Mark Twains among the guides, but that he is Abdul Mark Twain. We cannot shake his faith in his own identity, and then he solemnly informs us that he is the Mark Twain, who, when the humorist visited the pyramid, ran down Cheops and up the side of Cephron and back again, all within ten minutes. He offers to do the same feat for us for the sum of four francs, but we refuse his blandishments.

THE FLIGHT DOWN THE PYRAMID.

When we reached the bottom, we settled the bill for the ascent, not with our importunate guide, but with the grey-bearded Sheik who awaited us, paying the regular fee and a reasonable baksheesh to each of our guides. Of course this is not done without protestations and the howlings of impotent wrath that they cannot extract from us ten times what is their due. But we are oblivious to their threats, assume utter ignorance of their language, which is not difficult to do, escape from their clutches, and make our way to the Sphinx.

Of course we must go thither in as romantic a way as

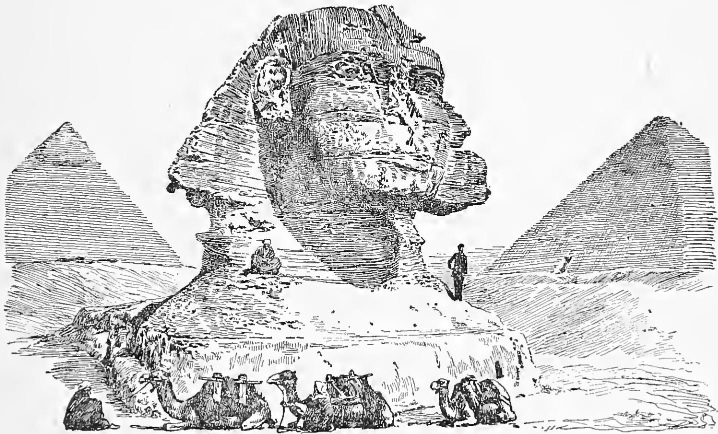
possible, and so we mount one of the ragged camels which are waiting to convey travelers to the silent stone woman, and in this manner make the short journey.

In order to allow tourists to mount, the camel unlimbers himself, doubles in his fore legs and shuts them up like a jackknife, does the same thing with his hind legs, and is then sufficiently low, so that with some difficulty we can reach the saddle. When we are safely seated astride his hump, he begins to undouble himself, first unjointing his hind legs, then getting upon his knees, and finally upon his great, splay-footed, spongy feet. Preserving our equilibrium as well as possible, and holding on with both hands, so as not to be thrown over his head, we await his next movement. This is even more trying than the first, for as he stretches his front legs, we rock back and forth, as though we were astride a miniature earthquake, but at last he is on his feet again, and plods off solemnly with his nose high in the air, towards the Sphinx of which he seems a fitting counterpart.

It is only a short journey, and is accomplished in a few minutes, and we find ourselves face to face with this silent wonder of the ages. The Sphinx was doubtless far more impressive before she had her nose battered off, her ear amputated, and her eyes blackened, by the combined spite of iconoclasts and relic hunters.

An old Mohammedan Sheik, who took the second commandment too literally, and vowed that the world should not have any graven images if he could help it, is responsible for much of this mutilation. The Mamelukes accomplished much more in this direction, having used the Sphinx as a target for their cannon-balls, and relic hunters have added their puny might by chipping away here and there bits of stone to adorn their wretched little museums. We can scarcely get an adequate idea of this magnificent monument

of the ages when in its pristine glory, but we can easily believe what an old writer tells us who saw the statue when in perfect preservation; that its face was very pleasing, and was of a graceful and beautiful type. "One might almost say," he adds, "that it smiles winningly." The Arabs have a very significant name for the Sphinx, which may be translated "The Watchful." This is the impression that she still gives to every beholder. There is still a wakeful intelligence in the mutilated face; there is still a calm suggestion

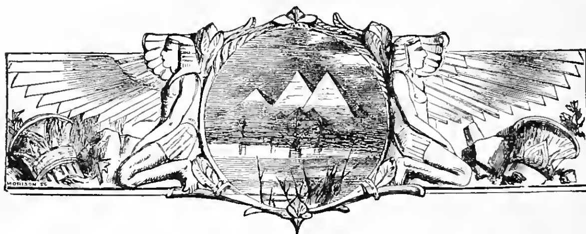


THE SPHINX.

of limitless vision in the eyes. There is still a calm poise in the outstretched lions' feet and in the whole attitude of the unfinished body, which leads one to say, "This is the watcher of the desert." From her fathomless eyes she has looked out upon everything that has happened for four thousand years, and she will still watch over the sands of the desert, in spite of iconoclast and relic hunters, down to "the last syllable of recorded time."

A few feet from the Sphinx is a great temple composed of granite and alabaster, and in the vicinity are other

wonders as well. But we are satisfied with our day's work. This stupendous pyramid and the magnificent Sphinx satisfy all our aspirations for sightseeing. We can absorb, to-day, no more of the marvels and glories of the ancient world, and we will return to our hotel in Cairo, and later to our home in America, to think over and to dream of the wonders of the Egyptian desert.



CHAPTER XXIII.

ALL ABOARD FOR JERUSALEM.

A Stormy Day in March — A Test for Brave Hearts and Strong Stomachs — Throwing Up Jonah — Going Ashore at Jaffa — How We Got Down the Ship's Side — Dumping Passengers in the Small Boat — Up to the Ridge Pole and Down the Side of the Great Tent — A Terrible Accident — A Highwayman's Demand — "Your Money or Your Life" — A Near Approach — Unspeakable Filth — The House of Simon the Tanner — Simon's Vat — View from the Housetop — Our Rural Friend from New York State — "Them Jimkirridges" — Through the Holy Land Behind a Steam Engine — The Sentimental Man — The Reward of Indulging a Sentiment — Our Dragoman — How Abdallah Caught the Doctors Napping — When the Sun and the Moon Stood Still — The Dapper Conductor in His Red Fez — The Rose of Sharon.

WE sailed from Alexandria one stormy day in March, and, after a journey of some four and twenty hours, reached ancient Jaffa, the chief seaport of Jerusalem.

Joppa, or Jaffa as it is now called, deserves its bad reputation as the worst port in all the world. Brave travelers who will not blanch at any other terrors which a journey around the world has in store for them, confess to an unworthy fear of this landing place, and strong stomachs which never rebel under ordinary circumstances, however boisterous the seas, turn themselves inside out when they go ashore at this port.

"Throwing up Jonah" becomes more than a figurative phrase in the roadstead of Jaffa, for it will be remembered that it was from this very town that the famous navigator of old set sail, when, attempting to run away from God's command, he took ship for Tarshish.

Modern navigators on the Syrian coast have not forgotten the Bible story, for, whenever the sea is unusually rough, they say to this day, that Jonah has taken ship and the waves will not subside until he is landed.

Evidently, Jonah was on board when we sailed up to Jaffa's gates, for the waves danced and leaped about our steamer and grew every moment more boisterous, though the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly overhead.

When the good steamer of the Egyptian or Khedival line on which we were embarked came to anchor, the health officer, after some delay, declared that we might land. Then we could see half a score of stout boats, each armed by half a dozen rowers, start out from behind the line of rocks which flank the coast and form a poor apology for a breakwater.

There is great rivalry between the boats, for all the passengers are regarded as legitimate prey by the representatives of tourist companies, and the boat that first comes to the steamer is first served with its quota of passengers.

As they near the steamer, the boatmen pull with redoubled energy, and then ensues such a tumbling and scrambling and rushing and snatching of baggage as defies description.

Most of us, however, have purchased our landing tickets in advance, from one of the aforesaid tourists' companies, at an absurdly high price, it must be confessed. The boatmen of one of these rival companies wear red shirts, the other blue, and we have little difficulty in picking out our blue-coat

or our red-coat, as the case may be. We have to use violence, however, to get our small packages out of the hands of the wrong man and into the hands of the right man, who finally dumps them into one of his own boats, and then proceeds to dump us in after the baggage. It is an exciting operation, especially for women and fat people.

The little boats are dancing about the big steamer like pith balls on an electric plate. Now they mount on the crest of a wave almost to the bulwarks, and then they sink down, down, down, far below the usual water line.

It requires no little dexterity and agility to get over the steamer's side and into the little boat under these circumstances. One must watch his chance, and when the landing boat rises on the wave to its highest point, he must rush down the gangway and throw himself into the arms of the boatman who is waiting to receive him below.

All this is done amid shouts of sailors and shrieks of frightened tourists and dashing of waves and creaking of windlasses and whistling of wind in the rigging until it seems that Pandemonium itself is let loose.

At length, however, the last passenger has been swung over the ship's side, and the last trunk has been dropped into the capacious boats, which, with the greatest difficulty, are kept from grinding themselves into kindling wood on the iron hull of the steamer. Our boatmen shove off, and then begins a royal struggle with the waves.

Up, up, up, we go, to the very ridgepole of a great billow which slopes away on either side like a vast tent. Then we slide down, down, down the billowy side of our watery tent, until we reach the trough of the wave, only to mount the side of the next wave that is rushing our way, as though it would collapse and overwhelm us in its capacious folds.

Thus we mount one billow after another, our sturdy boat-

man always putting the prow of the boat into the wave, and never allowing it to strike us broadside, until at last we round the edge of the protecting rocks and hear that "blessedest of sounds," the keel of our boat grating on the pebbles of Jaffa's shore.

With all its seeming frightfulness, there is probably little real danger in this landing, and comparatively few accidents occur except by reason of gross carelessness.

A few weeks before we reached Jaffa, however, a very distressing accident of this sort had occurred. A large party of travelers, mostly Russian pilgrims, had embarked on one of these boats for the shore. The day was stormy and the sea tempestuous; very much such a day, we imagine, as that on which we landed. The passengers had all agreed with the boatmen to be taken to the shore for half a napoleon (nearly two dollars), a sum which, for the distance carried, is exorbitant. But no sooner was the boat in the middle of the boiling, seething waters, half way between the ship and the shore, when the avaricious boatmen demanded double fares and threw up their oars, declaring that they would go no farther until their demands were met.

This was no better than highway robbery, and naturally the passengers refused to accede to it. In the dispute that ensued, a tremendous wave struck the boat, and, in the twinkling of an eye, overturned it, and after a few vain struggles with the engulfing waves, it sank to the bottom. Not one of the pilgrims was saved, though all the greedy, rascally boatmen, being strong swimmers, succeeded in reaching the rocks.

It is a satisfaction to know that all these murderers were apprehended and lodged in jail, where we hope they will remain for many a year before they are released to risk the lives of other tourists by their grasping cupidity.

Jaffa is an imposing looking city from the sea. Its whitewashed stone houses swarm up the side of a steep hill, and spread themselves out over its crest until one fondly believes that he is gazing upon a city of palaces.

But in this case, as in so many others, distance lends enchantment to the view, and when we actually land and thread the narrow, tortuous streets, we find that it is about the filthiest and most unkempt city on which the sun shines.

The streets are full of swaying camels and pushing little donkeys and unwashed ragged Syrians of every degree of poverty and wretchedness.

It is almost inconceivable how some of the narrow streets can remain as filthy as they are. One would think that even an occasional shower would wash some of the accumulated dirt of the ages off them, and that a rainy season would sensibly sweeten these filthy thoroughfares.

Apparently, however, nature has given up in despair. The dirt of the days of Jonah still clings to one's feet in greasy clods. The mud and filth of the time of Dorcas is comparatively modern. We have always supposed that Dorcas was a model housekeeper as well as a good lady of most charitable purposes, and we have no doubt that she kept the street in front of her own house clean and sweet. But what is one woman against a whole city full of dirty Arabs? Very likely Dorcas and all the good women who have lived there before and since her day have become discouraged, and have allowed Jaffa to go on at the slovenly, down-at-the-heel gait, which is now so characteristic of it.

Though we cannot find any very authentic memorials of Dorcas, the traditional house of Simon the Tanner is pointed out to us, and a pretty well authenticated tradition it is as traditions go in this land.

In the first-place, we are conducted into a dark, thick-

walled apartment, where we need a candle even to see the outlines of the room, and are told that this was the very spot where the ancient house existed, and that the stones we see constituted its walls eighteen hundred years ago.

Just outside this room is a courtyard, in one corner of which is a well and a stone trough, which tradition says is the vat in which St. Peter's friend of old soaked his leather.

In the well hangs an old oaken bucket from which we drank a full draught of the sparkling water, as perhaps Simon and Peter had done many a time in the past.

From one corner of this courtyard a flight of stairs leads to the housetop, the most famous part of this establishment, for here it is said St. Peter slept when he had the wondrous vision which was fraught with such momentous meaning to all the world.

Here he saw the sheet let down from heaven which contained all manner of four-footed beasts while at the same time came the command, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat."

But Peter demurred, saying, "Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything common or unclean."

Then came the significant command which wrought such a wondrous change in the heart of the narrow, conventional Jew, and which made him the broad-minded, generous apostle whom all ages delight to honor.

"What God hath cleansed that call not thou common."

Was ever a vision accompanied by greater results?

Is any place fraught with deeper significance than that humble housetop from which was proclaimed to Peter and through Peter to the world the momentous lesson that the Fatherhood of God involves the Brotherhood of Man?

The view from this housetop makes it well worthy of a visit apart from its historic significance.

Here one looks out upon the waves of the same port that

has been historic since Hiram, King of Tyre, by this route sent cedar wood and all manner of precious gifts to Solomon.

Between these same encircling rocks the little vessel on which Jonah had embarked must have steered her course; over these waves half the famous men of old made their way, as they came and went through this ocean gate of Syria.

After viewing this really fine view from Simon's housetop, after visiting the site of Napoleon's hospital prison, where, if historians are to believed, at his orders a horrible butchery of sick French soldiers occurred; after spending a few sentimental moments in the vicinity of Dorcas's reputed abode, we did not care to stay in this squalid city.

We did stay long enough, however, to meet a typical character from New York state, a good old man, who, though he had been around the world, and tasted the food of every clime, had not shaken the hayseed out of his hair or got used to his best "store clothes," which sat upon him awkwardly and loosely.

As we looked across the table, at Jaffa's very indifferent hotel, where a bowl of thin onion soup had been succeeded by a dish of garlic-scented meat, our rural friend looked across at us and said, with a pathetic wail in his voice, "I have been starving all around the world; in Japan, China, and India we have been half starved to death, for we are Americans, you see, and ain't used to this sort of thing." We sympathized with him with all our hearts, for, although it had been our happy lot to spend most of our time among friends where we felt almost as much at home as at our own table, we realized what it must have been to this wandering Jonathan who had left the hayfields to see the world, in his old age, when he was too far advanced in years to adapt himself to the circumstances with which he found himself surrounded, and to eat the food that was set before him.

He went on to tell us about his experiences. "I did kind o' like it in Japan," he confided to us. "They were sort o' smart, and up and comin', and seemed a good deal like the Yankees I was used to at home, and I did like them jimkirridges that they ride in," he went on to say. "You mean the jinrikishaws," said his better half, who sat by his side. "Yes," he replied, "jimkirridges or jinrikishaws or whatever they call 'em, it's all one to me."

We soon bade good-bye to the rural New Yorker and took the first train available for Jerusalem. At the first blush it does seem sacrilegious to think of driving through the Holy Land behind a snorting locomotive, to have an impertinent railway ticket thrust into your hatband by a jaunty conductor in a Turkish fez, and to steam across the sacred valleys and over the sacred mountains, even though we travel at the alarming speed of fifteen miles an hour.

However, when the question actually comes as to whether one will take two days to make the journey for the sake of indulging a pious sentiment, or will make it in three hours, thus gaining more time in the Sacred City, the practical man will doubtless decide to postpone his sentimental aspirations for a short time, and take advantage of the new French railroad which has been constructed from the seashore almost to the very gate of the City of King David.

I have heard of one man who was bound not to yield to the blandishments of rapid transit, but to nurse his poetic sensibilities in solitude as he entered the Holy City, or at least with the companionship of his faithful steed alone. He would transport himself back to the twelfth century as far as possible. He would enter the city like the Crusader of old, riding upon his chosen charger. Though he might patronize the railway for a short distance, he would abandon it before it approached the sacred gates.

So when within two stations of Jerusalem, about twelve English miles distant, he left the train and the companions with whom he had journeyed, and hired a horse, which proved to be a sorry nag indeed, for the rest of the journey. But the skies were unpropitious—they evidently did not sympathize with his sentiments, for, before he had gone a mile, black clouds covered the face of the heavens, the sun retired from view and the rain descended in torrents. Though wet to the skin there was nothing to do but to plod on over the steep and rocky roads. He could not spur his jaded steed to any greater exertion, and he arrived, wet and bedraggled, with all the sentiment soaked out of his system, some three hours after his more unpoetic companions, who stuck to the railway, had reached Jerusalem.

On the day that we took this famous railway ride our fellow-passengers consisted of some half-dozen Americans, as many more Englishmen, a few hilarious Turks, who had been breaking their temperance pledge by indulging in strong waters, and one or two fat and unctuous priests.

But most picturesque of our fellow-passengers was Abdallah, the dragoman, who was taking some of our fellow-passengers to their hotel. Alert, keen, quick-witted, he was a typical Syrian in every feature and characteristic. Around his head was a beautiful purple silk kaphileh, while over his shoulders was a loose flowing garment of fine texture, shot through and through with silver threads, the envy and despair of most of the ladies in the car.

A common saying in the East is, "A Greek will get the better of ten Europeans, a Jew will beat ten Greeks, an Armenian will equal ten Jews, and a Syrian is more than a match for a Greek, Jew, and Armenian together." We could well understand this saying as we looked at this keen,

self-reliant, ready dragoman, who had the history, geography, and archæology of Palestine at his tongue's end.

At least he had enough of it to answer his purpose and to make himself quite indispensable to the party who placed themselves under his guidance. What he did not know about the land through which we journeyed was evidently not worth knowing, in his opinion, and he managed to impress the same idea upon all of us who listened to him.

ABDALLAH, OUR DRAGOMAN.

Pointing out of the window, as the train drew a little beyond the station at Jaffa, he said, "There is the place where Samson tied the foxes' tails together and let them loose in the standing corn. And there, just over the hill, is the land of the Philistines," he informed us, with the utmost confidence in his own geographical accuracy, whatever doubt explorers and scholars might feel in their own conclusions.

As he spoke he imparted his confidence to all the party, and we could almost see a muscular Goliath showing his shaggy head above the hill-top.

"Over yonder," he went on to say, "is the place where the moon stood still in the Valley of Aijalon." "Ah," said we to ourselves, "now we have got you, Mr. Dragoman,"

and half a dozen voices spoke out with the gleeful assurance of boys who have caught their professor napping; "Oh, Abdallah, you have made a mistake this time, it was the sun that stood still, and not the moon." But Abdallah was more than a match for the professors and the ministers who sought to correct him, for, whipping out a pocket Bible, he turned at once to the passage and read from the twelfth verse of the tenth chapter of Joshua: "Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel. And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Aijalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the nation had avenged themselves of their enemies." Evidently, Abdallah had the Book on his side and there was nothing for the Reverend Divines to do but to subside and to look more dignified than they felt.

For the first few miles out of Jerusalem the railway runs over smiling, cultivated fields, green when we saw them with the rich verdure of springtime, and gay with the rose of Sharon, for this is none other than the celebrated land of Sharon of Bible times. Another brilliant flower which is found in the utmost profusion, is the scarlet anemone, called in Matthew, "the lily of the field," of which Christ said: "Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow, for they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

At the infrequent stations where the train stopped, making up for their infrequence, however, by a long stop at every station, the passengers would get out and pluck great handfuls of these beautiful flowers. Then the dapper little conductor with his red fez, and the inevitable cigarette in his mouth, would wave his hand and off would start the train

across other historic scenes whose very thought filled our hearts with emotions which cannot be recorded, as we remembered that we were in the land of David and Solomon and Samuel and Joshua, and that we were approaching the city whose rough pavements had been pressed by the feet of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

A few miles from Jaffa the railway begins to ascend a steep and rugged mountain side, and for the rest of the journey it climbs over the hills and rumbles through rocky chasms that would not discredit the heights of the Rockies or the Sierra Nevadas themselves. Even where railways are common, this rock-built roadway, twisting around the base of perpendicular crags, and toiling by slow approaches over the flanks of inhospitable mountains, would be considered no ordinary feat of engineering; there in this land of oppression and hopelessness, any such enterprise is truly marvelous.

When we remember that thirty years ago there was no wheeled vehicle of any kind in Palestine; when we remember not only the engineering difficulties, but the governmental obstacles which were thrown in the way of this railroad, and the innumerable petty hindrances which it met, our only marvel is, that its projectors persevered, and that now the modern locomotive and railway train rumble up to the very walls of the City of David.

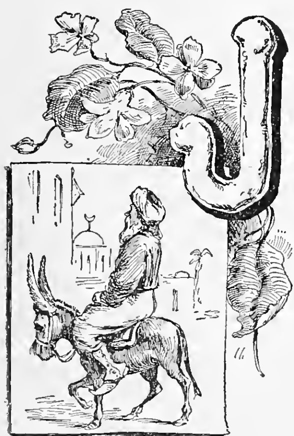
Not only France, but England, Germany, Sweden, and Italy, as well as Syria and Turkey, were represented in some part of the construction or equipment of this road; while America is not left out, for engines from the Baldwin Locomotive Works rumble up these steep grades, and shriek with their shrill whistles at every dangerous crossing.

Thus, each one among the cosmopolitan list of passengers who daily patronize this road, may feel that he has some especial interest in its welfare.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM"—OUR SOJOURN IN THE LAND OF SACRED STORY—INTERESTING SCENES AND TOUCHING MEMORIES.

The Brakeman's Announcement—Incongruous Modernism—Entering Jerusalem—Thronging Emotions—"The Joy of the Whole Earth"—A Walk within the Walls—The Modern City—A Pathetic Story—Plunging into the Heart of the City—The Various Shops—Silverware from Damascus—Shylock in Jerusalem—A Suggestion of White-Caps—The Camel and His Sneering Underlip—The Dignified Syrian—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre—A Checkered History—The Stone of Unction—A Touching Bible Story—Measuring the Stone for Their Winding Sheet—Our Lord's Tomb—The Great Unwashed—How Adam Came to Life—The Cleft in the Rock—An Impressive Spectacle—A Disgraceful Easter Scene—An Awful Accident.



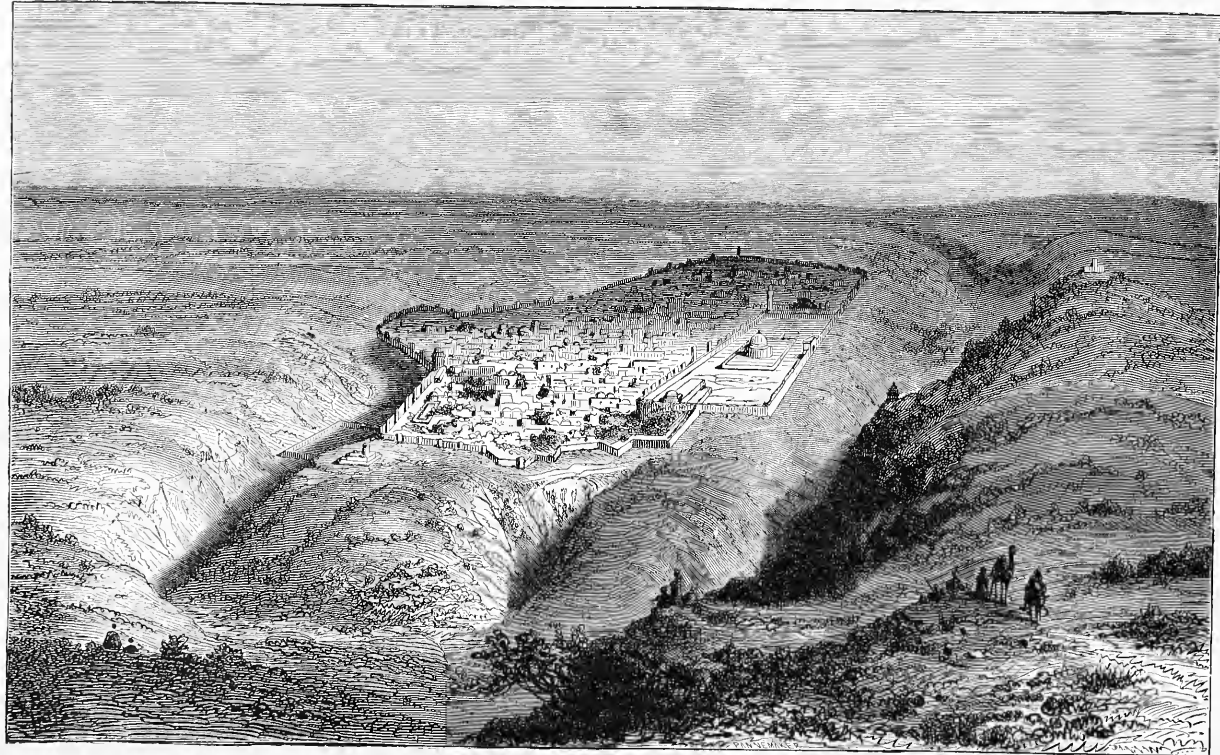
"JERUSALEM, Jerusalem," cries out the railway guard, and amid the noise and bustle that always surrounds a station, the cracking of whips of the impatient cab-drivers, the snorting of the locomotives that run back and forth, making up their empty train, the trundling of trucks, and the tumbling about of baggage, we have our first introduction to the Holy City.

Could anything be more incongruous? is our first thought, and we are inclined to wish that we had followed the example of our friend of whom I wrote in the last chapter, and had ridden into Jerusalem more as the Master of old rode into the city, even though it

might be under lowering skies and in drenching rain. However, these are only the passing thoughts of the anxious traveler who is naturally solicitous for his trunk and his valise, his bandbox and his bundle, and who knows not what sort of lodging may await him at his journey's end.

After all, Jerusalem cannot be dwarfed or diminished by any such scenes of modern bustle and commotion. There stands the city proudly on its hills as of yore. It has withstood the decay of centuries, the tramp of conquering armies, the vandalism of the Saracen, and the destruction that comes in the wake of war and pestilence and conquest. How can it be affected then by this puny invention of the nineteenth century? The much boasted railway makes but a scratch on the side of the eternal hills. Viewed from a little distance, it seems to turn but a single furrow on the vast landscape, which is as wide as the horizon on either side. The wearied train that crawls slowly up the hills looks like a mere speck when viewed from the walls of Jerusalem — a fly upon the nose of the Sphinx, a beetle on the face of the pyramids. It does not affect the real life of Jerusalem.

The railway stops short, and it is well that it should, a good mile from the city, and, getting into rickety carriages, which have evidently done duty in some more civilized community, we have come at last to our hotel at the gates of the most famous city in the world. I do not envy the man whose heart does not beat a little faster, and whose pulses do not thrill as he approaches the Jaffa gate and sees the Tower of David rearing its massive head above the time-stained walls of the city. As he remembers all that has occurred within those walls; as he calls to mind that here David sang and Solomon held his court; that here the Queen of Sheba was obliged to declare, as she looked on all the treasures that had been gathered together, that the half had not been told



JERUSALEM AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY. *(From a special photograph.)*

There stands the city proudly on its hills as of yore. It has withstood the decay of centuries, the tramp of conquering armies, and the destruction that comes in the wake of war and pestilence and conquest. He must be dull indeed who looks on Jerusalem for the first time unmoved, as he remembers all that has occurred within those time-stained walls.

her of the riches that were heaped within those walls; as he remembers the prophets who here spoke the warning words of God, of Nehemiah who reared again the prostrate walls, of the people who worked willingly, sword in one hand and trowel in the other, to bring back the ancient glory to the deserted city; above all, as one remembers the Divine tragedy that was here enacted of the trial, the scourging, the indignities and cross-bearing of the Son of God; he must be dull and insensate, indeed, who looks on Jerusalem for the first time unmoved.

But even were there here no supreme historical associations for the Christian, Jerusalem would even be an interesting city. Even then would the sentiment of the Psalmist be true, that she is beautiful for situation, even if not at present the joy of the whole earth. Imagine a bare and rocky plateau, thickly studded with stone houses, and surrounded to the very edge, where it dips off into the steep valley, by a high wall. On all sides imagine bleak, gray, granite hills, overtopping the plateau. Imagine between these distant hills and this little table-land on which we are standing, black and cavernous valleys, the upper and lower pools of Gihon on one side, the valley of Jehoshaphat on another, running into the valley of the Kedron to the east. Everywhere imagine bare, precipitous hills, scowling rocks denuded of all soil and vegetation, gray and forbidding but majestic in their very barrenness, and you have a picture, drawn very imperfectly and rudely, to be sure, but giving some rough idea of modern Jerusalem.

In ancient days there was doubtless much more here to make the heart glad. The hills were covered with smiling vineyards, terraces rising tier above tier on the hillside afforded standing ground for corn and grain and various vegetation; frequent villages dotted the hillsides and the

valleys; and, in every way, the country showed that it was not unworthy of the eulogies pronounced upon it, the land of milk and honey, of corn and wine, and of everything that typified prosperity.

But the feet of trampling armies have done their work, the oppression of tyrannical governments and the gradual decay of national spirit have reduced the land to a poverty-stricken dependency of the Sublime Porte. The mighty are fallen, indeed, but with all these changes, political, industrial, and agricultural, Jerusalem still rears its proud head among the surrounding valleys, and even in its decay and ruin tells every passing traveler what a lordly city it used to be.

From without nothing could be prouder or grander than this city of the kings; from within nothing could well be meaner or more beggarly. Let us enter by the Jaffa gate. Even when well within the walls we are not transported back to the early centuries by sudden leaps or bounds, for the first sign that stares us in the face is that of the Prince of Dragomans, Thomas Cook, whose name, it is safe to say, is more familiar than that of any other man in the far East. Then our eyes rest upon a modern hotel, which even in this ancient city rejoices in the name of "The New Hotel." In the stores beneath this hotel and on the streets adjoining are various shops where all kinds of articles of olive wood are sold,—candlesticks and inkstands, penholders and book-racks, and every possible thing that can be carved or whittled out of the beautifully-grained olive tree. Here, too, we find dealers in Bethlehem mother-of-pearl, and in Jerusalem crosses of silver, in phylacteries and ancient manuscripts, and all kinds of bric-a-brac.

But these places have comparatively little significance or attraction for us. As soon as possible we will dive into the heart of the city and see Jerusalem as it is.

First, however, let us get a little idea of the history of this most famous city of all the ages. It will be remembered that the city is built on the ancient frontier line between Judah and Benjamin, and for many years before it was made the capital of Judea by the conquest of David, it was a strong fortress of the ancient Canaanites. Some have supposed that it was a very large city even before David's time; but it is altogether probable that it was only one of the many mountain fortresses that were found in different parts of Palestine, and which were used as places of refuge in the stormy times that prevailed.

But the conquest of the city by David and its magnificent enlargement and embellishment by Solomon made it "the joy of the whole earth," and this, in a religious sense, it has continued to be to millions of devout hearts, in spite of sieges, wars, famines, and manifold disasters.

The modern city may be said to date from the time of the Crusades, for the principal streets are the same now as in the Twelfth Century. They are arched over in many places, and the markets and parts of the Via Dolorosa are completely covered. There are now four quarters, of which the Mohammedans occupy the northeast, the Jews the southeast, the Armenians the southwest, and the Christians the northwest; the most disreputable, uncleanly of all being the Jewish quarters. For many years the population steadily decreased until, in 1838, but 11,000 people remained. Now, however, within the walls and without, there are some 47,000 people, of whom 27,000 are Jews. Comparatively small as is the Jewish population in this spiritual capital of Judaism, it is far larger than in former years, and at the present rate of increase it is only a matter of time before the cry, "Jerusalem for the Jews," will be something more than an empty sentiment.

A pathetic story tells us that six hundred years ago there were not Jews enough in Jerusalem to make up an audience for a synagogue meeting, which, according to their law, requires ten persons, and when in despair the nine forlorn strangers came together in the home-land of their fathers, wailing and lamentation was heard because there were not enough of them in the once proud city to conduct the service according to their usual form. Just at this juncture, when their depression and sorrow was at its height, the tradition goes on to say that Elijah appeared, making the tenth person in the company, and at the same time making the meeting possible.

At certain periods of the year the population is very largely increased by visiting pilgrims, several thousands of whom come, especially at Easter time, to worship in the sacred city. On this occasion, as has been said by a traveler who recently visited the city at the time of this great festival: "The streets of Jerusalem present a strange spectacle from the numerous national costumes seen together. The European tourists, the Turkish nizam, the hooded Armenian, the long-haired Greek monk, are mingled with the native peasants in yellow turbans and striped mantles, with Armenian pilgrims wearing broad red sashes, Jews in Oriental costume or with the fur cap and lovelocks of the Pharisee, Russians in knee boots and padded robes, and native ladies in white mantles and black veils. The architecture of the city, Oriental, Gothic, Byzantine, or Italian, tells the same story — that Jerusalem has been for eighteen centuries a holy city in the eyes of Jew, Christian, and Moslem alike, and the religious center of half the world."

But let us plunge into the heart of the city, not at Eastertide when it has on its holiday attire, but on an ordinary day

of the year, when Jerusalem, so to speak, is in its working clothes, and very dirty working clothes they are. The narrow streets are filled with rubbish and dirt which, after a soaking rain, render them almost impassable. The narrow

BEGGING DERVISHES, JERUSALEM.

side streets are worse still, for garbage of every kind, cats, dead and alive, goats, cattle, and donkeys make locomotion anything but a luxury.

If not a luxury, however, a walk through Jerusalem is at least full of absorbing interest. Some of the streets, as has been said, are completely roofed over, and the traveler feels

that he is walking through a continuous market-place, with little stalls on either side for the sale of an almost unimaginable variety of goods. Amber beads occupy one stall, and a hundred strings hanging from the roof and dangling from the sides tempt to a purchase the lover of this beautiful substance. Next, perhaps, is a shop filled with old shoes in all varieties of dilapidation, which were worn out ten years ago and have never seen blacking-brush since the day they were made. Next to this is the cavernous den of a baker, with his glowing oven in the rear, from which he pulls out every now and then, with a wooden shovel, a long cake of dirty-looking bread, which he piles up on the counter before him like so much cordwood cut into three-feet lengths.

Next to the baker a dealer in incense has his shop, for the incense merchant is an important personage in Jerusalem. His wares come in cakes and sticks and broken nuggets, and are of all varieties of flavor and spiciness. Next we see a dealer in crucifixes and religious emblems, and horrible pictures of the Sacred Heart. Still another shop is devoted to rosaries; and strings of beads of every variety and complexion and substance of which beads can be made are displayed for sale. Then comes a butcher's shop, possibly with a grinning and bloody calf's head protruding over the doorway, as a sign of the goods that are kept within.

Here, too, are the dealers in the beautiful Bethlehem mother-of-pearl work, in silver ware of Damascus, and innumerable shops where articles carved from olive wood may be purchased. At every street corner is the money-changer with his little pile of gold and silver and copper before him, ready to turn your napoleons or pounds into chereks and mejidieh at a most ruinous discount, for Shylock has his own home here in Jerusalem, and will always take his pound of flesh if he can get it.

As we walk along the streets the passers-by are quite as interesting as the shops on either hand. Here comes a lordly Kavass, gorgeous in his red and yellow kafileh, who carries off his startling costume with the utmost dignity.

There are few people in the world who can stand so much barbaric ornamentation as the Syrian Kavass without betraying self-consciousness. Behind the Kavass, perhaps, is a veiled beauty robed in white from top to toe, with only her black eyes peering out from under the rim of her head gear. Sometimes she wears a black mask of some thin material drawn closely over her face, through which she can see, but behind which she is utterly invisible to prying eyes that may look upon her.

In any other city it would be startling to see these white-robed, black-masked creatures suddenly turn a corner upon the unsuspecting traveler. He almost imagines that he is in the land of the "white caps," and that the masks mean murder and robbery and all kinds of personal violence. But the maskers noiselessly glide away without offering to molest the quietest of travelers. Behind them, perhaps, comes a beggar with a tale of woe not only committed to heart, but often written on his dirty, repulsive features as well.

There are, of course, no wheeled vehicles within the walls, for the narrow streets would not admit of such carriages. All the loads are carried by donkeys or camels, or on the brawny backs of men and women. Often we meet a donkey scarcely bigger than a Newfoundland dog, with a big Turk or Jew sitting far back, almost on its very tail, while the man's feet nearly drag on the ground at every step. These big feet he keeps swaying back and forth, and at every move of the poor little animal his cruel heels dig into the donkey's side and urge him to further exertion.

The camels naturally have the right of way in these nar-

row roads. Their huge bulk preoccupies the whole street. The donkeys have to make themselves small in side passage-ways, while pedestrians flatten themselves against the wall on either side as best they can and let the splay-footed ship of the desert, with his sneering under lip and nose high in air, showing contempt for every smaller creature, pass through at his leisure.

Behind the beggars and the camels often come the water-carriers, their goat-skins almost bursting with a dirty liquid supposed to be water, and that drips upon the ground from every tiny crevice. Add to these objects, sheep and many dogs, and children, lying promiscuously about the streets in every dirty doorway, and crowding every side alley from wall to wall, and you have some idea of Jerusalem in its everyday apparel.

A WATER CARRIER.

After all is said there is something dignified and impressive about many of the people whom we meet in the streets, for the Syrian, though indolent and deceitful, is polite and gentlemanly at the same time. When he meets you and desires a word, he will lay his right hand on his forehead, lips, and head, for a moment, which means, in the expressive symbolism in the country, "in thought, word, and deed, I am your servant." If he wishes to show special respect, he will stoop down and then raise his right hand over his head,

which means that he is casting dust and ashes over himself as a mark of humility. But he does all this with such a gracious and dignified air that, servile as are its symbols, he seems to be doing himself an honor quite as much as the one to whom he speaks.

Now let us view the people of Jerusalem at their worship, for in the churches we find the chief characteristics of the Holy City underscored and accentuated.

The first church to which almost every traveler wends his way, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and here are crowded together more traditions, relics, and sacred associations than in any place of similar size in the world. Not that the traditions are for the most part trustworthy, not that the sacred associations are really associated with sacred facts; not that the relics are free from suspicion as to their genuineness, but despite all this doubt and uncertainty, the very fact that devout souls of many nations, however mistaken and superstitious, have here fed their faith and reverence for generations past, make it in some sense a holy place to those who come after them in succeeding years.

Whatever may be the absolute facts in the case, and they are very difficult to determine, millions of devout hearts have believed that under the roof which covers the Church of the Sepulchre is the spot where our Lord was crucified, the very stone on which he was laid for burial, the new tomb of rock in which He was placed when He descended into hades, the stone on which He sat when He was crowned with thorns and scourged with thongs, and the stocks in which His feet were thrust during the cruel night of trial.

Every other sacred tradition which could find lodgment has been crowded into this one spot, even to the tomb of Adam himself, which is located here.

To be sure, it is altogether probable that the place of

crucifixion was nearly half a mile away, outside the walls of the present city. The sacred places and relics within the church rest upon a very shaky tradition, to the effect that Helena, the mother of Constantine, had a dream that here she should find the true cross. Causing her servants to dig in the place the dream indicated, she found not one cross, but three, one of which spoke to her, and by this token, she knew that it was the true cross.

On this poor and meagre soil, which bears upon its very face the marks of its untrustworthiness, are the traditions of the sacred place built, and yet they have been hallowed by the faith, the prayers, and tears, and rapturous joy of myriads of pilgrims.

It is very sure that *near* this place, if not upon this actual site, our Lord suffered and bled and died. These monuments which are here erected give the eye of faith something visible to behold, and the heart something tangible to cling to, and, if one can but prevent his reverence from degenerating into superstitious awe, his soul will surely be blessed by a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

One thing is certain, a sumptuously decorated church was erected here in the early part of the fourth century, and even then it was supposed to cover the Holy Sepulchre.

Many ups and downs, destructions, and rebuildings have come to this famous church. In 614 it was destroyed by the Persians. It was immediately rebuilt and was over and over again destroyed or greatly damaged by the Moslems. In 1099, the Crusaders entered the church, and what a picturesque sight it must have been when, barefooted and ragged, but bearing crowns of palms and uttering songs of praise, in the last year of the eleventh century which had seen such heroic struggles to regain the holy city, they marched in under the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

As can be easily imagined, they were not content with the meagre little church which they found guarding the holy tomb, so they enlarged it and beautified it and built many chapels around it.

A century later the Arabs nearly destroyed the buildings once more.

Again the warriors of the Third Crusade rebuilt it.

Fifty years later it was again destroyed, only to be rebuilt during the next half century. Thus it met with many fluctuations of fortune, good and bad, until, in 1808, it was entirely burned down, the dome fell in and crushed the chapel and almost nothing was saved except the east wing of the building. But two years later the Greeks and Armenians erected a new church, which is substantially the one which we are now to visit.

As we enter, the first persons whom we see are not the pilgrims who have come from all parts of the world to do honor to their Lord, but the Turkish guards who have charge of the place, and we are sadly reminded of the fact that the Greek and Latin and Armenian Christians cannot be trusted to live together in unity, even within sight of the place of their Lord's supreme sufferings, but must be kept from knocking each other's heads and cutting each other's throats by a cordon of Mohammedan custodians, who are never able to relax their vigilance lest the Christians come to blows.

The first sacred object that we see is the stone of unction or anointment on which the body of Jesus is said to have been laid when it was anointed by Nicodemus.

Let us recall the pathetic story. "After this" (after our Lord's death) says the Sacred Narrative, "Joseph of Arimathea being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the

body of Jesus, and Pilate gave him leave. He came, therefore, and took the body of Jesus, and there came also Nicodemus, which at first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury."

How often in imagination we have seen this pathetic picture when just at twilight beside the new rock tomb these two secret disciples of Jesus came to do their last reverence to Him whom in life they loved but never dared to own.

They were both noted men and members of the Sanhedrin. They both recognized in Jesus the spotless Lamb of God. Their hearts had been touched by His holy life and by His gentle words, but not until He died for them and for all the world were they willing to acknowledge their secret faith. But then they came together, neither apparently knowing of the other's intention, to bury Him who had received such scant reverence in His life. And this was the spot at which tradition and the belief of innumerable ecclesiastics said they met. And here on this stone over which are burning many gold and silver lamps, they reverently laid His body.

To be sure it detracts from our interest somewhat to be told by our guide-book that this stone has often been changed and has been in the possession of numerous religious communities in succession. In the fifteenth century it belonged to the Copts, in the sixteenth to the Gregorians, from whom the Latins purchased permissions for 5,000 piastres to burn candles upon it. The present stone, this same hard-hearted guide-book goes on to say, is of reddish yellow marble, eight and a half feet long, four feet broad, and was placed here in 1808.

But what care we for its dimensions to an inch? Who would care to know of its geologic formation? How impertinent are vulgar facts when we remember that upon this stone have fallen the hot tears of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, that it has been passionately kissed by myriads of devoted lips, and has received the consecration vows of a multitude of devout hearts whose creeds indeed are different, but whose love for the supreme Lord never wanes.

A pathetic touch of interest is added to this stone when we remember that formerly pilgrims were in the habit of measuring it with a view to having their winding sheets made of the same length.

A few steps to the left of the stone of unction we see a small enclosure built around a stone, which is said to mark a spot where the women stood and watched the anointing of Christ's body.

As we go on toward the center of the church we come to the supreme object of worship, none other than the spot which is believed to be the place where our Lord's body lay in its rock cavern for three days. Over this spot is erected a marble chapel which in some respects is beautiful, but very much marred for sober eyes by the amount of tinsel and the number of gewgaws that are lavished upon it.

The first part of the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is called the Angel's Room. In the center is a stone set in marble, which our guide solemnly avers is the one which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre and on which he afterwards sat. In this chapel are burning fifteen gold and silver lamps, five of which belong to the Greeks, five to the Latins, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts, and the air is thick and heavy with burning incense and other odors which are more easy to imagine than to describe.

But even yet we have not come to the most holy place, for, squeezing through a very low and narrow door which is merely a hole in the wall, in fact, and through which one has to back in a very undignified attitude, we come to the chapel of the sepulchre itself.

This is only about six feet by six and when crowded with half a dozen people, as it always is, it can be imagined that even devotion and reverence does not allow one to tarry long, since the half dozen other pilgrims besides himself are apt to be greasy Russians, dirty Copts, filthy Poles, or unwashed Italians.

All around this central and most sacred chapel are other chapels of less significance and holiness, but yet each one of which enshrines some interesting tradition. Here, for instance, is the chapel of Saint Longinus, the soldier who pierced Christ's side with his spear. The tradition says that he had been blind of one eye, but that some of the water and blood from the side of our Lord spurted into his blind eye and he recovered sight, whereupon he repented and became a Christian. Next is "The Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment," whose name indicates the tradition associated with it.

Then "The Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns," where the very stone is shown on which Christ sat when the cruel thorns were crowded upon His brow. Here, also, are such chapels as Saint Mary, dedicated to the Virgin, the chapel of Adam, where tradition says the first man was buried, though how his bones came to be transported to Palestine nobody seems to know. But no tradition is too wild or absurd for the credulous people who cluster here to believe, and they solemnly assure us that when Christ was crucified His blood flowed through a cleft in the rock on to the head of Adam, and he was immediately restored to life.

But as if it was not enough to bury Adam here or to invent all kinds of silly traditions about our great forefather, they have placed the tomb of Melchizedek here also. We have not yet come to the most sacred spot, for the traditional Golgotha yet remains to be visited.

Catholic historians have placed not only the tomb and the place of Christ's suffering, but Mount Calvary itself within the limits of this sanctuary. It may very naturally be asked by the reader how this can be, since the Bible distinctly tells us that Christ suffered "without the walls."

The Papal historian, however, is ready with his answer, for he tells us that in the former times the site of this church was outside of the second walls of Jerusalem, and that the modern walls do not conform to the ancient predecessors. This statement, however, must be received with a very large interrogation point, and it has been recently proved, all but conclusively, by modern scholars, that the present walls follow the ancient outlines very nearly, and that the site of the church of the Holy Sepulchre could not by any possibility ever have been found without the walls of the city.

However, as we said before, this spot has been hallowed by the faith of innumerable Christians whose belief was supported, at least in ancient times, by very scholarly authority. Hundreds of books have been written on the subject to prove that this was the veritable spot where our Lord bled, suffered, and died, and even the tradition-breaking Protestant need not be too eager to disillusionize the world when he comes within these sacred precincts.

Here in the living rock we see an opening faced with silver, where the cross on which our Lord died was said to be inserted. Five feet distant on either side are the crosses of the two thieves, the penitent thief on the right and the impenitent thief on the left. While about the same distance,

covered with a brass slide, is the cleft in the rock about which Saint Matthew tells us in these solemn words: "Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost; and, behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after His resurrection and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many."

This cleft is said by the superstitious to reach to the very center of the earth, although the practical eye of the scientific man says it is only about six inches deep.

As I have said, when we visited the Holy Sepulchre it was not on a feast day, but on one of the ordinary Sundays of the year, and yet it was a strange and striking scene which we beheld even then. The whole floor of the church seemed to be filled with black-bearded priests in gorgeous vestments and jeweled robes, from which the flashing light of the innumerable lamps glanced and sparkled. With solemn intonations and measured tread they marched about the Holy Sepulchre, slowly waving their golden lamps and their jeweled vases, from which the smoking incense curled up in dense clouds to heaven.

Back and forth and around they marched, solemnly chanting their dirges, while the wondering crowd, gathered from every quarter of the world, looked on in awe-struck silence.

Here were Koords in their sheep-skins, Russians in their pilgrim rags, Armenians in their picturesque meal-bag-like garments, Greeks in their curious hats and skirts, Europeans of every degree of civilization, and Asiatics of every degree of barbarism. And yet all were drawn together by a common sentiment.

Though they sometimes fall out and fight among themselves like cats and dogs, yet, after all, there is a common purpose manifested to honor the common Lord, and to do reverence to Him who died for all the world. We can almost forgive their wranglings and disputings as we see the genuine devotion which seems to fill many of the hearts that beat under the rough and ragged pilgrim's garb. There must be something of good even in the most ignorant and suspicious of them all, to bring them on this long and toilsome pilgrimage for the sake of doing reverence to Him to whom their hearts are blindly reaching out.

If we have some regard, however, for the pilgrims themselves, we have very little patience with the priests and religious leaders who work on their superstitions and trade on their prejudices.

On Easter are often enacted many disorderly scenes, which produce a painful impression when the Church of the Sepulchre is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality, and especially when the so-called miracle of the "holy fire" is produced. "On this occasion the church is always crowded with spectators," we are told. "It is said that the priests besmear the wire by which the lamp is suspended over the sepulchre with resinous oil, and that this oil is set on fire from the roof. Large sums are paid to the priests by those who are the first to be allowed to light their tapers from the sacred flame sent from heaven. The wild and noisy scene begins on Good Friday. The crowd passes the night in the church in order to secure places, some of them attaching themselves by cords to the sepulchre, while others run round it in anything but a reverential manner.

"About two o'clock on Easter afternoon a procession of the superior clergy moves around the sepulchre, all lamps having been carefully extinguished in view of the crowd.

The patriarch enters the chapel of the sepulchre, while the priests pray and the people are in the utmost suspense.

"At length the fire which has come down from heaven gleams from the sepulchre, the priests emerge with a bundle of burning tapers and there now follows an indescribable tumult, every one endeavoring to be the first to get his taper lighted. Even from the gallery, tapers are let down to be lighted, and in a few seconds, the whole church is illuminated. This however, never happens without fighting, and accidents generally occur owing to the crush."

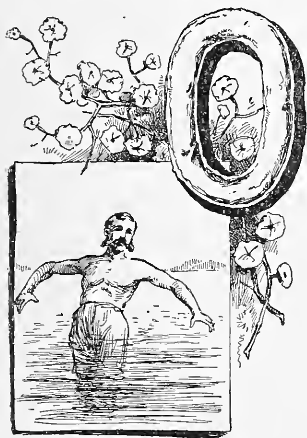
In 1834 an awful accident occurred. Six thousand people were in the church, when the Turkish guards, thinking they were attacked, sprang upon the pilgrims, beat many of them to death, and in the scuffle that followed, three hundred lives were lost.

Yet, with all these excrescences and unpleasant manifestations of religious zeal and fanaticism, it must be remembered that there is something intensely real to all these pilgrims in these traditional sights. People do not undergo sufferings to see that which they do not believe with intense devotion. They will not fight for that which does not appeal strongly to their faith and love, and even the disgraceful riots which have blotted the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre more than once, show the abiding strength and dominating influence of the cross of Christ over the lives of the world's millions.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MEMORABLE WALK.

The Via Dolorosa — Fourteen Stations on the Way to the Cross — St. Veronica and Her Handkerchief — Some Touching Inscriptions — Outside the Gates — Our Golgotha — "The Green Hill Far Away." Gethsemane — The Stone of Treason — A Wonderful View — Our Lord's Broken-Hearted Lament — The Russian Tower — The Dead Sea — A Marvelous Mirror — Absalom's Tomb — The Fate of an Unfilial Reprobate — The cave of Adullam — Nebo and Its Lonely Grave—The Village of Mary and Martha — The Greatest Miracle of the Ages — "Dis Way to de Tomb of Lazaroos" — The Wretched Inhabitants of Modern Bethany — The Tomb of Rachel — Where Our Lord was Born — The Marble Cradle — An Impressive Sight — Wrangling Christians — Turkish Guards at Our Lord's Cradle — A Sad Suggestion.



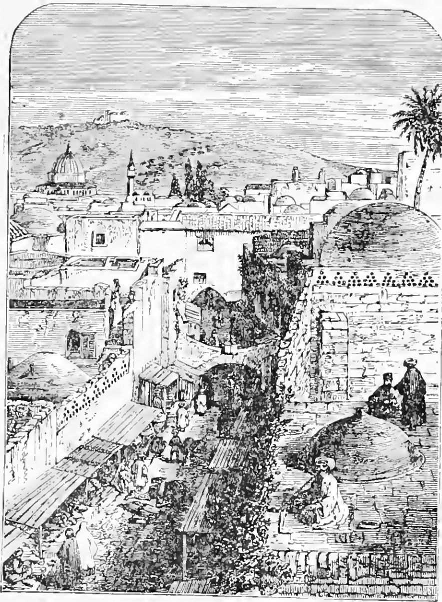
ONE of the most impressive and memorable walks that we took within the Holy City led us along the Via Dolorosa, through St. Stephen's gate, thence out to the Mount of Olives and Bethany. Before we leave the sacred city, let us all take such a walk together.

This traditional "Street of Pain" seems worthy of its name, for it is a dark and gloomy roadway, arched overhead through much of its course with vaulted roofs, and reminding one at almost every footstep of the suffering and indignities endured by the Son of Man.

To be sure, the ancient Way of the Cross, even if it fol-

lowed the general line of the modern street, which is by no means certain, must have been many feet below the surface of the present roadway, for the accumulated rubbish of the ages and the many sieges to which Jerusalem has been subject have buried the old city from ten to forty feet below the modern city.

However, from very early centuries, the way which our Lord took as He bore the cross to his own crucifixion, has been supposed to follow the general direction of this street.



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

Ecclesiastical authorities have established what they call "stations," at points which are supposed to represent some particular event in the sad journey of Jesus to the cross. There are fourteen of these stations in all. One of them indicates the spot where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Christ. Another where St. Veronica wiped the sweat from our Saviour's brow, the image of his face being imprinted on her handkerchief forever afterwards. The eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth stations, are in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself, to which the Via Dolorosa leads, and show where our Lord was nailed to the cross, where He was taken from the cross, and finally where He was laid in the new rock tomb.

Though they do not add to the authenticity of the events recorded, yet the Latin sentences with which many of these stations are marked, add a certain dignity and appearance of reality to the street. For instance, a tablet on the house which is called the House of Pontius Pilate reads as follows:

Ad Arcum Ecce Homo
Ubi Pontius Pilatus
Christum
Judæis Tradidit ut crucifigeretur

A little farther on, a marble slab let into the rough wall of the street tells us:

Locus in quo
Apprehendit Pilatus Jesum
et Flagellant.

While near the outer gate we find the inscription:

Et Milites Plecentes Coronam
De Spinis imposuerunt.

All this sonorous Latin simply tells us the story which in simple language we have read a thousand times in the Nineteenth chapter of John, where the beloved disciple tells us that "Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged Him and the soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it upon His head. And they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews, and they smote Him with their hands. Pilate, therefore, went forth again and said unto them, Behold I bring Him forth to you that you may know that I find no fault in Him. Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, and Pilate said unto them, Behold the man."

Now we are not far from the wall of the city, and passing out through St. Stephen's gate, which is surrounded by cripples, lepers, and beggars in all stages of dilapidation and

disease, we find ourselves in an instant out of the reeking streets of the filthy city in the sunlight and fresh air of God's wide country.

Over there, a little to the left, we see the site upon which modern Protestant scholars are largely agreed is the site of the crucifixion and burial of Christ. There, indeed, is the "green hill far away, without the city wall." There is the gently rounding hilltop which might well be called by the picturesque and imaginative Orientals "the place of the skull." There, underneath this hillside, near to the reputed grotto of Jeremiah, is a rock tomb, hewn out of the solid stone, a tomb which has never been finished, and which answers in every particular to what we might expect of Joseph's new tomb.

Here our imagination is fully satisfied. Here our feelings of reverent devotion ask for nothing more. There is no gaudy church with its tinsel and its second-rate paintings, its mosaics and its incense-scented chapels to distract our minds and weary our senses. No quarreling bands of hostile Christians, no Moslem guards to keep the peace are here required, no gorgeously bedecked priests to distract our thoughts from the Man of Sorrows whom they ignorantly worship, and whose life of suffering for mankind they, with their elaborate ceremonials, obscure rather than illumine.

Here is nothing over our heads but the blue arch of heaven, a few fleecy clouds sailing across it. Under our feet is the green grass of springtime, the daisies and the anemones, the lilies of the valley, and all the flowers of the field with which our Lord so often illustrated His discourses.

To be sure, on this very hill are some Mohammedan tombs which at first seem to desecrate our Golgotha, but, as we think of it, we remember that if it were not for these tombs this hill would doubtless have been covered with

buildings and the site entirely lost for many generations before modern scholars could have identified it as the spot where our Saviour suffered His last agony ; so from this point of view we may consider these Moslem tombs a blessing in disguise, for wherever a Mohammedan is buried his countrymen regard it a sacred ground for all the future ages.

But sweet as are the associations of this hallowed hill we cannot always linger here, but must go on down the road which leads us across the Valley of Kedron and then up the slopes of the Mount of Olives.

On the further side of the valley we see a small grove of dark and gloomy cypress trees, and, near by, a number of gnarled and twisted olive trees. Almost by intuition we say to ourselves this must be the Garden of Gethsemane ; and so it is.

This is one of the sacred places about which there is comparatively little dispute. To be sure, the claim of the monk who shows us the garden, that these great olive trees with trunks "burst from age and shored up with stones" date from the time of Christ, may not be true, and it is possible that the actual garden which saw the bloody sweat of our Lord, and witnessed his agony and arrest may not have been upon this very spot ; but, undoubtedly, it was near to this spot, and it requires no stretch of imagination to believe that the checkered moonlight fell through the branches and leaves of these very olive trees on the night when the disciples could not keep open their sleepy eyes to watch with our Lord "even one hour."

We can readily believe that at this very spot which is pointed out to us, marked to-day by the fragment of a stone column, the treacherous Judas kissed our Lord, and received therefor his thirty pitiful pieces of silver.

A sharp climb of fifteen minutes brings us to the top of

the Mount of Olives from the garden of Gethsemane. When about half way up the hill we turn around and the magnificent view bursts upon our eyes. *There* is the Holy City enclosed by its four-square walls. There is Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth." It is builded "as a city which is compact together." Its squalidness and wretchedness are no longer visible. The filth of its narrow streets is forgotten. Its walls from this distance look indeed like the ramparts of Zion. Its churches and mosques dominate it with a lordly air, and even its stone houses, which look so mean and squalid on near approach, have from this point almost the look of palaces as the afternoon sun and the clear air of Palestine lend their enchantment to them.

It is indeed a scene of surpassing beauty, and here, according to one of the best authenticated traditions, our Lord stood when he looked with love and pity upon the sacred city, while the hot tears fell upon his cheeks, as he cried out, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!" Then his emotion overcame him. He could not continue the sentence, but, with choking voice, he added, after a momentary pause, as he thought of the awful destruction which awaited the beautiful city, "But now are they hid from thine eyes.

"For the day shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side.

"And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

But now we will turn our eyes upward and climb the Mount of Olives once more. In a few moments we find ourselves upon its very summit.

The highest point of the hill is 2,723 feet above the sea level, so that by ordinary geographical measurements it is no slight elevation, but deserves the name of mountain. When compared with the neighboring city of Jerusalem, however, it is not a lofty hill, for it rises but 196 feet higher than the temple plateau which we recently visited, and where now is found the mosque of Omar.

For many centuries the Mount of Olives has been considered the spot from which Christ ascended into Heaven, but Luke seems to contradict this idea, for he tells us that He led them out "as far as Bethany and lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass while He blessed them that He was parted from them and carried up into Heaven." Now Bethany is a good half mile on the other side of the Mount of Olives. However, if this is not the place of the ascension of Christ, the Mount of Olives has sufficient historical and sacred attractions to satisfy the most exacting, and the view from the top is one of the most magnificent and attention-compelling which can be found in any part of the world.

The Russians have built a high tower on the very crest of the hill whose top is reached by a narrow, winding staircase. It is a hard climb which takes us to the top of this bell tower, but it well repays us for our trouble. Surely from no spot in the world can be seen so much of lasting and touching interest to all mankind.

Hour after hour can we spend on the top of this tower and still find food for our imaginations, stimulus for our highest religious aspirations, and memory photographs which never fade, of sacred historical sights such as no other view in the world can give. To the west is the view of the Holy City which we have already seen at the point where Christ our Lord wept over it, only it is more magnificent

still from this high perch which we have attained. Beyond stretches the land of Judah and the land of Benjamin, running into the country of the Philistines, which borders the seacoast towards Jaffa.

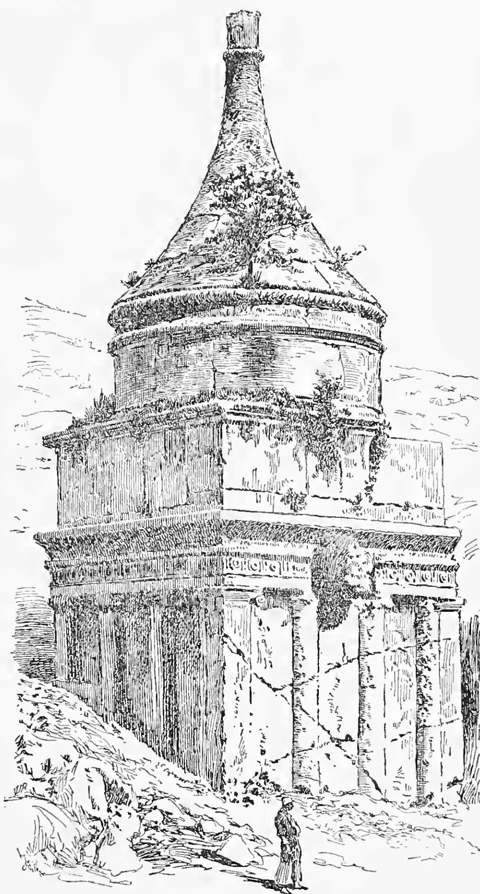
To the east is an entirely different scene, but one scarcely less striking. Deadness and sterility, a treeless and apparently uninhabited waste greets the eye. These are the hills of Moab in the far distance, and there, just this side of these mountains, a silver ribbon which glances and glitters in the sunlight, shows us where the rippling waters of the Jordan are making their way to the Dead Sea, which looks in the afternoon sunlight like a huge mirror lying at the base of the frowning mountains of Moab.

It is impossible to believe that we cannot reach this sea of glass by a walk of an hour, or at the most of two hours, across the hills and valleys that lie between us and it, and when we are told that it is a hard horseback ride of full seven hours over barren and uninhabitable hills, and that that strip of looking-glass is almost four thousand feet below our present altitude, we are still more surprised, but we are obliged to take the word of geographers, surveyors, and travelers who have actually made the distance, rather than our own unauthenticated impressions. That little lake, gleaming in the sunlight, is none other than the Dead Sea, one of the most extraordinary bodies of water in all the earth. It has no outlet, as is well known, but the lake is kept at its present level by the evaporation of the sun, which day after day sucks up thousands of tons of water from this intensely hot hole in the surface of the earth.

The dimensions of the sea and its volume of water are constantly growing smaller and its density is growing greater. No fish can swim in its briny waves, but few birds flit along its barren shores, and the traveler who takes a

morning bath in its heavy waters finds that he cannot sink, and that when he comes out he is covered by a saline incrustation, which makes him think that he may possibly be a relative of Lot's unfortunate wife.

Off to the north we can catch a glimpse of Bethlehem and the plains where the shepherds kept their flocks by night, and where they heard out of the blue heavens the *gloria in excelsis*.



ABSALOM'S TOMB.

Just at the foot of the hill, but out of sight because it is so near, is the little town of Bethany, which we remember as the place that of all others Christ loved the best.

On the other side of the hill toward Jerusalem, also hidden by its very nearness, is the Olive Garden of Gethsemane which we have just visited, and the reputed tomb of Absalom, at which every devout Jew throws a stone as an indication of his detestation of filial impiety. It is said that this tomb is

the same one spoken of in Second Samuel: "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which is in the king's dale, for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance, and he called the pillar after his own name, and it is called unto this day Absalom's place."

If this is indeed the tomb which Absalom built it has served its purpose better than he perhaps intended, for while it has preserved his name it has at the same time preserved it as the name of an ungrateful, heartless, reprobate son, the scorn and derision of every one who passes by, and none can express their contempt in any way more striking than by flinging a derisive stone at the pillar which its builder fondly thought would keep his name in grateful remembrance.

Here near by, also, is the tomb of Jehoshaphat and St. James, and all the monuments and memories which crowd so full the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Not far away is the hill of Herod, as it is called, and, underneath, the cave of Adullam, where three thousand years ago David collected "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, and became a captain over them," and formed them into the nucleus of what was afterwards his conquering and irresistible army.

As we look far off towards the south we see the hilltop Mizpeh where Samuel judged the Children of Israel, and where he won such a signal victory over the Philistines, for here we are told, "And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel.

"Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

"And Samuel judged Israel all the years of his life.

"And he went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places."

Thus our eyes are surfeited with wondrous sights and our memories are wearied to recall everything that has made these places memorable.

But before we descend from the tower, our eyes sweep around once more to the narrow Jordan and the glittering Dead Sea, and rest upon the bleak mountains of Moab. Among them is one hilltop of surpassing interest. There on Mount Nebo, four thousand feet above the Dead Sea which lies at its base, the great lawgiver of Israel looked upon the Promised Land which he was never to enter.

Going down the sacred hill toward the east, crossing a gentle spur, and following a winding path across flowery fields, we come at last to a village which perhaps centers within itself more touching sacred memories than any other spot in all the region, for in this village was the home of Mary and Martha, whose door was so often left ajar for Christ to enter.

Here was the house of Simon the Leper where Mary washed the blessed feet that continually went about doing good, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Here, too, Lazarus lived, and in this little hamlet the greatest miracle of the ages was wrought when Lazarus heard the Divine voice saying to him in the tomb, "Come forth."

But alas, the passing centuries have taken all the poetry and romance out of this little hamlet. The natural indolence of the inhabitants, their hopeless lives, for many generations ground down under the heel of the Turks, and their unenterprising, fanatical disposition, have all contributed to make this at the present day as squalid, mean, and

uninteresting a town as can be found in any one of the five continents which we are visiting together.

As we neared the village we passed a group of ragged, filthy, sore-eyed specimens of humanity, squatting on the ground near an old, dilapidated tent, where they had been lazily basking in the sunshine. They were engaged in the interesting task of simultaneously extending their dirty hands into the one and only dish that contained their food. They stretched out their gaunt, diseased hands to us, crying "backsheesh," the only word, apparently, which they knew and which stood for the only thing they cared for.

What is Mary or Martha, Lazarus or Simon to them, except so many pretexts for extorting more backsheesh from the traveler who comes their way? What is Christ himself, except a personage whose wondrous attractiveness turns the feet of many a pilgrim Bethanyward, and gives these petty robbers a chance to practice their arts upon a fresh set of travelers every day?

However, they know the stock places of interest in their village by heart, and, starting up from all sides, they run on before the pilgrims crying out, "Thees way, thees way to de house of Mary and Marrta," rolling their r's with great vigor, and vociferating and gesticulating as only Orientals can, lest some one else should capture their travelers and show them the way.

"Dis way to de tomb of Lazaroos, dis way to de tomb of Lazaroos," cries a shrill treble voice in our ear, as a little damsel not more than eight or nine years old came skipping over the rough stones, eagerly pressing upon us the fact that she will be our guide to the tomb of Mary's brother.

All that we have to do is to follow the crowd, for all Bethany seems ready to act as our guide this morning, and every one knows as well as we where we wish to go.

A BEDOUIN DINNER PARTY. *(From an instantaneous photograph.)*

As we neared the village we passed a group of ragged, filthy, sore-eyed specimens of humanity, squatting on the ground near an old dilapidated tent where they had been lazily basking in the sunshine. They were engaged in the interesting task of simultaneously extending their dirty hands into the one and only dish that contained their food.

So following our many cicerones we soon come to a dilapidated ruin into which we are admitted by a small wooden gate. This, we are assured by a chorus of voices, is none other than the house of Mary and Martha. We are not prepared to dispute the fact, for it is as likely a place for the residence of the famous sisters as any in the village. It is perhaps a shade more clean and respectable than any other ruin in the vicinity, but we are very confident that in the days of old, Martha left no such piles of rubbish and garbage at her front door as now decorate it; that she kept the dead cats and live donkeys off her premises, and that the blear-eyed children who now clamber all over her dining-room and parlor walls would have been obliged to wash their faces and comb their hair before she admitted them within her doors in the days of old.

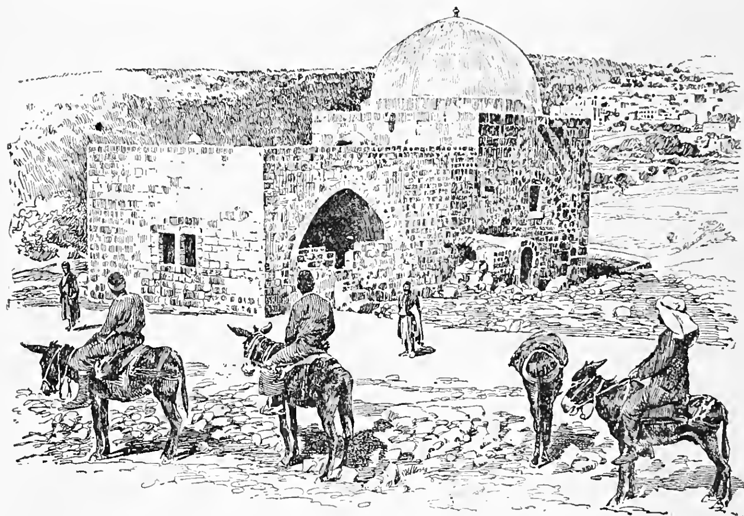
A BEDOUIN WOMAN.

The tomb of Lazarus is equally disappointing and perhaps no more authentic. The narrow entrance shows us a long flight of stairs which leads us down into the very bowels of the earth, and, here, by the aid of a smoky, flaring taper and a vigorous imagination we are supposed to see the place where for four days the body of Lazarus lay before the Redeemer's voice put life and vigor into the decaying limbs.

Bethany is decidedly disappointing from every point of view, and does not invite us to linger long within its wretched

streets. Since we stay here so short a time, we can on this same day visit Bethlehem, which lies on the other side of Jerusalem, about an hour and a half by carriage from the gates of the city.

The road from Jerusalem lies over rocky hills which are spotted here and there with little patches of soil, laboriously enclosed by rocks, where some scanty crops are raised by the primitive agricultural methods of the day. Half-way



RACHEL'S TOMB.

out to Bethlehem, we see the place where it is supposed Elijah lay down under the juniper tree and asked to die. He must have lain down with considerable force, one would think, for he has left a hole in the solid rock about the size of a man's body, which is pointed out as the very spot where he threw himself down in his unrighteous despair.

A little further on we come to the tomb of Rachel, which is better authenticated than most historic sites in the vicinity. It is a place greatly reverenced, especially by the Jews. Fortunately, the custodian of the tomb was there when we

went by, and we enjoyed the privilege which many travelers do not have, of entering the tomb and seeing the great rock sepulchre in which it is not altogether improbable that the beloved wife of Jacob is still resting.

"And Rachel died," says the sacred narrative, "and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

Not many minutes beyond this historic tomb we see a long, straggling Eastern village, and our pulses beat a little quicker as we remember that this is none other than Bethlehem, Bethlehem of prophecy and of history, Bethlehem of song and story, Bethlehem Ephrata, of which it was said seven hundred years before our Lord was born, "Though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

The town now contains about five thousand inhabitants, most of them Christians, but among them only fifty Protestant Christians. Here, the Latins and Greeks and Armenians all possess huge monasteries, and the inhabitants live by raising cattle, by making images of saints and fancy articles in olive wood, mother-of-pearl, and coral. The one supremely interesting spot in this little town is covered by the Church of Saint Mary, which is erected over the traditional birthplace of Christ.

Our carriage rattles down through the principal street, over the horribly rough pavements which sometimes give out altogether, and are only replaced by holes and hummocks which threaten to break every spring in the wagon. But the driver paid no attention to such little obstacles. He wants to show off to the best advantage, and cracking his whip and urging on his horses, he flies through the narrow

streets, while the inhabitants flatten themselves against the walls to escape his threatening wheels. Finally, he brings up with a great flourish in front of the aforesaid Church of Saint Mary, or, of "The Nativity," as it is usually called.

Of course the exact sites which are here pointed out are, in all probability, spurious. Some of them are manifest absurdities, and yet, very near to this spot, and quite probably within the space that is covered by the roof of this church, the Redeemer of Mankind was born. Here we can afford to give our imaginations full play and need not try to curb our religious emotions.

A GIRL OF JUDEA.

After passing through a church which is grandly simple in its design, we come to the Chapel of the Nativity itself. The pavement is of marble and the walls also are lined with marble, while under the altar a silver star marks the place of Jesus' birth. The inscription tells us: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*"

For centuries and centuries, devout hearts have traveled hither to worship at the cradle of our Lord, and from the time of Constantine this spot has been richly decorated, and golden lamps with their undying flame are constantly swinging over the silver star.

Near by is the Chapel of the Manger, where the marble cradle of Christ is pointed out to us. It does not meet our

ideas, however, of the rough stall from which the horses fed, and which Protestant Christians always associate with the birth of the Redeemer.

While we were looking at these relics, twenty-one Franciscan monks came into the chapel, carrying huge candles and chanting the praises of the Virgin Mary. Behind them followed a priest arrayed in most gorgeous vestments, and followed by two attendants. As the priest approached the place of the Nativity, he took a golden censer in his hand, and then from a silver vase he took some powdered incense and with a golden spoon sprinkled it on the living coals.

The fragrant smoke curled up to heaven, while the monks chanted, and the priests with rhythmical motion swung the golden censer, and the thirty-one lamps of gold and silver shed their subdued light upon the scene. But even while we looked we could see the grim figure of a Turkish soldier stationed beside the marble cradle itself to keep the peace between the warring Christian factions.

How much of the beauty and harmony of the scene was dissipated by this soldier's suggestive attitude! How much it told of warfare and bitterness where all should be peace and harmony! How much it suggested even of jealous and envious sects who cannot even clasp hands across the cradle of our Lord!

We were glad before long to leave the Church of the Nativity, and, as we rode home, we found more joy and satisfaction in the sight of the peaceful plains where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, where Boaz left the "handfuls of purpose," and where David kept his flocks, delivering them with the help of God out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, than in the gaudy and tinsel-decked church over which quarrelsome Christians have spent so much blood and treasure.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WITHIN AND AROUND "THE DOME OF THE ROCK."

The Mosque of Omar — A Rock of Wonderful Traditions — Abraham's Sacrifice — Our Retinue — Mohammed's Broomstick Ride — The Wily Jew and the Pilgrim — The Wise Judge — The Marvelous Iron Chain of Justice — A Wily Jew — Our Slippers and How We Kept Them On — Our "Humbug" Sheik — The Great Rock — The Stone of Nails — How the Devil Drew Them Out — An Easy Way of Buying Heaven — A Rock Which Rests on Nothing — How Gabriel Held It Down — The Way to Paradise — What the Pilgrim Found in the Well — Hairs from the Beard of Mohammed — The Stables of Solomon — The Place of Final Judgment — Startling and Curious Traditions — The Wailing Place — Real Grief — A Squalid Scene — The Old Pharisee and His Lovelocks — A Sad Litany — A More Joyful Keynote — A Marvelous Race.

PERHAPS the mosque of Omar combines more of authentic historic interest than any other one place in the world. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to be sure, would be more interesting to the Christian heart than the site of the Temple of Solomon, if we could put full and implicit trust in the rather shady traditions which give it its fame.

But around the holy rock over which the mosque of Omar is built few doubts linger. We know something of the wonderful temple which once overshadowed it. We know what the rock itself was used for, and though in these degenerate days the place has fallen

into impious Moslem hands, it is still of supreme and pathetic interest to Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, Armenian and Mohammedan alike.

Even unsentimental Baedeker melts a little when he comes to the Haram, as the whole place is called, and says, with a suspicion of sympathy in his professional guidebook phrase, "We now stand on one of the most profoundly interesting spots in the world."

In Abraham's day the stone under this great dome was an altar of sacrifice, and in that most touching of Biblical stories we read that God said to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

This was the mountain, so full since then of pathetic but blessed memories to Jew and Christian alike, that God told Abraham of.

This, too, was undoubtedly the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, which David bought for fifty shekels of silver, and where he built an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings because of the plague which was devastating Israel. Here, temple after temple was erected; here David collected the vast treasures for the magnificent house of worship which he was not permitted on account of his blood-stained hands to build; here, Solomon, the most exalted monarch of his day, built the grandest temple of the ages; here Nehemiah and his faithful compatriots on their return from exile built a less splendid house for God's worship; and here Herod, just before the birth of Christ, erected a stately edifice whose stones were being laid and whose beams were springing into their places even while our Lord walked the streets of Jerusalem. He must have watched the growth of the third temple.

For many centuries, as all know, Jerusalem has been in the hands of Mohammedans, and the temple precincts have been their especial treasure. Until within a few years the "infidel dogs," as they politely designate all Christians, were not allowed to set foot within the enclosure, but the waning power of the Sultan could not resist the increasing demands of Christian nations, and since the Crimean war, travelers have been admitted to the Haram.

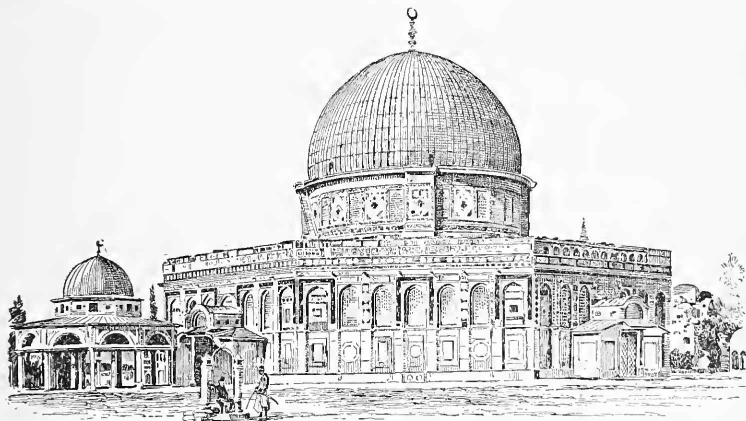
Even now there are some imposing formalities to be gone through with before we can visit the sacred mosque. We applied to our United States Consul for a permit, and for his kavass, who on the payment of five francs from each member of the party accompanies us, to see that no harm befalls us from infuriated Moslems who still have to be held in check when their sacred places are invaded even by the peaceful tourist. We also were obliged to take a soldier to defend us in case of attack, who expects a fee of three or four francs, a small boy to carry our slippers which must be donned before we enter the sacred precincts, while in addition to this array of followers, is our guide or dragoman, who explains the significance of the sacred sights.

It was quite an imposing procession which set off one bright March morning from the hotel just within the gates of the city for the mosque of Omar. Leading the way was the gorgeous kavass, arrayed in all his Oriental finery, carrying off his gaudy plumes with the utmost indifference and dignity. Then came the soldier guard, scarcely less wonderfully arrayed, whose Winchester rifle, long sword, short dirk, and brace of bull-dog pistols, were supposed to strike terror to the heart of every pugnacious Turk who might dispute our passage.

Following him was Abdallah, our dragoman. Then came our modest selves, some half-dozen English and Ameri-

cans. Our slipper boy followed after, and, as his only function was to put on our shoes when we removed the slippers, and guard the shoes while we were in the mosque, he was not obliged to appear in uniform.

Through the narrow, filthy streets we walked, passing the Armenian monastery overshadowed by lofty and gloomy cypresses, past the Turkish guard who unceasingly stands at the gate of the Haram to prevent any unaccredited infidel foot from pressing the sacred soil. At last we stood on the



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

very rocks made sacred by the feet of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; of David and Samuel; of Judges, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, and of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, himself.

One soon gets the impression, however, that these precincts, in the minds of present owners, are more sacred to the memory of Mohammed than of any one else, for at every step we are reminded of the great false prophet by some absurd tradition.

For instance, as we enter the grounds a spot enclosed by marble pillars is shown us as the very spot from which Mohammed started on his flying horse to visit Damascus

and Mecca, a journey of many hundred miles which occupied him only five or six minutes. He had evidently anticipated not only Darius Green and his flying machine, but all the aërial inventions and electrical contrivances of the nineteenth century. If he had only left to his devoted followers the secret of his airy journey, how many would have called him blessed! The Atlantic would now have no terrors for the timid landsman. The Mediterranean might wax never so wrathy and yet it would not keep us at home. Even the landing at Jaffa would have no fear for us, and traveling in Palestine, which is now so wearisome, would be only a joyous flitting from sacred spot to sacred spot.

But, alas! Mohammed did not reveal the secret of his flying horse, and we must still walk about on two feet, be they never so weary.

Before the east entrance to the mosque of Omar is another covered, dome-shaped pavilion surrounded by marble pillars, and here we paused long enough for Abdallah to tell us the story of the place. With his snapping, black Syrian eyes, his expressive gestures and mobile face, he could make the most untrustworthy and improbable traditions glow with a living interest. Suspended from the roof of this pavilion, says Abdallah, there used to be a chain of heavy iron links, under which all accused persons must stand. If the chain fell on them they were guilty; if, however, the chain did not fall, but remained suspended, they were innocent.

On one occasion there came to this place of judgment a Mohammedan and a Jew, the Jew being accused by the Mohammedan of robbing him of the gold which he had committed to the Jew on his departure for Mecca, whither he had gone on a pilgrimage, for it is not permitted a pilgrim to carry with him more money than is sufficient to meet the necessities of life.

"When I came back from Mecca," said the Mussulman at the trial, "this dog of a Jew would not give me back my property, but swears that he never received it from me."

"Stand under the chain," said the just and inflexible judge to the Jew, "and if you have your neighbor's money its heavy links will fall on you and crush you to the dust."

"Most willingly," answered the Jew, "for I assure you I have not a penny of my neighbor's money." Upon this he handed the judge a heavy cane that he carried in his hand and briskly stepped under the avenging chain.

Sure enough, the Jew appeared to be right, the chain remained strong and firm, not even by a wriggle of one of its links did it show its desire to crush the accused.

"Ha, ha," said the judge to the Mohammedan, "you have borne false witness, you must stand under the chain yourself and it will soon show which is the perjured man."

Upon this the Jew received his cane back again and the Mohammedan stepped under the chain, and still it did not fall, neither did the links show any motion, or desire to avenge a wrong.

"There must be some mistake about this," pondered the judge, "the chain never made a mistake before. Either one or the other of these men must be guilty."

Then a sudden light gleamed upon the mind of the sapient dispenser of justice, and, taking the cane once more out of the hand of the wily Jew, he broke it across his knee and all the Mohammedan's gold rolled out from its hollow interior.

Thus the secret stood revealed. The Jew did not have a penny of the Moslem's money while he was under the chain, for it was all in the judge's hands, and the chain could not fall upon him, neither could it crush the Mohammedan, for he was right in his accusation, and thus the wisdom of

the great judge was re-established and the reputation of the chain was preserved.

It was on this spot, too, according to Abdallah, that Solomon discovered the true mother of the babe when he took his sword and was about to cut the little one into two pieces, and discovered by the heart-rending sobs and prayers of one woman that the life of the child might be spared, which the true mother of the infant was.

Here at this east door, near which the pavilion of the chain is situated, we stopped to take off our shoes. A most miscellaneous assortment of slippers was brought for those who had no slippers with them by one of the attendants of the mosque. These slippers were in all degrees and stages of dilapidation. The only kind that we did not find among the whole lot brought us to choose from, were those that made any pretention to respectability. Great splay-footed sides of leather, out at the toes and heels, were presented to us; equally disreputable pieces of carpeting which were once slippers, but which now bear scarcely a resemblance to soles and uppers were laid at our feet; while, in other cases, pieces of bocking with a string run through the hole at the top, into which the feet are supposed to be thrust, did duty as foot coverings, and prevented our infidel feet from defiling the sacred sanctuary of the Moslems.

The only thing about these slippers which is universal is their conspicuous roominess. However, by careful management, never lifting our feet from the ground, and shuffling in the most awkward way, we were able to keep them on our feet and to follow our guide, our kavass, and our soldier, into the mosque. The crowd of attendants was here increased by the old sheik of the mosque himself, and by several of his retainers who followed us about in order that they might have an excuse for demanding backsheesh.

Our new attendant, the sheik of the mosque, spoke only Turkish. Our dragoman, Abdallah, is equally at home in Turkish and English. Turning to us he said, with the utmost solemnity, "This sheik is a very great man, I assure you, and he greatly honors us with his presence." This complimentary explanation he translated into Turkish, and then turning to us once more said, in English alone, for our own private delectation, "And he is one great big humbug, too, and no more use to us than two tails to a cat."

The sheik evidently considered this another compliment, but fortunately, did not insist upon its being translated.

The mosque of Omar, or dome of the rock, as its Turkish name may be translated into English, is an octagonal building, each of whose sides is sixty-six feet in length. The upper part is covered with porcelain tiles of a subdued blue. The effect is considered by artists to be remarkably fine.

The lower part of the building is covered with marble, and passages from the Koran, written in interwoven characters, run around the building like a frieze.

Within, the building is not particularly remarkable, except for the great rock in the center, and the traditions which cluster around this rock, which, by hundreds of millions of people, is regarded as the central point of the world.

Just how large the claim on your reverence may be which this rock should have, it is difficult to tell, but, in any event, it will always hold its preëminence as one of the most sacred spots to Jew and Mohammedan and Christian alike.

Authentic Jewish tradition tells us that on this very rock Abraham offered sacrifice. Here Isaac lay, bound and ready for the sacrificial knife which his father held in his hand when the arresting voice of God was heard. Some scholars say that on this spot the Holy of Holies of the ancient temple stood, while still others declare that the great sacrificial altar

stood here, and have discovered on the rock what they believe to be traces of a channel for carrying off the blood.

Many of the traditions which now cluster about this place are undoubtedly of Mohammedan origin, and are of little interest to Jew or Christian except as curious freaks of the imagination.

But we will follow our old sheik about, as, with implicit faith in his own story, he tells the tale to us. The great rock which gives its name to the mosque is enclosed by a screen which was put up in the days of the Crusaders, but through the holes in the screen we can stick our fingers and touch the sacred stone itself.

Just outside the screen, on the east side of the mosque, is a stone in which are some nail-holes, while two or three nails seem to be still driven into the stone and there remain imbedded. Here, our ancient "humbug" of a sheik pauses impressively and points with his fat fore-finger to these nails, "Do you see this stone?" he says, while his Arabic is translated into English by Abdallah. "There used to be thirteen nails in this stone, and the devil knows very well that when all the nails are drawn out the end of the world will come. Of course, he is anxious for this so that he may escape from torment himself. One day he came into the mosque with his ugly forked tail and dreadful hoofs and began to pull out the nails. He had pulled out ten of them and another was half out when Gabriel saw what he was about, and stopped him in the midst of his occupation. You can see that what I am telling you is true," added the old sheik, "for there are only two and one-half nails left, and you can see that the devil pulled out all the rest before he was stopped."

This avaricious old sinner went on to say, "If anyone puts some backsheesh down on this stone he is sure of going to heaven." After this solemn assurance, we threw down a

copper, and turning to the old Moslem, asked him if that would assure us entrance into Paradise, but the sheik was too shrewd to commit himself. "You may possibly squeeze in," he said, "but if you would only give two francs, it would make it sure." However, we declined to purchase bliss at any such price as this.

This whole huge rock is supposed by Mohammedans to rest on nothing, and when one goes down into a kind of crypt or cellar-way underneath the rock, and shows them the substantial stone pillars which support it, they claim that underneath the crypt it is entirely hollow, and prove it by pounding on the floor, which makes a hollow rumbling sound as though there were a cavern beneath our feet.

In this subterranean chamber our dragoman points out the places where David, Solomon, Abraham, and Elijah were in the habit of praying. Here Mohammed used to pray also, and, being a tall man, when he rose from his knees he would surely have bumped his head against the ceiling, but very considerately the stone rose out of his way, and there is a hollow over our heads of exactly the shape of Mohammed's turban.

In this rock is also a round hole through which, the faithful assure us, that Mohammed ascended into heaven. The stone could not bear to be deprived of his company, and so it was following after him when Gabriel put his hand on it and stopped it from going any further. Upon this, the obedient stone settled back into its place, and blessed the restraining hand.

Our credulity is somewhat strained by this legend, but when we expressed any doubt, our old guide settled the matter once for all by showing us a whitish quartz fragment in the heart of the rock, which he declared to be the tongue of the stone with which it blessed the hand of Gabriel.

Moreover, he showed us a depression in the stone itself, upon which Gabriel's hand rested when it prevented the rock from flying heavenward. What more could be said in view of such incontrovertible evidence?

Going outside of the mosque again, we followed our numerous guides to another building which is scarcely less sacred than the dome of the rock. This is the mosque of El Aksa, a long, rectangular building, much inferior to the octagonal mosque that covers the sacred rock, but yet, having its own relics of supreme interest to the Mohammedan.

Here is the sacred well of Paradise. As we look down into its cavernous depths, we can see nothing but a great black hole in the floor. We are assured, however, that this is none other than the way to Paradise itself, for on one occasion, a pilgrim who was here drawing water, lost his bucket, and going down to get it, he saw two angels at the bottom of the well, who told him that this was the way to Paradise, and who at the same time, gave him two leaves from the Tree of Life. These he stuck behind his ear, and then came up to the surface once more, to prove by these incontrovertible signs that what he said was true; and from that day to this, that precious romancer has been believed. Evidently, it is not always certain that truth lies at the bottom of the well.

In another part of this same mosque are two pillars through which a tolerably stout man can barely squeeze himself. The story connected with these pillars is that any one who can crowd through between them is sure at last of crowding into Heaven. Alas for the fat man! There is no more chance for him to enter Paradise through this gate than for a camel to crawl though the eye of a needle.

However, neither the stout man nor the lean man nor the middle-sized man could be deterred on any consideration

from trying to crowd his way between the pillars, until at last, so scandalous became the crowding and pushing of those who tried to get into Paradise in this cheap and easy way, that the Governor of Jerusalem was obliged to fill up the space with an iron frame which still remains between the pillars, so that now neither fat nor lean can enter Heaven by this door.

In this mosque there is a very beautiful carved pulpit, some ancient copies of the Koran, which are well worth examining if the custodian can be persuaded to let us have a glimpse of them, and there are also some hairs from Mohammed's beard, carefully preserved in green wooden boxes. These, I understand, are never visible to infidel eyes, and we must take it on trust that wrapped up in innumerable cloths and reposing in a large wooden box, is an actual hair from the very beard of the marvelous man who so deeply impressed the world by his fanaticism and strange personality.

Underneath the mosque of El Aksa are the so-called "stables of Solomon," huge subterranean caverns supported by stone pillars in which one would think a thousand horses might easily find accommodation, but whether one of Solomon's gaily caparisoned steeds ever munched his hay and oats in these caverns is an open question. They were undoubtedly, however, used by the Crusaders and Templars in the middle ages, and the rings to which they tied their horses are still found in the stone pillars.

Now let us go out into the open air once more. It is refreshing to breath God's sweet zephyrs, and to stand in His sunlight once more, after the dismal, oppressing shadows of the Mohammedan mosque. As we look around we find that both of these mosques and the other buildings of the Haram stand on a broad plateau, much of which is given up

to coarse grass and coarser weeds, with here and there a pretty wild flower peeping out of its green bed.

From the top of the wall we can get a magnificent view of the valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mount of Olives beyond. The whole hillside, which slopes down to the deep ravine and then rises suddenly on the other side, is dotted with tombs,—Moslem tombs on the side next to the city, Jewish graves on the further side, for Jews and Moslems alike agree that here at the resurrection day the nations will assemble to be judged for the deeds done in the body.

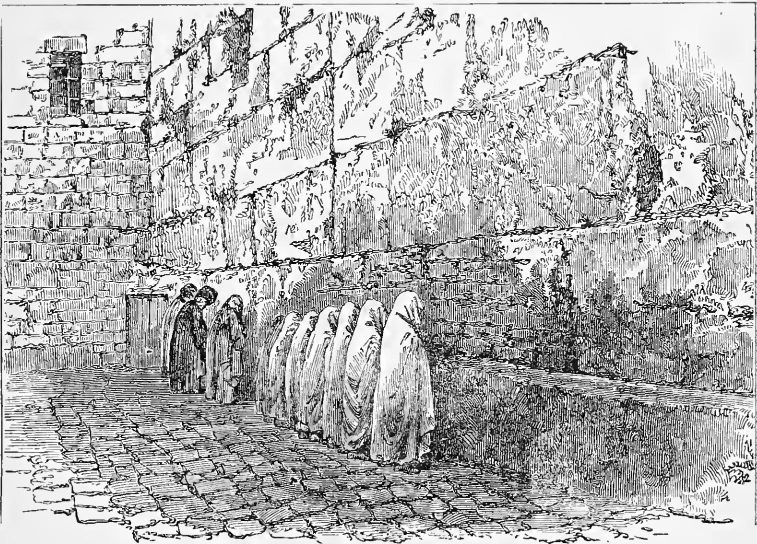
To them this is the most solemnly sacred place in the world, and the suggestion from the wall which surrounds the temple area is surpassingly awful to their imagination. Projecting over the wall and built in horizontally is a prostrate column. The Mohammedans say that from this column a thin wire rope, when Gabriel's trumpet blast proclaims the last judgment, will be stretched to the Mount of Olives. Christ will sit on the wall, they say, and Mohammed on the opposite mountain as the judges of all the nations of the earth who will be gathered in the valley beneath. All men must pass over the valley on this rope. The righteous will be miraculously kept from falling, and will fly across the rope like lightning, while the wicked will fall into the abyss below and there will writhe in torment forever.

There are many more traditions, wonderful and startling and curious, which cluster around this temple area.

Not far from this mosque, which is so crowded with Moslem traditions, is a place which is still more interesting and far more pathetic in my eyes than the one where we have spent the morning; as much more pathetic as is real grief than doubtful traditions and simulated sorrow. I refer to the wailing place of the Jews. To this sorrowful spot let us take our way through the dirty, crowded streets.

It is Friday afternoon that we visit this most doleful place, and after winding in and out through narrow streets and lanes we find our way barred by a high wall composed in its lower courses of huge blocks of stone. This wall is 56 feet in height and 150 in length and consists of 24 layers of stone, several of the stones being from 12 to 16 feet in length.

As we come into the narrow courtyard bounded by this



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

high wall we find it filled with Jews of all ages, and of all conditions of life. Men, women, and children; well-dressed Jews and ragged Jews; dirty Jews and clean Jews; dudish Jews dressed in the latest Paris style, and old patriarchs in sheepskin jackets and baggy trousers; fresh young faces whose beauty is not wholly spoiled by the inevitable Roman beak which so often makes the Jew look like a bird of prey, and old weather-beaten Pharisees with love-locks curling about each ear, and dangling down under their round caps.

Sitting on the ground were several old rabbis, reading from well-thumbed books of the law the appropriate passages of lamentation and woe, while others responded in grief-striken accents, "We sit in solitude and mourn."

But the most pathetic sight to me was that of old women whose grief could not be restrained and was evidently as genuine as it was uncontrollable. Spreading out their withered hands on the rough stones of the wall, with tears running down their cheeks, they would passionately kiss the stones worn smooth by the lips of countless pilgrims, and cry out in very bitterness of spirit as they thought of the glories which had forever departed and the shame and contumely which had come to their once great nation.

Here is the litany that was chanted, and my readers can imagine the weird and sorrowful scene as the leader, with the great book of the law opened before him, wails out his agony, and the people, many of them with tears streaming down their faces, utter the responses. Here is this strange responsive service which every week for many generations has been heard by the stern gray walls that overlook the scene and seem forever to bar the progress and happiness of the Jewish nation.

Leader. "For the palace that lies desolate,"
Response. "*We sit in solitude and mourn.*"

Leader. "For the palace that is destroyed,"
Response. "*We sit in solitude and mourn.*"

Leader. "For the walls that are overthrown,"
Response. "*We sit in solitude and mourn.*"

Leader. "For our great men who lie dead,"
Response. "*We sit in solitude and mourn.*"

Leader. "For the priests who have stumbled,"
Response. "*We sit in solitude and mourn.*"

Leader. "For our kings who have despised him,"
Response. "*We sit in solitude and mourn.*"

At this point the service rises from this minor key for a moment. The tears of the wailing multitude are dried for a little while. They cease to beat the wall with their withered hands, as, for a moment, the joy of the coming kingdom in which they still hope Israel may have a share, breaks upon their vision; and, while their leader reads: "We pray thee have mercy on Zion," the response comes back, "Gather the children of Jerusalem."

Leader. "Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion."
Response. "*Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.*"

Leader. "May beauty and majesty surround Zion."
Response. "*Ah, turn thyself, merciful to Jerusalem.*"

Leader. "May the kingdom soon return to Zion."
Response. "*Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.*"

Leader. "May peace and joy abide with Zion."
Response. "*And the branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem.*"

As one listens to this sad wail, even though relieved at times by a more joyous strain, he cannot help believing that the Jews are not cast off forever, that a people of so much moral earnestness and intensity have a great future as well as a great history behind them, and that a nation that has resisted the encroachments of every enemy that could be marshaled against them and still retain in their integrity so many of their national characteristics, have a strength and tenacity of purpose which will be used by Providence in working out in the future His great design.

Mean and squalid as is the wailing place of the Jews, one returns from a visit there not only impressed and saddened by the concentrated grief of a great people, but also impressed with the possibilities of such a people when regenerated and redeemed by the Saviour whom now they reject, when they shall take their place among the united, progressive Christian nations of the world.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE HOME OF SAINT PAUL — THE FAMOUS CEDARS OF LEBANON — OUR EXPERIENCES IN THE LAND OF THE SULTAN — AT THE MERCY OF INHOSPITABLE TURKS.

Embarking at Jaffa — Americans in Syria — Their Splendid College — An Interesting Room — The Beginning of Our Tribulations — A Turkish Custom House — Forbidden Words — The Sapient Censor — A School Boy's Composition and What Came of it — The Use of Ironclads — An Ill-Starred Rebellion — "No Mean City" — St. Paul's Well — Drawing Water from It — St. Paul's Tree — St. Paul's Institute — Humble Streets — A Walk to the Vali's Palace — "Palace" or "Sheds"? — In the Presence of His Excellency — "The Bouyourouldou" — Official Handwriting — A Sunday in Adana — A Living Screen — A Congregation of Fezzes — Squatting on the Floor — "Is America on a Hill?" — Preparing for our Overland Journey.

OUR way from the Holy City to the land of the Sultan proper, led back once more to Jaffa, where we found the sea smiling and calm as though it had never thought of frightening poor pilgrims, or ingulfing their frail boats as it so often seems to do. Our embarkation was as quiet and peaceful as the landing was stormy, and the next morning after leaving Jaffa, we found ourselves anchored in the roadstead of Beirut, the most enterprising and populous seacoast city of Syria.

While Beirut has many points of interest to the passing traveler, that which impressed us most strongly was the work

of the American Presbyterian Mission with its great printing presses, its churches, its school, and above all the magnificent American college which is the outgrowth of missionary work and influence, and which now boasts of buildings and equipment and faculty of which neither Yale nor Harvard nor Dartmouth nor Princeton need be ashamed.

The Hospital of the Knights of St. John is here under the care of the medical faculty of the college, and is a most useful and worthy institution. This fine university only goes to show that modern ideas of American Christian education are just as good for the Orient as for the Occident, that the same training and Christian nurture which develops well-rounded, symmetrical character in the American youth accomplishes the same for the young men of Syria; for never have I seen a more manly or interesting body of students than assembled in the American College of Beirut. One of the most interesting historical sights to every American Christian is that of a low and bare attic-room in one of the mission buildings where the translation of the Bible into Arabic was begun and completed by two American scholars. A marble tablet on the wall bears this inscription:

In this Room
The Translation of the Bible
Into the Arabic Language
Was Begun in 1848,
by Rev. Eli Smith, D.D.,
and prosecuted by him until his death in January, 1857.
It was then taken up in October, 1857, by Rev. C. V. A. Vandyck, D.D., and completed by him August 23, 1864.

Away to the north, over a rough and difficult road, are the famous Cedars of Lebanon.

They are in a valley which is dominated by the high peaks of the range, and stand on a little hill or knoll, so that they are visible from a considerable distance.

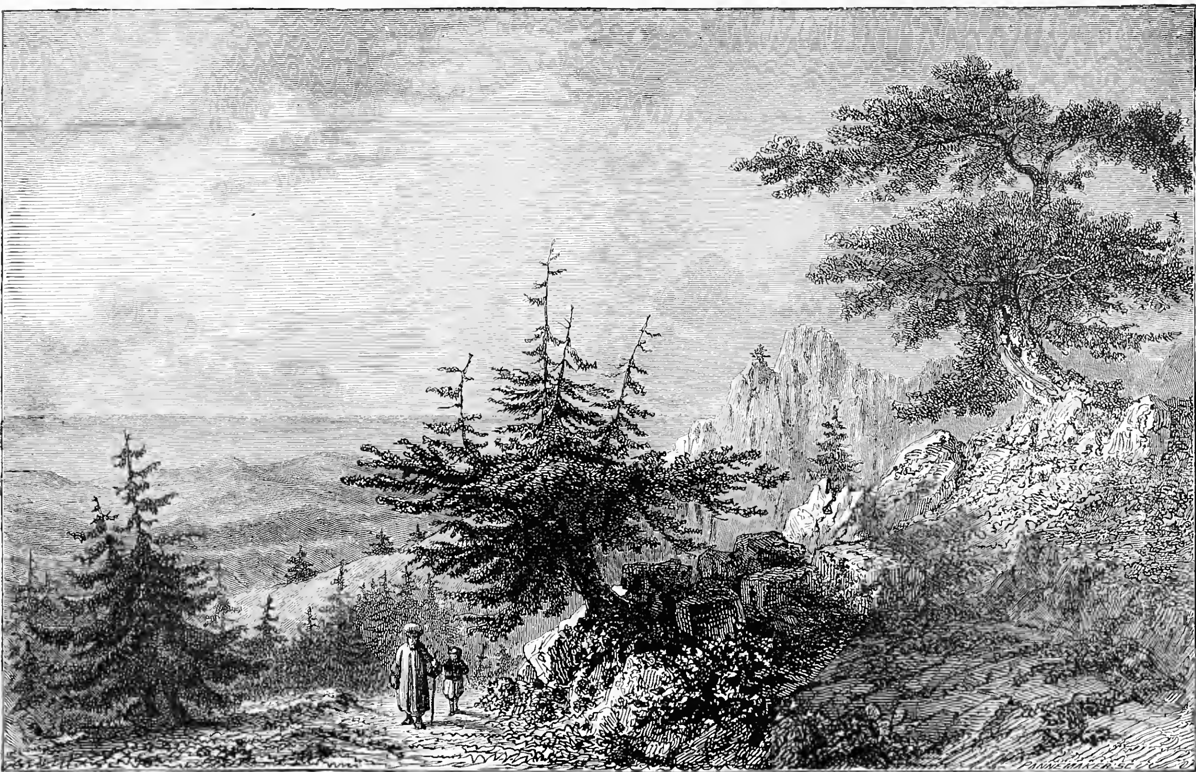
Though there are other cedar groves in Syria, the one here mentioned is the most important, for the reason that it is supposed to have furnished the timber for Solomon's Temple, as recorded in the Old Testament.

There is a great deal of romantic interest attached to these trees. One has heard of them from childhood, and has pictured to one's self trees of more than ordinary beauty, and of an exceptional fragrance. These ideas probably arise from knowing that Solomon considered no other wood worthy of being used in the adornment of the Temple, and that Tiglath-Pileser, having conquered Carchemish, came hither for the express purpose of carrying away a goodly number of these forest treasures to beautify his palaces.

It is probable, that at a very distant date the slopes of Lebanon were clothed with forest; but from time to time so many trees have been cut down by the Syrians themselves, as well as by their conquerors, that at the present day they exist only in small isolated groves. The most extensive of these, known to us as "The Cedars of Lebanon," is called by the Syrians "The Grove of the Lord," and in it there are three hundred and ninety-three trees; of these, only twelve are of any great size, and they have received the name of "The Twelve Apostles," from a tradition that Christ once visited this spot with His apostles, who planted their staves, which grew into these goodly cedars.

Kind friends made our two days in Beirut memorable, and crowded them with pleasant memories. Then we again took ship, and, after skirting the Mediterranean coast, touching for a few hours at Tripoli, Latakia, and Alexandretta, we came to anchor in the harbor of Mersin, and found ourselves, beyond all peradventure, in the land of the Sultan of Sultans, and within the very borders of the unspeakable Turk.

To be sure, Syria is nominally ruled by the Sultan and



THE FAMOUS CEDARS OF LEBANON. (*From a special photograph.*)

The grove here shown is supposed to have furnished the timber for Solomon's Temple, as recorded in the Old Testament. It is now called "The Grove of the Lord," and in it are three hundred and ninety-three trees; of these only twelve are of any great size, and they have received the name of "The Twelve Apostles" from a tradition that Christ once visited this spot with his Apostles, who planted their staves, which grew into these cedars.

pays tribute to Turkey, and though this rule is severe enough in all conscience, and his oppression and tyranny sufficiently galling, yet no one knows the full extent to which outrageous tyranny can be carried, until he actually sets foot in Asia Minor, and finds himself in the Turk's own proper domain.

Our tribulations began with the Custom House. Though we had three or four kind friends who exerted themselves to their utmost to see us safely through, their offices did not altogether avail. Our trunks were rummaged, our traveling bags were turned inside out, and everything in the nature of a book, even innocent Badæker and Murray, was confiscated by this paternal government which is so careful in regard to the reading matter of its subjects. And here, as first we land upon the inhospitable shores of Turkey, may, perhaps, be as good a time as any to tell my readers something of the tyranny which is only typified by the Sultan's custom house.

DRUSE FROM MOUNT LEBANON.

It can be well imagined that the work of the Christian missionary comes in for the especial and particularly unfavorable notice of the Turkish government. An old treaty with the Christian powers prevents the Ottomans from

crushing out Christianity entirely from their land, as they would be glad to do. This treaty guarantees liberty to worship God as the people choose, but in every way in which it can be made a dead letter it is annulled. Churches which are already established cannot be very well destroyed, but if a congregation wishes to build a new church or schoolhouse, or to put up any mission building of any kind, the most needless and exasperating obstacles are thrown in the way. One of the laws requires that permission shall be granted by the government authorities for any such new building, and some of our missionaries have been waiting for years and years for the permission, which they can never get, to erect their church or schoolhouse, even though the money is raised and the material on hand for the structure.

The chief object in my journey across Asia Minor, as my readers know, was to speak in various large centers where I had been invited in behalf of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and to visit societies already established. But I found at once that obstacles and restrictions in the way of Christian work had so multiplied of late that it would be very difficult to do what I had intended. I was told that I must not use in public address the words "organization," "society," "fellowship," "brotherhood," or anything which told of the union of young people for religious or other purposes; that it was against the policy of the Turkish government to allow the people to unite or combine for any purpose whatsoever in any society or organization, and that everything was being done that was possible to break up all religious organizations.

In every audience which I addressed, and I had the pleasure of speaking to many during my four weeks in Turkey, I was told that a Turkish spy was in the congregation, and that any ill-considered word might land myself and

half my audience in a Turkish jail. Everything in the way of printed matter which comes into Turkey has to pass under the close scrutiny of a stupid and ignorant censor of the press. So absurd are his objections, and so rigid is his inspection, that very little literature of any kind is allowed in these days.

As illustrations of the stupidity which reigns in the censor's office many amusing stories are told. For instance, a Sunday-school lesson, which bore the Scriptural title "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," was amended by the censor so as to read, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save Christian sinners," since he wanted it plainly understood that the Redeemer had nothing to do with Turkish sinners. A daily Bible reading, which was headed "Trouble in the Palace," referring to the palace which is spoken of in the Book of Esther, was forbidden because trouble and a palace (the Sultan's palace, of course) could not be spoken of in the same breath. Another Bible reading which bore the inoffensive title, "The People Encouraged," was likewise absolutely forbidden, with the suggestive comment that the government did not wish the people to be encouraged.

Doubtless the truth was spoken in this comment if in no other, but this extreme rigor of the censor applies not only to religious books, but to school text-books as well, and here even more absurd and amusing stories of the censor's stupid caution are told. A book on chemistry, which of course contained the familiar formula, "H_2O," was forbidden, because it was supposed to have some occult reference to the reigning sovereign, who is Hamid 2d, and it was interpreted to mean "Hamid 2d is nothing." A geographical text-book was forbidden because it referred to the junction or union of rivers, and the author was told that his Majesty desired the

youth of his country to know nothing about union or combination. A chapter on star fishes was stricken out of a text-book of natural history, because some hidden reference to the Sultan's "Star palace" was suspected.

But these emendations and objections of the censor might easily be dismissed with a laugh, as the vagaries of an ignorant man having in his hands for a brief time the reins of office, did they not show a studied and deliberate effort on the part of the officials to prevent all learning and advancement along the line of Christian civilization. The policy of the government is evidently oppressive and reactionary, and it means to do everything that it can to crush out the sparks of Christian education.

When it comes to absolute torture, imprisonment, and death, this oppression is no longer a laughing matter, and to this point it has come to hundreds of the subjects of the Sultan. An intelligent and well-educated native Armenian Protestant pastor whom I visited had recently received a letter from Prof. Henry Drummond of Glasgow, in which the writer spoke of his desire to visit "*Armenia*." The poor man who received the letter did not dare to keep it in his house with that compromising word on the title page, so he had carefully cut out the word "Armenia," and written over the place where it had formerly appeared the word "Turkey." Even the possession of that letter with that compromising word might have meant for him years of imprisonment in a Turkish dungeon.

Another man of whom I know was imprisoned for two years simply because the Turkish police found among his effects, when they were searching his house on one occasion, a school-boy composition which spoke of freedom and liberty, and expressed some natural sentiments for a larger and more untrammeled life than he was then leading. This composi-

tion, written fifteen years before his arrest, had been thrown one side and entirely forgotten until it was resurrected by the prying Turkish officials. But it was enough to compromise its author, and for two years he languished in a Turkish jail in consequence of that innocent boyish effusion. These are only a few incidents from many that might be cited to illustrate the outrageous tyranny of the weak and timid ruler who reigns on the banks of the Bosphorus. They are enough, however, to show the terror under which many of "the sick man's" subjects live, and they are enough to arouse the indignation of every freedom-loving American and Englishman on the face of the earth.

Only by a combined protest of the Christian powers of the world, backed up by the necessary ironclads, can this unhappy state of things be changed; but such a protest would be effective, and very quickly would the cringing tyrant, in whose name these outrages are perpetrated, issue different orders from those which now go forth from his palace, if he saw that the Christian powers "meant business." The pretext for these especially oppressive measures which have disgraced the government during the past year, is found in the so-called Armenian rebellion, an ill-timed, fruitless, and abortive uprising which was fomented largely by a society of Armenians whose motives were anything but patriotic.

They represented, however, only a very small proportion of their countrymen, and the chief result of their ill-starred rebellion has been to make their fellow countrymen feel more severely than ever before the crushing heel of the tyrant of Constantinople.

But we have not yet got beyond the custom house at Mersin, so long have we been in unburdening our souls of the righteous indignation that has taken possession of them.

Mersin is an uninteresting seacoast town, where some fine

missionary work is being accomplished by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of America among the Arabic-speaking Syrians. As soon as we could collect the belongings which the government allowed us to keep, we boarded the train on the little railway which runs between Mersin and Adana. What is the name of this place which we hear the brakeman calling out with stentorian lungs? "Tarsus, Tarsus." Can it be that this is the famous city of Bible history, the birthplace of the greatest man who ever lived, the Apostle to the Gentiles? It certainly is no other. This was the city of the great tent-maker, who here wrought with his own hands, and who, with a touch of pardonable pride in after years, spoke of Tarsus, his birthplace, as "no mean city."

The first thought that is apt to occur to the traveler in modern days is that whatever Tarsus may have been in the days of Saint Paul it is certainly a very mean city in some of its aspects to-day. Its streets are many of them narrow and exceedingly filthy. Few of its houses present any claim to architectural excellence. The roads leading to it are washed and almost impassable in many places, and yet in all these particulars it is not only no worse, but probably far better than the average Turkish city. Comparatively speaking, it can still be said that Tarsus is no mean city.

Everything of chief interest in this ancient place clusters about the name of the great apostle. To be sure, the reputed tomb of Sardanapalus is here, but it attracts only a momentary and languid interest compared with anything that relates to Saint Paul. These relics are few and meagre enough, and probably, in the whole collection, there is nothing that is absolutely and beyond question authentic.

Here, however, is the so-called house of Saint Paul, which of course we visited. In the ample courtyard there is an ancient well which goes by the name of "Saint Paul's

Well," whose curbstone is worn deep in many places by the ropes which for countless generations have drawn the water from its liquid depths. We also drew a bucket of water and quenched our thirst and looked down into the silent depths which reflected the eye of the sun as it doubtless did when the boy Saul peered down into its depths, for these ancient wells are among the most authentic as they are the most indestructible evidences of antiquity.

The house of Saint Paul, which occupies one side of this courtyard, is no doubt a comparatively modern structure, but it is quite possible that it stands upon the site of Saint Paul's own domicile. It was formerly the residence of the American Vice-Consul at Tarsus, and we were very hospitably welcomed by his widow into their sitting-room, a comfortable apartment surrounded on three sides by broad Turkish divans, but containing no very noticeable features or mementoes.

In another part of the city is a fine Armenian church and school, near which stands a gnarled and rugged tree which tradition for many generations has called "Saint Paul's tree." For many years it has been withered and utterly dead, and it is not altogether impossible that it may have been growing eighteen hundred years ago, and that the boy Saul played under its shady branches. At any rate, its wood seems to be almost indestructible, for when, with the permission of the authorities which owned it, I tried to cut a sliver from its trunk as a memento, it almost turned the blade of my penknife, so compact was the iron fibre of the wood.

But of all the institutions connected with the name of Saint Paul the one most interesting to me was Saint Paul's School, which was founded by the late Col. Elliott F. Shepherd. On the very day of our arrival in Tarsus news of his

lamented death had been cabled across the sea, and teachers and scholars alike were in profound sorrow in consequence. However, their sorrow was mitigated when it was learned after a little that he had endowed the school with $100,000 by his last will and testament. A fine, manly, courageous set of boys were these who were gathered together to the number of nearly one hundred in this historic city, and according to their ability and opportunity, many will go out from this school in the future with the spirit of Saint Paul to do for their land what he did for all the world.

From Tarsus to Adana is twenty miles further by rail, and in this latter city we spent two or three memorable days, for they introduced us largely to missionary work in Turkey, and acquainted us with several brave hearts who are here quietly and unostentatiously working for the Master. Here, too, we got our first extended view of genuine Turkish life.

Here Turkey is neither at its worst nor at its best. Protestant influence has leavened and elevated the tone of the city to some extent, but the many minarets from which five times a day at the hour of prayer the muezzin sounds his call shows that the predominating influence is still most strongly Mohammedan. The horrible streets full of pitfalls and miry clay, the filthy alleys which serve as receptacles for rubbish and swill, garbage and dead animals of various kinds, show that insufferable dirt is one concomitant of Turkish rule.

One of our errands while in Adana took us to the Vali or governor of the province, for we desired of him passports and a safe conduct across the country to Constantinople. Let us take this walk and visit the Vali together this morning. As we turn out of the mission house, where we are making our home, we see at a glance that we are in the very heart of Turkey. Every person whom we meet, even

the occasional foreigner, if he is of the male persuasion, wears the inevitable red Turkish fez, and most of them are clad in baggy trousers and long loose garments which reach below the knee. In one of the narrow streets though which

مرور تذكره سى

OUR TURKISH PASSPORT.

we pass we see the weaver of goat's hair plying his trade almost on the sidewalk.

This was the very same material, doubtless, of which Paul made his tents, and perhaps he wove the cloth in the same way as this man who runs back and forth from one end to the other of his long loom, deftly twirling his bobbin

and twisting the strands of goat's hair which afterwards will be made up into a rough and serviceable cloth.

On the other side of the street from the goat's hair manufacturer is a mill in which sesame oil is being expressed. The sesame seed is run into a great hopper after being soaked for a sufficient time in the vats, and is then ground very fine beneath the revolving stones which are turned by a tread-mill ox, while the oil, thick and dirty, runs out into the vats beneath from a crevice in the mill-stone. This oil is very much prized by the natives, and is used largely in making a popular kind of sweetmeat, which one cannot fail to appreciate if he spends many days in Turkey, so toothsome and nourishing is it.

And now in our walk, we come to the market-place of the town, a long covered street lined with little booths on either side, in which everything imaginable and many things unimaginable are sold. Hardware and crockery, dry goods and groceries, fish, flesh, and fowl, and good red herrings, too, for aught I know, are all sold in this busy bazaar. Here are money changers and shoemakers, fez manufacturers and kettle makers, all jostling one another side by side in their narrow booths. It is a scene of infinite life and variety, and would long delay our footsteps, if we were not hurrying on to see his Excellency, the Vali of Adana, to learn whether or not we may be allowed to make the journey on which we have set our hearts.

Not far beyond the market place is the so-called "palace," but a sorry looking palace it is, indeed, for it strikes us that it might more properly be called the "sheds," since it consists of a long row of poor wooden structures around a large quadrangle. However, it is more picturesque and impressive to speak of the Vali's "palace" rather than the Vali's "sheds," so we will stick to the Turkish nomenclature.

Passing many Turkish guards and a large number of important looking officials, who push aside for us numerous stiff hangings of heavy quilted stuffs which take the place of doors, we find ourselves soon in a large shabby room hung with faded red tapestry, and in the presence of the Vali himself. He is a grave looking man of fifty years, or thereabouts, with a good face which indicates that he is willing to do what he can for our comfort and convenience. First, he politely passed us a cigarette, which we as politely declined, and then, apologizing for not giving us coffee and other refreshments because it was Ramidan, he talked very pleasantly for a little while of various matters, while our missionary guide interpreted his Turkish into our English. Then insisting that we should not go to Constantinople by way of Marsovan, which just then was the center of the Armenian disturbance, but that we should go by way of Angora which was more peaceful, he very readily gave us the necessary passports or tezkereis, and also a safe conduct, or "bouyourouldou." This document was written in huge Turkish characters, not straight across the page, but in a slanting, irregular, reckless kind of a fashion in which all official Turkish documents are written, for it is not at all *au fait* to write such papers in ordinary epistolary style.

Such bold and vigorous penmanship is supposed to strike terror to the hearts of all evil doers who may be confronted by it. It shows them that it is an official document, and, as we proved more than once during the long journey before us, there is nothing like a governor's bouyourouldou to insure a safe and happy transit across the fields of Turkey.

One of the two days which we spent in Adana was Sunday, and I had the pleasure of preaching to a very large and intelligent congregation gathered in the American Mission Church. The church itself is not an extremely large one,

but as seats are done away with, and as the congregation squats on the floor as closely as men, women, and children can be wedged together, many hundreds of people can be gathered into a comparatively small area. Of course it is not proper for men and women to sit together promiscuously in the same part of the church. In many churches women are

A SYRIAN WOMAN OF THE LOWER CLASS.

relegated to the gallery, or are confined behind the lattice screen in the back part of the church through which they can peep at the preacher, but through which they cannot be seen by preacher or congregation.

In Adana, however, the middle wall or partition between the men and women was made in a different way. The long row of benches ran through the center of the church

from the pulpit to the door. On these benches sat a close line of men with their backs ungallantly turned toward the women, who occupied the space on the right hand side of the church, screened from the other men by the backs of the husbands and fathers who thus afford an effectual barrier between the two sexes.

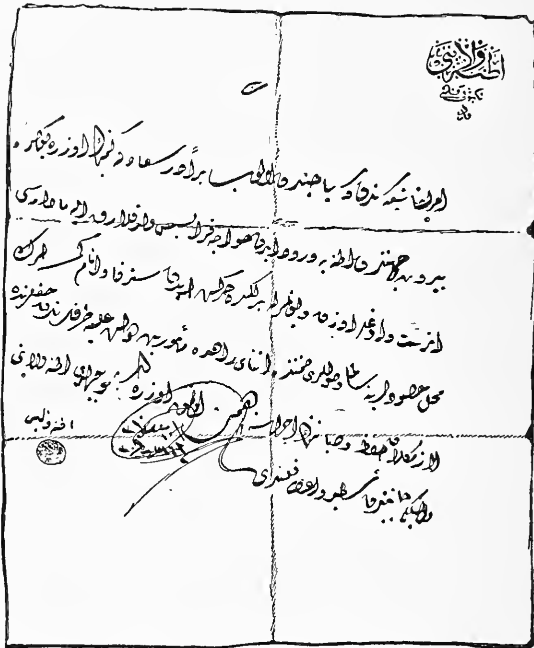
These high seats in the sanctuary are much coveted, I understand, by the older and more dignified men of the congregation, and no one is averse to doing duty as a living screen. All the men wore red fezzes while the chief speaker was distinguished by a jaunty embroidered blue cap which looked something like a smoking cap. This he removed during the services at which he officiated. When I thought that every possible inch of squatting room was occupied on the women's side of the partition, woman after woman would come in, stand on one foot for some little time in the smallest possible space, until her sisters before and behind and on either side pulled away their skirts, drew their knees a little closer together, and so made room for the late comer.

A SYRIAN WOMAN OF THE BETTER CLASS.

At last the church was absolutely full, the service began, and a very helpful, reverent, and stimulating service it was so far as I could judge; though I could not understand the hymns or the Scripture readings or the notices, and the ser-

mon, which I fear was the poorest part of the service, was laboriously translated from English into Turkish. I did understand the collection box, however, which is the same in all languages.

It is very certain that such a congregation as this represents the very best elements in a Turkish town. Not that



OUR LIFE PRESERVER.

(Facsimile of our "Bouyourouldou.")

the Armenians themselves are superior to the Turks as a race, in fact, it would be strange, if, after these centuries of oppression and tyranny their national characteristics should be very manly or strong. Those who live in Turkey say that the Turk, when found free from government influence and not under government employ, is the most honest, manly, and straightforward man in the empire. He makes

a faithful servant and a true friend, but he belongs to the present order of things. He is part of the machine which is used to crush the life out of this poor land and the manliness out of the subject races who inhabit it. The only hope which I see for Turkey is found in these mission churches and mission schools which are always connected with them. When the upheaval comes, as surely it will come one of these days, the educated Armenian Protestants will hold the key of the situation in their hands. Then will be seen the value of missionary influence and missionary work during these long decades, and that which has been sown in tears will be reaped in joy, and many a faithful missionary will sing the "Harvest Home," bearing himself the largest sheaf which it is possible for mortal to reap.

The ignorance of the average Turk concerning places and people beyond him is most extraordinary and amusing. Many of them have very little idea that Turkey does not rule all the rest of the world, including America, and many of the Turks have only just begun to wonder if it is possible that all the people of the world are not Mohammedans. One of these conceited and ignorant natives said to a friend of mine a little while ago: "You are constantly talking about America. Now is this America on a hill or is it situated in a valley?" Another, when walking outside of a Turkish city, in a most flat, uninteresting suburb, which was chiefly noticeable for its rubbish and its dead cats, where my friend assured me he had to hold his nose in order to escape the stifling stench, was asked by a native friend by his side: "Did you ever see anything as beautiful as this in America?" It is difficult, indeed, to enlighten such dense ignorance.

Two days in Adana sufficed to make all our preparations for the coming journey. In fact, the friend who had come from the interior to meet us with his faithful Turkish servant,

had already made most of these preparations before we had come. The spring wagon, the pride of the touring missionary, had come all the long journey across the mountains to carry us back within its capacious interior. Our passports and our safe conduct were all correctly visèd. Our Turkish guard, the soldier who was to protect us from all the robbers and dangers in the way, armed *cap-a-pie*, was to meet us at Tarsus next day, whence we should set out for our long overland trip, fraught as it was with unknown dangers and difficulties.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A REMARKABLE JOURNEY ACROSS ASIA MINOR IN A SPRING WAGON — THRILLING EXPERIENCES BY THE WAY — A DANGEROUS RIDE.

An Imposing Cavalcade — Foolish "Franks"—An Arsenal of Archaic Weapons — Ali, the Turk — Anastas, the Errand Boy — "Meat" — Entrancing Scenery — Snow-capped Lebanon — Eloquent Ruins — Our Fellow Travelers — Caravans of Camels — The Patient Donkey — Pleasant Salutations — "May the Almighty Cling to your Hand" — The Motto of the Spoons — The Story of the Dervish — The Holy Ass — A Chip of the Old Block — Keeping Off the "Evil Eye" — "You Dirty Brat" — A Fond Mother's Salutation — The Mother-in-Law in Turkey — A Typical Turkish Khan — Sharing a Bed with the Camels — Through the Cilician Gates — The "Bad Five Miles" — How We Held the Wagon Crossing the Taurus Mountains — In the Guest Room of Selim.

IT was a bright spring morning when we set out from Tarsus for the long journey across the Taurus mountains and over the plains of Asa Minor for the beautiful city on the Golden Horn. We formed quite an imposing cavalcade for these roads unaccustomed to wheeled vehicles. The camel drivers stared at our wagon, the donkey boys pricked up their ears as they saw us approaching, and gazed at us until we had disappeared in the dim distance, wondering, we suppose, why those "Franks" should be so foolish as to start across the country in wagons when they could so much more easily go by sea.

In front of us pranced our Turkish soldier, or Zabtiyeh, who had made himself a perfect arsenal of obsolete weapons. Then came the two-horse wagon into which was packed not only our three selves and our missionary guide and driver, but four cot beds with appropriate bedding, pillows, blankets, and coverlets for the cool nights, and a huge basketful of provisions which our kind host had packed for us with the utmost care, and which was supposed to be enough, when supplemented by occasional draughts on native stores by the way, to last us to Caesarea, six days distant.

Following this wagon came a disreputable-looking springless cart drawn by two specimens of Turkish horse flesh, and carrying two trunks and various provisions in the way of bedding and provender for men and beasts. The driver and owner of this cart was a native who wished to get to Caesarea and who was glad to earn a few chereks on the way.

With him was our faithful servant Ali, a character in his way, shrewd, kindly, competent, and faithful to the last degree, a man who, I verily believe, would lay down his life for his master or for any one in the party if danger came in the way. Nominal Turk though he was, his allegiance to the false prophet evidently sat very lightly upon him, for he always appeared at prayers morning and night, and seemed to be among the most devout worshipers at the Protestant church services on the way. To avow himself a convert to Christianity would doubtless have compelled him either to forfeit his life or his country. His courage as yet was not quite equal to this supreme test, though I have no doubt that in heart he was a sincere Christian.

Together with Ali and the driver was an assistant, a sort of general errand-boy, fire-builder, wood-carrier, and water-drawer, named Anastas. He had run away from home

some weeks previously, but was now heartily sick of his foolish adventure and was quite willing to work his passage back to Caesarea once more. The little pilgrim seemed to have a wonderful attraction for him. Anastas could scarcely keep his eyes or his hands off him. He would follow him about all day like a big, good-natured shepherd dog. He would run races with him and chase hamsters and engage in stone-flinging matches, and every now and then he would come up to him and taking his hand would say very impressively, "Meat, meat." For a long time we could not understand the significance of this word, until it was at last explained to us that he thought this was the little pilgrim's name, as he had heard some one asking him to pass the meat at the dinner table. Jumping at this conclusion from such uncertain premises he was not able to get the idea out of his head during all the long journey, but in every way possible showed his interest and affection in his little friend "Meat."

For a short distance from Tarsus we were escorted by two of the faithful teachers of Saint Paul's institute to which I have before alluded. Then they turned their horses, bade us adieu, and galloped back to Tarsus, leaving us alone with the long three-weeks journey before us. For a little way out of Tarsus the road is tolerably good as Turkish roads go, and in some places it is possible for horses which are fresh and ready for the journey to trot for a little way. But soon the hills begin and the roads become unutterably rough and rugged. The air, however, is clear and bracing, our spirits are good, and the view becomes at every step more entrancing. As we look back we see the fertile plain of Adana stretched before us, and beyond the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon, while before us, rising peak on peak, are the magnificent heights of the Taurus. There are few more magnificent mountain ranges in the world and few are

less frequently visited in these days than this mighty range which forms the backbone of Asia Minor.

In ancient times, to be sure, it was different. The commerce of a good part of the world poured through these rocky defiles, and the Cilician Gate through which we shall soon pass, was the highway for innumerable caravans of costly goods, for armies, and for travelers of all degrees and conditions in life.

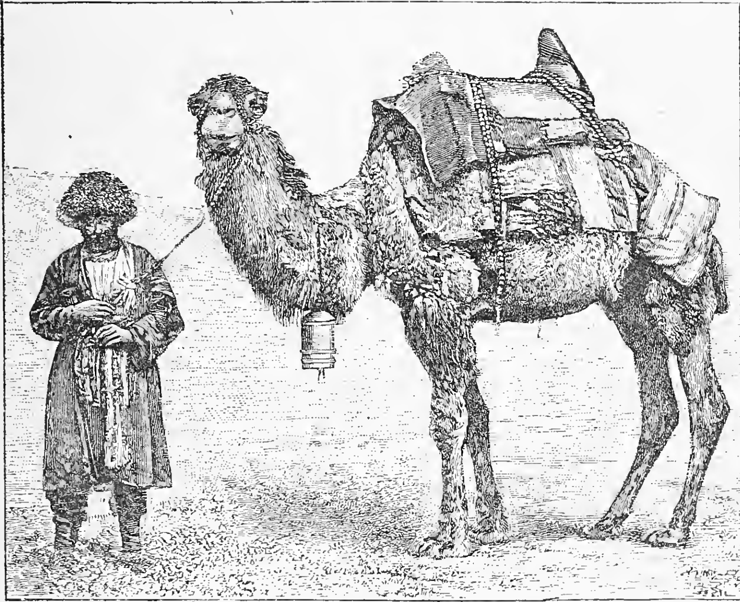
Across these mountains traveled the Apostle Paul more than once. This same way came Cicero and other Roman statesmen scarcely less distinguished, while the armies of emperors frequently defiled through these narrow gorges.

We are not only in a country of surpassing natural beauty but one of wonderful historic interest. These craggy peaks and hilltops, if they could speak, would a tale unfold of wars and rumors of wars, of civilization advancing and retrograding, of nations waxing and waning, of armies marching and countermarching, which could not be told by any other mountain peaks in the world. In these silent fields and beneath these occasional ruins are, doubtless, buried historical treasures of the rarest and most unique interest. But the oppressive government regulations make it impossible for any archæologist to dig for hidden treasure, and, while the present régime lasts, the world will be none the wiser concerning these relics of the past.

The fellow travelers whom we meet or pass on the road are all of one description; no hacks or four-in-hand turnouts do we see, no tally-ho coaches or gigs or buggies, no bicycles or tricycles, no phaetons or landaus, not even a baby carriage or anything else on wheels, do we meet, but long processions of knock-kneed, ragged camels, carrying, strapped to their patient backs, and dangling on either side, a heavy load of some five or six hundred pounds in weight,

which, for many weary days, they must bear as they go swaying and stumbling across the country from sea to sea.

These camels are very rarely met with singly, but usually in caravans of from ten to one hundred, loosely tied together by a string or small rope which can easily be broken, so that in case one of the camels wanders out of the



A SHIP OF THE DESERT.

line or falls over a precipice, the whole caravan may not go with him.

Usually preceding the camels and leading the whole train by a chain attached to his bridle, is an absurdly diminutive donkey on whose back is often perched a very large Turk, whose huge feet (they all seem to wear number eighteen in this country) sway back and forth and dig viciously into the sides of the little beast with every step he takes.

One is never tired of these strange processions of men and

variously assorted beasts. It always seems to us as if the huge camel would be ashamed of the long-eared little guide which leads the way, and as though the look of supercilious scorn which he always wears, was assumed to show his indifference to the indignities that are heaped upon him.

Our fellow travelers, however, we find are by no means destitute of politeness or cordiality. In fact, they could give many points to the boors of our crowded modern thoroughfares in the way of gentle courtesy on the road. Almost every camel driver and donkey boy whom we pass makes a kindly bow to us, and cries out as we get within earshot, "Oughourlar olsoun," which means when translated, "A pleasant journey to you." If we are sufficiently up in our Turkish to respond in a proper manner, we shall reply to him, "Sagh olsoün," whereby we mean to say, "Long life to you my friend."

These greetings which one receives upon the way in Turkey, and in every house which he enters, at every table at which he sits, and on all possible occasions, are exceedingly pleasant and show an inbred courtesy which speaks well for the fundamental character of the race which has coined and adopted them as a part of its common verbal currency. For instance, when we enter a Turkish house we are often greeted by this kindly phrase, "Khouda el inden yapusha," which, being interpreted, means, "May the Almighty cling to your hand," a most beautiful way of expressing greeting and good will and continued blessing. The response very often is, "Akubetin Khair olsoun," which means, "May your end be good," or, in other words, as every Mohammedan interprets it in his own mind, "May you become a good Moslem before you die." When one rises from the table where he has partaken of all the good things which his host can offer, if he is versed in Turkish

politeness he will say, "Bereket versin," "Let it give a blessing."

When we receive a present, however slight it may be, the recipient says, "Elenize dagh luk" which is not our meagre, conventional "Thank you," but is a poetic expression meaning, "Health to your hands, my dear sir."

For special and peculiar services there are special and peculiar expressions of appreciation and thanks, and not one

NATIVE KHURDS OF ASIA MINOR.

unvarying meaningless formula, as in Western languages. For instance, when a Turk receives a drink from a friend of anything but coffee, he remarks as he hands back the empty cup, "Afiyet olsoun," by which he means to say, "May it be for your health." Why he does not make this same response when treated to coffee I have never yet been able to understand.

Even the wooden spoons with which we dip into the common bowl which always graces the center of the Turkish dinner table, are decorated with a motto of hospitality and

good cheer, such as, "Eat, my friend, eat," or "Pardon our poor fare and call it not entirely tasteless." Or, perhaps it may be, "Consider not the poor food which is set before you, but the spirit in which it is given."

As we journey along, we frequently see by the roadside a scrubby tree, from every branch and twig of which flutters a rag. Some of the rags are bleached and weather-beaten, and have evidently been tied to the tree for many a long day, while others look as though they had been just attached. These trees mark the sacred spot where the grave of some holy man is supposed to be, and every pilgrim who passes that way ties a new rag to the tree to propitiate the saint buried beneath, and to insure for himself a speedier entrance into heaven.

The old dervishes frequently make a very good living by establishing themselves near one of these trees, and asking alms of all who pass by.

A good story is told of a poor old dervish who lost all his worldly goods, and set out on a new pilgrimage with his family and his faithful donkey. For a time they lived in great poverty, but in the course of a few years a new-made grave under a spreading tree by which the dervish had encamped, obtained a great reputation for sanctity. Many were the pilgrims who resorted hither. Many were the diseases that were healed, and the good fortunes that were told beside that holy grave. The tree became decorated with all sorts and sizes and colors of rags, for most of the pilgrims who pass that way are clad in an abundant supply of tattered and filthy garments. The old dervish became prosperous and waxed fat, but after a while his son became uneasy and dissatisfied with the way he was living, so he started out for himself to make his own fortune in the world. Thinking there was no easier way than that which his father

had pointed out, he established a holy place of his own not far off, and seated himself by another grave under another green tree.

So popular did this new resort become that the old dervish's popularity began to wane, so he went to visit his son, and, when he found him, he asked him the cause of his sudden popularity. "Well," said the youth who had bettered his father's instructions, "you tell me who is buried in your holy grave and I will tell you who is buried in mine." "My old donkey died," frankly confessed the father. "I mourned over her and buried her under the green tree. People came to worship at the new-made grave, and it was not my business to tell them who was buried there since they received so much benefit from their pilgrimage. And now tell me, my son, who occupies the grave over which you keep watch?" "Ah," answered the chip of the old block, "I followed your example, and in my grave is buried the foal of your ass."

This story, which is told with great gusto in different parts of Turkey just as the tales accredited to Abraham Lincoln are heard in all parts of America, illustrates the superstitious ignorance of the common people. In a hundred other ways are these superstitions manifest. Every camel and donkey that we meet has upon his neck a string of blue glass beads, which are supposed to keep off the "evil eye," and no camel driver would think for a moment of leaving home without decorating every animal in his caravan with these emblems of good luck.

Very often mothers are seen slapping their children in a most vicious way, and calling them "ugly brutes," and "dirty brats," and all kinds of opprobrious names. We soon find, however, that this shows no lack of maternal affection, but is simply the mother's way of warding off evil and blight from the child. She thinks that if the evil spirits

hear her disparage her child and call him an "ugly brute," they will not think it worth while to trouble him, and so the evil eye will be averted.

But, at the best, women and children in this land, as in all heathen and semi-heathen lands, have a hard time. The women are looked upon as beasts of burden. Doubt is often expressed as to whether or not they really have souls, and even by the most enlightened Turk their souls are not supposed to be of the same dimensions as those of their husbands and brothers and sons. No account is taken of the girls by many men when they reckon up their families, and the miseries of a bride in a Turkish house are often unutterable. Abused and despised, beaten and forsaken, with no redress and no opportunity to tell her woes, she can only gain comfort from the thought that sometime she will be a mother-in-law herself, and can take it out in abusing her daughter-in-law to her heart's content, just as freshmen, when they are harrowed and hazed, put under the pump, and initiated into the horrors of the secret society, comfort themselves with the thought that next year they will be sophomores, and there will be another class of freshmen for them to haze.

A SYRIAN POULTRY SELLER.

It must not be thought that we make any remarkable

speed in this journey across the Taurus mountains. We are not trying to solve the problem of rapid transit, and an average of three miles an hour, and of from thirty to thirty-five miles a day we consider very good traveling.

The first day out from Tarsus we stopped at a place which rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Grave Yard Spout," and, in spite of its name, it was one of the pleasantest places where we made our camp in all the journey.

Let me introduce you to this typical Turkish khan at "Grave Yard Spout." We have not yet reached the old Cilician Gates, but have been climbing the slopes of the Taurus mountains all day long, and by nightfall are well up toward the line of everlasting snow. From these limitless snow fields the brooks of sparkling water come dancing down. Their narrow channels down the steep mountain sides have something the appearance of eaves-troughs on a house, hence the "spout." On one side of the hill where we are to spend the night are a number of Turkish graves with rude, unhewn stones set up to mark the last resting place of the Moslem, hence the "grave-yard." A low, stone building on one side of the road, mostly buried out of sight on its lower side by huge piles of rubbish and manure, indicates the spot where we are to spend the night. Into the open doorway camels and donkeys, horses, drivers, and pilgrims all enter, for the Turk believes that what is good enough for his beast is good enough for him, and he never begrudges his own quarters to his patient camel or faithful ass.

However, there is one room divided by a slight board partition from the rest of the khan, and into this the more fastidious pilgrims are allowed to go to spend the night. To be sure, it is a filthy place almost beyond description, and swarming with vermin. It has not been washed since the day the khan was built, and, perhaps, has not been swept out

for a year. But it is the best place which the region affords, and we will not grumble. Besides, have we not cot beds which can be set up out of the way of the dirt and largely out of the way of the fleas as well? Have we not clean sheets and bedspreads, and a good supply of wholesome provisions of our own? Then what more can we ask, with fresh and invigorating mountain air to breathe, sparkling cold water in which to bathe, and all out-doors in which to exercise? Appetite lends a splendid sauce to every meal, and this bread and cheese, these eggs which Ali boils in the fireplace, and the pilaff which he concocts with rice and other ingredients, though mysterious, are most toothsome and nourishing. So we eat our evening meal, say our evening prayer of thanksgiving and petition for protection, and lie down to pleasanter dreams than any surfeited millionaire ever enjoyed.

In the morning we are up betimes, sometimes long before daylight, for the success of the day's journey depends upon getting a good start. By the light of the gray dawn we drink our morning coffee, tie up our beds and bedding, pack the wagons, harness the horses, and are off just as the rising sun illuminates the frosty mountain peaks, and turns the descending rivulets into ropes of sparkling diamonds.

About noon we stop for a hasty midday meal, and then press on again in order to reach the khan where we are to spend the night before sundown, where the same process of unpacking and setting up the beds, getting supper and eating it, going to bed and getting up in the morning, repacking and starting on our journey, is repeated day after day until the journey ends.

The second day out we came to the Cilician Gates, and here culminates the magnificent scenery which has been growing grander and grander with every passing mile.

Here is a narrow gorge between two towering precipitous cliffs which stretch up, up, up, for hundreds of feet above us on either side. There is absolutely no other way of crossing the mountain except at this point. Here, beyond a question, we are on historic ground. Paul *must* have come through this very gorge in the mountains. This old Roman road over which we are traveling was here in his time, probably a far better road than it is to-day; this soil and these stones his feet must have pressed, and for the monarchs and ambassadors, the conquered and conquering armies, the merchants and the diplomats of many centuries, this has been the highway.

Just as we went through the Cilician Gates, where the pathway is most narrow and precipitous, for a rushing torrent disputes the roadway for passage, we met a long train of at least a hundred camels, floundering over the rugged road and through the muddy slough. It seemed as though our wagon could never make its way past these "ships of the desert," but we had learned by this time to have unbounded faith in our missionary guide, and, sure enough, without accident or serious delay we forded the stream, wallowed through the mire, climbed the banks, brushed the flanks of the startled camels, and at length were through the historic mountain gorge, and had passed out of old Cilicia into Cappadocia.

The third day out from Tarsus was the most exciting and dangerous part of the journey. For a little ways after we left the khan, where we spent the night, a good road enabled us to get on at a brisk pace and cheered us with the illusive hope that our worst difficulties were over; but alas! this piece of good road was only the pleasant prelude to the very worst piece of roadway to be found in any one of the five continents which we are visiting. For five miles this

road is simply indescribable. No one who has made this journey could possibly believe that a wagon could ever be transported over it, or that horses or drivers could live to tell the tale on the other side of "the bad place," as it is significantly called by all in this region.

In fact, there is no road at all. The government has not even pretended to make a road here as it has in some places. It does not degenerate into a squirrel track and run up a tree, simply because there is no tree for it to run up, for the country is as bare as the desert of Sahara. This bad five miles takes us over the very peak of the Taurus mountains, and the only animals which with any degree of safety can make this journey are the sure-footed camels and donkeys who monopolize the trade of this district. Even they sometimes lose their footing and roll down the steep mountain-side into the abyss below, where we saw the carcass of more than one animal which had thus met its death.

In the course of the centuries the unceasing caravans of camels have made a track along which, with careful steering and with abundant providential care, a wagon can sometimes make its way. We know this because we have seen a wagon go over this trail. On no account could we otherwise have believed it possible, but seeing is believing in the Taurus mountains as well as everywhere else.

When we went down the hill on the other side of the "bad five miles," all the male members of the party hung on to the tail-board of the wagon to prevent it from tumbling end over end over the heads of the horses. Sometimes the rickety wagon would sway perilously on the verge of a rocky precipice. Often we would think that it was actually going over, and would catch our breath as we expected to see wagon, horses, and driver tumble into the terrible abyss. Then the driver would throw himself from side to side of the

AN EXCITING MOMENT—OUR RIDE ACROSS TURKEY IN A WAGON.

Sometimes the rickety wagon would sway perilously on the verge of a rocky precipice. Often we would think that it was actually going over, and would catch our breath as we expected to see wagon, horses, and driver tumble into the terrible abyss. Then the driver would throw himself from side to side of the wagon to keep it from toppling over, and the rest of us would throw our weight on that side to prevent the threatened catastrophe.

wagon to keep it from toppling over, and the rest of us would throw our weight on that side to prevent the threatened catastrophe. Thus we made our way down the perilous mountain side and drew a long breath when we found we were in the valley and realized that the worst of our journey was behind us.

To be sure, it was only comparatively speaking that we could find any betterment in the road as we went farther on, for oftentimes, sometimes twenty times a day, we were obliged to get out of the wagon when the careful driver took it around some narrow, precipitous cavern, or drove over a heap of stones and boulders which had slid down from the mountain side, or forded a shallow stream which sometimes almost carried the horses off their feet. Forty times a day we would throw our weight on the up-hill side to prevent the wagon from going over the bank, or stand on the step for half a mile at a time to counterbalance in some degree the attractions of gravitation on the other side.

But after passing this last spur of the Taurus mountains we never thought of complaining of any piece of road, nor do we ever expect to complain again, whatever highways fate may have in store for us. Toward dark of the fourth day out from Tarsus, we came to the little village Baila, and as the khan was full of other guests we sought for shelter in the guest-room of Selim, the elder and priest of the village. Let not the idea of a "guest-room," my readers, call up any luxurious notions of downy beds and costly carpets and furniture, for though this guest-room was the best the village afforded, there is no New England cellar or Yankee coal bin which it was ever our fortune to inspect, that we should not have preferred to occupy.

Fortunately the room is dark, and the narrow slits which serve as windows are covered with newspapers which

are pasted over them, so that we cannot see the filthiness of the place in all its hideousness. We do not wish for more light, and after getting supper and setting up our beds we turn in, to sleep the sleep of the weary.

This typical Turkish village where we have come to spend the night is like hundreds and thousands of others scattered all over the Empire. Perhaps there are two hundred people within its borders, crowded together in little huts of stone, which are but little higher than a tall man. The roofs are flat and covered with dirt, which does very well as a roofing in dry weather, but becomes very filthy and leaky when a wet season sets in.

There are no streets in the village except such as are made by the pathways between the houses, and these pathways are often full of pitfalls into which the unwary traveler will stumble if he is not careful. In these pits are stored in winter the hay on which the goats and cattle live during the cold weather. In the springtime they are mostly empty, for the store has been exhausted, and very frequently at the bottom of them I saw dead goats and sheep, which during the early spring had probably starved to death and which the unenterprising inhabitants had not even carried out of the roadway, but had left to rot and pollute the air, and breed pestilence and disease in their very streets.

Could anything be more depressing than life in these wretched villages? Here are no books, no newspapers, no meetings, no intellectual life of any kind. Few of the houses show any light through their paper windows after darkness sets in. The inhabitants have nothing to do but to herd their goats all day and go to bed when darkness comes. No wonder that the people grow up ignorant and debased and absolutely devoid of ambition. The only wonder is that they are not more vicious than they are, and

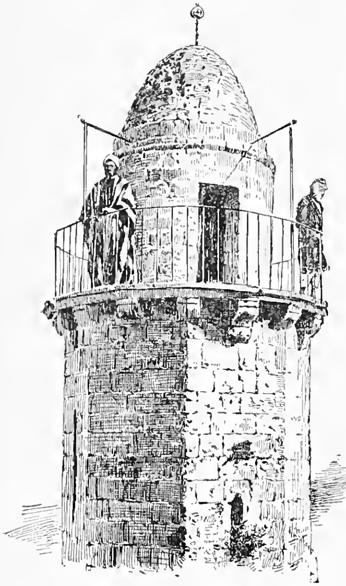
that after these centuries of intellectual torpidity and governmental oppression there is anything of manliness to appeal to in their natures.

And yet, that there is a natural substratum of generosity and nobility in the Turkish character cannot be denied. It can be accounted for very largely, I think, by the good

MUSSULMAN AT PRAYER.

features of their religion, for, mixed with superstition and imposture as the faith of Mohammed is, there is something in it of strength and virility. It demands unquestioning obedience and outspoken allegiance from all who profess to be governed by it. No Mohammedan is ashamed of his faith. Our soldier guard, who always accompanies us, when the hour of prayer comes will dismount from his horse and prostrate himself towards Mecca, by the roadside, or will

even go to the top of the house to pray when we are resting at noon, no matter how many pairs of curious eyes are upon him. Many and many a time have I seen a camel driver, poor, untutored man that he is, but confident of his faith in God and in the great prophet, kneeling in the grass by the wayside, while his tethered camels browse near by, offering his prayer to the great God, with no fear of ridicule to restrain him from his oft-repeated devotion.


THE CALL OF THE MUEZZIN.

As we lie down to rest in the guest chamber of the elder of Baila we hear the musical voice of the muezzin floating from the humble minaret near by, calling out to all the faithful, "God is great, God is great. There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer, come to prayer."

As these sounds strike our drowsy ears we learn the secret of the vitality of the Turkish nation and the Mohammedan religion. There is truth enough in it to keep it sweet and from going to utter decay. There is truth enough within it to maintain in the nation the germs of a resolute, uncompromising manhood, and, as we drop off into the land of Nod, a new hope springs up in our hearts for Turkey and the Turks, as the cry of the dervish mingles with our dreams, "God is great, God is great. Come to prayer, come to prayer."

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON TO THE GOLDEN HORN—CONTINUATION OF OUR JOURNEY IN A WAGON—WHIRLING AND HOWLING DERVISHES—VEILED WOMEN OF TURKEY.

Watched by a Curious Crowd—A Broken-Hearted Wife—The Lamp-Dealer's Suspicious Balls—A Genuine Turkish Bath—The Feast of Ramidan—Waking Up to Eat—The Difference Between a Black Thread and a White—Cross Officials—A Picked and Singed Turkey—Carving Up Turkey—Angora Cats and Angora Goats—Tying Up a Railway Train—Drawing Near to Constantinople—A Famous College—St. Sophia, the Marvelous—In the Hands of the Vandals—The Covered Face—The Bloody Hand of the Conqueror—The "Sweating Column"—The Whirling Dervishes—How They Whirl—Treading on the Babies—A Strange Ceremony—How the Sultan Goes to Mosque—Sanding the Road—A Mean-Faced Monarch—The Sultan's Wives and Daughters—A Timid Tyrant—Rich Stores of Costly Jewels—Beautiful Broussa—Tomb of Othman the Great.

FOR thirteen days our journey across Asia Minor was, with certain variations, a repetition of the days I have already described. An early start, a long ride of ten or twelve hours, a hasty midday meal often eaten in the wagon, and, about night-fall, a new setting-up of our movable household gods in still another Turkish khan which always seemed a shade dirtier and a trifle more full of the concentrated essence of unpleasant odors than the last one.

There were, however, some noticeable breaks in our journey which must not be passed over in silence. On the fourth day, after passing over an immense plain, guarded on

all sides by snow-capped mountains, we came to the ancient city of Tyana, which, in former centuries, was a most notable place. Here a fine old Roman aqueduct brought delicious, sparkling water from the hills far away. Many of its arches are standing still, as fine in their ruined magnificence as the aqueducts about Rome itself. Under the shadow of these broken arches with their beautiful columns and carved capitals we ate our lunch, surrounded by a curious, open-eyed throng of modern Tyanites, who, to-day, very rarely see a stranger from the outside world, famous and much-visited as their city used to be in ancient days.

Three hours beyond Tyana we came to Nigde, a thriving town of several thousand inhabitants. Here, many of the houses are of two stories, and have glass in their windows, and here it was our good fortune to rest during the Lord's Day in the house of the Protestant pastor of the town.

Here, too, we had a new illustration of the awful tyranny under which the subject races of Turkey live. No sooner had we gone into the house than a poor broken-hearted woman came to see the missionary who accompanied us, to tell him that her husband, the pastor of a native Protestant church, had suddenly disappeared while on his way to the village where his church was situated. No one knew anything about him from that sad day, though it was suspected that he had been arrested and imprisoned, and perhaps murdered for supposed complicity with the Armenian uprising. Of his innocence his poor wife was well assured, but for three months she had been waiting and hoping against hope, telling her little child that every footstep might be the long-lost father. But now she had almost given up in despair, and with streaming eyes came to ask us if something could not be done to end her dreadful uncertainty as to whether her husband was alive or dead.

To offset this pathetic incident of Nigde, a rather amusing story was told us by one of the merchants of the place to the effect that one of his fellow shopkeepers had been a few weeks before arrested and imprisoned on some mysterious charge, whose nature neither he nor his neighbors could exactly determine. After a few weeks, however, he was released, and it was learned that his arrest was caused by some very innocent lamps which, in the line of business, he had imported into Nigde. These lamps had been meant to hang from the ceiling, and, in order that they might be raised and lowered, a metal ball about the size of a small cannon ball came with them. These balls were considered suspicious by the Turkish authorities. It was thought they might be some terrible dynamite explosives destined to blow the whole country into atoms; so the poor lamp-dealer was arrested and imprisoned without trial until the case should be investigated and his suspicious balls could be declared harmless.

In the middle of our long journey, came a most delightful break, for at the end of our seventh day from Tarsus, after having traveled some two hundred miles, we came to the large Cappadocian city of Cæsarea, which is a great center not only of trade but of missionary operations, and where the good friends who had sent one of their number for us, with their famous spring wagon, had their abode. This, too, was an important town in Roman days and was named for Cæsar Augustus. Ever since it has retained its pre-eminence in all the vicinity as a commercial center.

The country about, though bare of trees, is fertile and capable of sustaining a large population. Our interest in Cæsarea was not dependent upon beautiful scenery or the fertility of the soil, but centered in the charming American homes which are here established so far from their native land and from all that most of us hold dear. Here, for more

than forty years, has one of the missionaries of the American Board been laboring through good report and evil report. Often at the risk of his life, and always amid perils and hardships of which the average American knows very little, he has kept on his way, winning by force of a gentle, dignified, and devoted Christian life the hearts of hundreds of people who are opposed to his creed, and who regard other Christians as infidel dogs to be kicked out of their country whenever opportunity affords.

This veteran missionary has been joined in later years by his son-in-law and family, and by one or two other missionary families, among them a most devoted and skillful doctor, who would make his fame and fortune in any country where he might choose to practice. Giving up the allurements of professional success and large income in his own land, he has come to this remote city where he can cure the bodies of the Turks and heal their souls as he finds his way to their affections and confidence.

While we are here together we will look in upon a genuine Turkish bath in the very center of Turkey. Many of my readers have been in the elegant establishments which abound in all our large cities, with their tiles and marbles, vaulted ceilings and fountains, plunges, hot rooms and cooling couches, but none of them, perhaps, have ever taken a Turkish bath in the land of its nativity. We will go together this evening to this bath in Talas, a suburb of Cæsarea. It has been built by one of the few enterprising inhabitants, who, as a young man left his early home, became famous in government circles, made his fortune in Constantinople, and instead of building a library in his native town as he would have done in America, showed his filial affection by establishing this Turkish bath.

Into a narrow ante-room we go to leave our clothes, but

instead of locking up our valuables in a fire-proof safe, as we are accustomed to do at home, we roll our watches, pocket-books, and other articles of value in our clothes, and leave this bundle on the divan of the dressing-room. Surely this speaks well for the honesty of Turkish human nature. Then we put on some high wooden clogs, in which we find it very difficult to shuffle about, and follow our attendant into the hot room. It is not very hot, but by staying there long enough we get into a gentle perspiration. In the middle of the room is a round stone dais under which the fire is built. Around all sides of the room are faucets of hot and cold water which we can turn on at our pleasure, and on one side of the large central room is a smaller apartment into which steam has been turned and where we can obtain a vapor bath if so disposed.

For a little while I was alone with my friend in this great, round, tomb-like building, with the vaulted dome overhead which caught up and sent back and re-echoed our words, as though it was peopled with a hundred mocking spirits. But we were not long alone, for, one after another, the natives came trooping in until under that resounding roof there must have been at least fifty hot, sweating, villainous-looking Turks. Moreover, they were in high spirits, for it being the time of Ramidan their day of fasting was over, and nightfall had brought the hour of feasting. They had evidently come from a good supper and were full of hilarity and glee. Laughing and talking and yelling at one another in their good spirits, while the echoing roof quadrupled their noise, it seemed as though we were in pandemonium itself. However, it was a very good-natured pandemonium, and we very soon got used to the din. Then the shampooer came in and rubbed us down and kneaded us and punched us and thumped us like so much dough, work-

ing every muscle, pulling out every finger-joint, and then sousing us with soap and hot water until all the cuticle seemed in danger of coming off. Then the process was renewed, and after a little breathing spell was again repeated. Then we were rubbed with coarse gloves, soaped and washed and sprayed once more, and the process was declared to be complete.

On the whole, it was very enjoyable, though I would prefer hereafter to take my Turkish baths in America rather than in Turkey.

I have said we were in Cæsarea during the feast of Ramidan. A very notable occasion is this, corresponding somewhat to the lenten season of the Catholic church. It begins with the new moon of March or April and lasts for forty days. If it is cloudy the authorities, curiously enough, apply to the heretical missionaries, whose religion they hate, but whose astronomical science alone tells them when the new moon has come.

All day long for forty days the strict Moslem religiously fasts. From early dawn until sunset not a mouthful passes his lips, not a sup moistens his parched throat, not even a whiff from the inevitable cigarette is allowed. But at sunset a great gun is fired, the muezzin proclaims from the minaret that the sunset hour for prayer has come. But he does not linger long about his call this time, for he is as hungry as any of his devotees, and hastening down from his watch-tower, with all the other good Mohammedans, he hurries to the dinner table to make up for his long day of fasting.

This is not the only feast of the night by any means. If the religious Moslem fasts all day he makes up for it at night, for at eleven o'clock, after a few hours of sleep has been enjoyed, a great beating of pans and blaring of tin horns is heard and all the faithful wake up to eat once more.

Then a little more sleep, and at three o'clock in the morning another gun is fired to waken the followers of the prophet to another feast.

But when the first streak of morning gray appears, when the time comes that they can detect "the difference between a black and white thread," as the law requires, then the fast begins again and not another mouthful must they eat until the sunset gun is fired. Those who can afford the time and do not need to work, sleep away as much of the day of fasting as they can and only wake up in season for the evening feast. We found, to our cost, that our whole stay in Turkey coincided with the fast of Ramidan, for the officials were either asleep when we called on them for any favor, or so surly from their long fasting that it was with difficulty we could get what we wanted. But our precious "bouyourouldou" which the governor of Adana had given us, usually overcame even the crustiness of the half-starved magnates, and we suffered but little detention or trouble in our journey.

After leaving our good friends in Cæsarea our route lay along the northern edge of Cappadocia, then into Galatia, where were the churches to which Paul wrote his eloquent epistle, then into Bythinia, which borders on the Black sea and the Bosphorus. Nowhere did we find a road so rough as the "five bad miles," but it was always sufficiently out of repair to remind us that we were still in Turkey. Though the government levies taxes of thousands of pounds every year upon the oppressed peasantry for the repair and maintenance of this road, yet year after year no piastre is expended and no shovel is lifted to make the road better. Much of the way over which we journeyed lay across an elevated table land where the scenery was monotonous and uninteresting, and the khans where we spent the night were

very much like those with which we had previously become acquainted in Cilicia and Cappadocia.

For days and days on this journey we saw no trees or bushes, and scarcely a shrub as big as a lead pencil. This Turkey has evidently not only been picked and singed, but even the pin feathers have been plucked out of the poor carcass. It is evident that when the poor bird is roasted in the next war, it will be in order for the European nations to carve it among themselves. The only thing which prevents them from doing this to-day is, that each fears the other and that each wants the best cuts and largest slices of white meat and the tender second joints for itself. England will not let Russia have all the breast and all the dressing, Russia is bound to keep England away from this platter which it regards as altogether its own, while Germany and France each think that they have something to say in the matter.

In the meantime, the old bird is not yet carved up among the nations, and, as a consequence, the people of Turkey remain in ignorance and superstition, Christians are persecuted, progress is delayed, inventiveness and enterprises are checked, and everything is going backward in the land of the Sultan, while all the rest of the world is moving forward with the lightning rapidity of the nineteenth century.

"The United States has citizens, England has subjects, Turkey has abjects," is a true and witty saying which every one fully appreciates after crossing Asia Minor.

Six days after leaving Cæsarea we came to Angora, a famous city both in ancient and modern times. Here we saw many cartloads of political prisoners who had just been released, going back to their homes again. Hundreds of these men had been arrested merely on suspicion, had been hurried away from their homes, manacled and chained, to prisons many days distant from their own villages; and now,

without trial or hearing, but apparently at the caprice of the Sultan and the reigning powers they had been released, probably because His Majesty fearing to kill them lest he should get into trouble with foreign nations, and not knowing what else to do with them, had sent them home again.

A few of their fellows, however, had been retained in prisons, and, at their subsequent trial which took place at Angora, seventeen were sentenced to death; but when the Christian powers remonstrated and suggested that an ironclad might make the remonstrance effectual, the Sultan yielded the point and pardoned most of his prisoners.

Angora is noted not only for its beautiful fluffy-haired cats, which are famous all the world over, but also as the seat of the mohair trade. The handsome goats which furnish the hair dot the plains on every side, tens of thousands of them, with their long, crinkly wool hanging to the very ground. Beautiful, gentle-faced little creatures they are, as different from the ordinary vicious goat as a week-old lamb is different from his ugly progenitor.

A new railroad has just been completed from Angora to Constantinople. It carries us at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Its trains do not run at night, but when darkness comes on they tie up wherever they happen to be, and start on again early the next morning. After two days of such journeying, during which we make but a little over two hundred miles, we reach at last beautiful Constantinople, the city which has the most superb situation in the world.

As we draw near to this marvelous city, especially after spending many days in the barren interior, and amid the rugged mountains of Cappadocia; as we see the smiling valleys and well-clothed hilltops that surround it; as we catch a glimpse of the Golden Horn and the silver waves of the sparkling Bosphorus, we acknowledge that Byron is quite

right when he describes Constantinople and its environs as,

> "The land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever bloom and the beams ever shine,
> Where the light wings of zephyr oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint in the gardens of Gul in her bloom,
> Where the citron and olive are, fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,
> Where the tints of the earth and the hue of the sky,
> In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
> And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye."

It would take many a chapter adequately to describe the beauties and wonders of this imperial city, its magnificent situation, its unsurpassed mosques. Among them the famous Saint Sophia, with its curious and unending labyrinthine bazaars filled with rugs and silks, silverware and bric-a-brac. and everything that can tempt the cupidity and unloose the purse strings of the average traveler.

Americans, too, may well have a particular interest in Constantinople, for here they have made their mark through their missionaries. The most important educational institutions and almost all the Christian work of the city is in the hands of American educators and missionaries. Here is situated the famous Robert College which gathers its students from half a dozen nations, sets its seal of educated manhood upon them, and sends them out to be leaders and pioneers of civilization in their own lands. The most strategic position of any educational institution in the world, is that which is occupied by Robert College.

Across the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic side in the suburb of Scutari, is the American College for girls, a school which I believe in the future will do for the young women of Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Armenia what Robert College has done and is doing for their brothers.

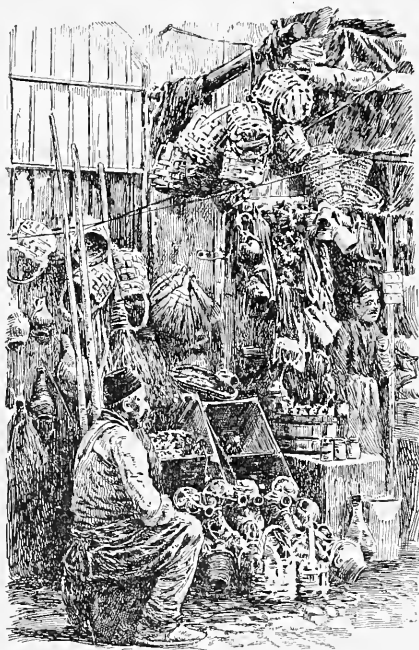
Here in Constantinople, too, is the famous Bible House,

with its immense printing establishment, from which go forth every year so many printed leaves for the healing of the nations. So careful and wise are the directors of this establishment that even the critical censor of the government cannot object to much of their work. To be sure they are hampered and hindered. Every obstacle is thrown in their way, and many of the publications which they would be glad to issue are altogether prohibited; but in spite of these obstacles a vast amount of Christian literature gets into the hands of the subject nations of Turkey from year to year through this channel.

MOSQUE OF EL AZAR.

We must not fail to visit the mosque of St. Sophia, one of the most impressive churches in any land. As my readers doubtless know, it was a Christian church in the time of Constantine and for many centuries afterwards. When Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks St. Sophia became a Turkish mosque; all the images of the saints were broken, every piece of carved stone work which bore any likeness to any creature in the air above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth was chipped away; the sign of the cross which appeared innumerable times in different parts of the cathedral

was everywhere chiseled out, and all the magnificent windows and mosaics were either broken or covered up with hideous yellow paint or plaster. Yet in spite of all this vandalism of fanatical image-haters, St. Sophia retains its ancient glory and impressiveness to a large degree. Its proportions are magnificently symmetrical. The dome, which hangs like a huge substantial bubble in the air, it is impossible to describe with any adjective which the dictionary furnishes.



SIDEWALK MERCHANTS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The floor is now covered with prayer rugs, all of them pointing toward Mecca, so that the devout Moslem when he prostrates himself on his rug knows which way to face, as he mumbles his monotonous petition.

Not only for its present magnificence, however, is St. Sophia interesting, but because of its historic associations. Over this famous church, for many a century, has Moslem and Christian quarreled, and it bears within itself many a mark of the hands of its successive conquerors. High up on the wall, at least ten feet higher than a man on horseback can reach, the print of a bloody hand is pointed out, and we are told by our guide that that is the mark which was made

by the conquering Sultan, who finally wrested Constantinople from the grasp of the Christians. As the last mark of his triumph he rode into this magnificent Christian church on horseback, after having slain hundreds of worshipers who were there assembled, and so high were the bodies of the victims piled one upon another, that when he reached up and struck his bloody palm against the wall it made the mark which now we see far above our heads.

ST. SOPHIA, THE MARVELOUS.

On the other side is a stone column which we are assured was cleft at the same time by the sword of this conquering monarch. Here the one who has faith enough may see the curbstone of the well of Samaria on which Christ sat. Here is a "sweating column," which is almost worn away by the fingers of the credulous, who find in the moisture which the stone exudes an ointment for all kinds of diseases. Some poor sufferers are always fingering this stone.

But most impressive of all in this great church to the Christian, is a picture of our Lord Jesus Christ in mosaic on one of the walls, which has been smeared over and covered up by Turkish paint, but which in the slow process of the centuries is beginning to show through the veil with which the enemies of Christ sought to cover his face. The outline is now distinctly visible and growing more and more distinct, we are told, as time wears away the paint and the years roll on. No Christian heart can look upon it without seeing in that picture a prophecy of the day when light from the face of Christ shall shine through the ignorance and superstition of the Moslem's faith, by which his perfect countenance has been obscured for so many centuries.

Another famous sight which we shall be sure to see before leaving Constantinople is the whirling and the howling dervishes. The whirlers whirl and the howlers howl every week, though in different mosques, and it is a sight which once seen is not easily forgotten. On the day that we went to see the whirlers we had to wait a long while before the first of the dervishes appeared. The mosque in which they perform their curious gyrations is a small building with a circular space railed off in the center of the floor. Outside of the fence which incloses this circle, and in the gallery above which commands a fine view of it, there are always crowds of spectators.

When we had been waiting some half hour or more, two dervishes in tall, cream-colored felt hats like sugar loaves with the top cut off, entered the mosque solemnly and slowly. They were covered with long, dark cloaks and were very solemn and sedate, and, on the whole, good-looking men. Then a few more dervishes entered the mosque, and then more, until there were in all twenty-seven men in dark cloaks and tall sugar-loaf hats. Then three high der-

vishes, one of whom wore a broad green veil around his sugar-loaf fez, showing that he is a direct descendant of the Prophet himself, entered the charmed circle. They seated themselves on the floor while all the others stood about the sides like carved statues. Then the statues unlimbered and began to march around, two by two, each member of each couple bowing low to the other as they came in front of the high dervishes. Then they bowed once more before the descendant of the patriarch and his companions, and march again around the circle.

A WHIRLING DERVISH.

This process is repeated three times, and each time a very low salaam is made by the man in front to the dervish immediately behind him, and by the dervish behind to the one who marches immediately in front of him. Then to the discordant and creaky music of some pipers in the gallery they begin to whirl, slowly at first, but as the music increases in rapidity they whirl more swiftly and more swiftly still, until in a perfect frenzy they swing around their narrow circle.

Before beginning this operation they cast off their long cloaks and appeared clad in skirts which reached considerably below their knees. As they whirled the skirts of the

most energetic stood out stiff from their bodies like encompassing balloons, just as I have seen the skirts of little girls fly out when whirling about in the process familiarly known as "making a cheese." Some of the dervishes whirl much better than others, and it seems to be the height of their ambition to revolve so rapidly and smoothly that not one of them shall touch the other, and that their skirts shall stand out from their bodies as though distended by a huge crinoline. How they keep it up is a mystery, but keep it up they do minute after minute for fully ten minutes at a time. Then after resting a little they march round once more and whirl again, and this strange religious ceremony is over.

At least this was all we saw the dervishes perform, though frequently babies are brought in in the arms of their infatuated parents and laid upon the floor of the mosque for the holy men to walk over. They step lightly and gingerly as though treading on eggs, and it is said that they rarely hurt the little victims under their feet; still, it cannot be entirely pleasant for the babies.

The "howlers" are very much of the same order, but instead of whirling they sway their bodies violently backward and forward and from right to left as though they would jerk their heads off their bodies, at the same time chanting a weird cry, which degenerates at times into a frightful yell. Their exertions are more violent than that of the whirlers and their healing efficacy in treading upon infants is said to be even greater than that of their brother dervishes.

One more scene which we shall witness before leaving Constantinople is the weekly ceremony, which when translated into English means the going to mosque of the Sultan. Every visitor who is in the city on Friday makes it a point of getting a permit from his consulate which will enable him

to see this wonderful sight. The ceremony of going to church is nowhere else attended by so much pomp and magnificence, or with so much fuss and feathers as that of the ruler of the faithful here in Constantinople.

For hours beforehand the soldiers begin to assemble. From all parts of the city they come, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, bands of music, and flaunting horse tails, which in former years were the ensigns which led the Turks to victory. Every street and approach within half a mile of the mosque is lined with soldiers four deep, and even on ordinary occasions it is said that ten thousand men guard the sacred person of His Majesty every Friday.

Half an hour before the Sultan's carriage appears upon the scene a half score or more of carts filled with sand of the finest quality sprinkle the roadway over which the royal wheels will trundle. Every little pebble larger than a pea is picked out by careful attendants. We only wish, as we see all this preparation, that the Sultan could have gone over some of the horrible roads in the interior of his dominion, and have his royal bones shaken up as ours were shaken on his wretched highways. There would be some poetic justice in this.

While we are waiting for the royal carriage all is bustle and activity, scores and scores of elegant equipages drawn by prancing horses draw up in front of the mosque, and out of these carriages step most gorgeous human butterflies in bewilderingly magnificent raiment. Generals and commodores and ambassadors of the highest rank are here blazing with their decorations and jeweled insignia of office. Here come three or four beautiful carriages in which are the Sultan's wives and some of his daughters. They are not allowed to step out of the carriages, and we can just see their black eyes gleaming above their veils as they look out curi-

ously upon the scene, for this is one of the few outings which they have in their lives. Then comes the Sultan's nephews, the heir apparent to the throne, and his younger brothers and cousins, the smaller ones attended by ugly black eunuchs whose long arms seem to hang down nearly to their knees.

A TURKISH BEAUTY.

Into the mosque are now taken the Sultan's library chair, a box containing his clothes, a white dinner service, and numerous other things, until one thinks he is about to move into the mosque to live; but, no, they will all be taken out again in half an hour and carted home, but everything is placed there in readiness so that if he expresses the slightest wish it may at once be fulfilled.

And now look! The band strikes up a martial air of welcome, a look of expectancy comes upon every face, and ten thousand necks are craned to see the carriage which comes slowly down the hill from the palace to the mosque. On the front seat of this carriage is a noble-looking man in splendid military costume covered with decorations, who appears every inch a king. But he is not the Sultan. The other man who sits on the back seat of the carriage,—that mean, crafty-looking fellow, with the red beard and hooked nose, and the scared look in the deceitful eyes which he lifts to the crowd of European spectators as he passes the embassy,—that is "The Sultan of glorious Sultans, Emperor of powerful Emperors, distributer of the crowns of infidel rulers that are seated upon thrones, the shadow of God upon earth. I, who am the Emperor, the Asylum of Justice and the King of Kings, the centre of victory; I, who, by the real Almighty, the Fount of happiness, am adorned with the title of Emperor of both lands, and, by the crowning grandeur of my caliphate, am graced by the title of Sovereign of both Seas."

He dismounts at the door of the mosque, enters the sanctuary just as the old howjeh from the minaret overhead calls to noonday prayer, is absent for about half an hour, presumably at his worship, and then returns, takes the reins from his coachman and drives himself slowly up the hill to his palace.

It is said that he regards this feat of driving himself from the mosque to the palace up a somewhat steep hill with ten thousand soldiers to come to his rescue if necessary, as a feat of surpassing courage. It is the only brave thing that he attempts to do, and most of his time, it is said, is passed in abject fear lest he lose his life, and his empire be wrested from his unworthy hands.

How different this from the brave days of old when Othman and Suleyman and their successors led their own troops in the thickest of the fray from victory to victory! We can have some respect for these old warriors, cruel and fanatical and bloodthirsty as many of them were,— at least they ruled with kingly dignity and in kingly splendor.

In the old time the Sultan had in his seraglio a first lord of the stable under whom were nearly seven thousand grooms to take care of the royal steeds. He had also a "Chief Falconer" and "Chief Hawker," and even a "Chief Sparrow Hawker." The "Chief of his Tent Pitchers" had under him nearly eight hundred men whose duty it was to pitch the Sultan's tents wherever he might wish to spend the day. He also had a "Chief Taster," with fifty sub-tasters under him who tried all the Sultan's dishes.

His "Chief Baker" was the master of five hundred other bakers, and the "Chief Confectioner" had five hundred who were subject to him. Besides these, there was the "Master Vesturer," who had charge of the Sultan's clothes, and whose duty it was to follow him when he went abroad and scatter silver coins before him. The "Master of the Turbans" had charge of the imperial head-dress, one of which he carried in procession, inclining it to right or left as a salutation to the people. There was even a "Master of the Napkins," a "Master Ewer Keeper," who poured water on the Sultan's hands, a "Chief Turban Winder," a "Chief Coffee Server," and a "Chief Barber," with many subordinates under each of them. We even read of a "Chief Nightingale Keeper," and "Chief Parrot Keeper," whose duties may be guessed from their very names.

A trustworthy author who visited the royal treasure chambers as late as 1886, tells us that there he beheld "huge emeralds as large as one's hand, garnets positively plated

with great table diamonds, maces, and daggers whose hilts held gems as large as hens' eggs. Jeweled aigrets and robes of state standing up stiff with gold and precious stones."

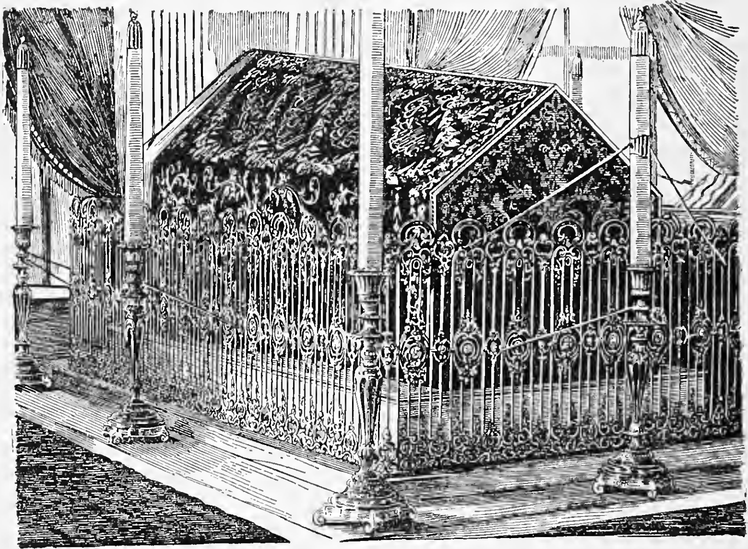
All these are the relics of the more prosperous past. All indicate an era of splendid though barbaric magnificence. All show a period of virility and manly strength in rulers and conquering people alike. How, indeed, are the mighty fallen, when, from this period of grandeur, we come down to

A TURKISH WOMAN.

the timid, mean-faced Sultan of the present day, who dares not go to mosque without ten thousand soldiers to insure his safety, and who, with all his cruel tyranny, is ready to collapse with terror, when a foreign nation so much as whispers the word "ironclad" in his ear!

Before we leave Asia for the shores of Europe, we must make a brief excursion to Broussa, one of the most remarkable as one of the most beautiful cities of the Ottoman Empire. A lovely sail of half a day brings us to the port of

this ancient capital of the Moslem. Here we find Mohammedanism at its best. The mosques are spacious and magnificent. Quite an attempt is made in the line of education, and the magnificent scenery, the pure air, and grand old Olympus (not *the* Olympus of classic fable, but a very respectable mountain, nevertheless) which forms a background to the city, all seem to have left their impress upon the rul-



A SULTAN'S TOMB.

ing race, and nowhere are Moslems more courteous and less fanatical than in this their ancient capital.

Here, as long ago as the year 1326, after a ten-years siege, Broussa capitulated to the troops of Othman, and here the great Sultan was buried soon after, for it was his dying wish that he should be interred at Broussa, the new capital of his mighty empire. The sword of Othman is still sacredly treasured at Constantinople, and each Sultan in his turn, as he comes to the throne, has the sacred blade of the founder of his empire buckled to his belt by way of coronation.

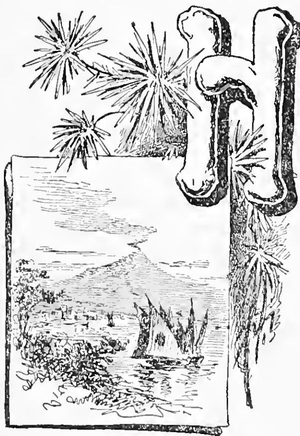
Happy would it have been for his successors, and the empire which they govern, if his descendants had been as brave, as far-seeing, and as simple in their habits as their great ancestor. Simple in his dress, his figure was imposing. Like Longimanus, his arms reached below his knees, his thighs were those of a horseman, and his prominent nose, black hair and beard, and swarthy hue, procured him the name of "Black Othman," for black is a color of honor in the East and indicates strength of character as well as bodily vigor and energy. Black Othman transmitted his physical characteristics to several generations of his successors, and, for at least three hundred years, there sat no Sultan on the Ottoman throne who was not distinguished for personal courage.

The beautiful tomb of the brave Othman is well worth a visit even from Christians, who detest his creed and abominate the ways of his descendants. Several of the other great Sultans are also buried at Broussa, in finely-preserved mausoleums, in which the tombs are covered with heavy black draperies, which give a singularly dignified and sombre aspect to these halls of death.

CHAPTER XXX.

THROUGH CLASSIC LANDS—FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO THE COAST OF SPAIN—HOMEWARD BOUND.

Off for Athens — On the *Tchickatchoff* — The Occident and the Orient — The Sharp Line of Demarcation — Tenedos and Its Wooden Horse — What Makes Athens Great To-day? — A Charming Journey — The Ruined City and its Thrilling Story — The Romantic Way of Climbing Vesuvius — The Lake of Fire and Brimstone —An Awful Accident — Where the Christians Fought with Wild Beasts — Pisa and its Bell Tower — The Campo Santo and its Sacred Soil — Lazy Venice and its Gondolas — Genoa the Superb — All that We Found of Columbus — On the Borders of Spain — A Royal Swimmer — Ambitious Spanish Girls — Too Envious to be Courteous — A Memory of Lafayette — Washerwomen Object to Modern Conveniences — The Best Part of the Trip.



HE must be an audacious author indeed, who thinks that he can compel the attention of the world to what he may say about much-written Europe, when library shelves groan with books concerning it, and thousands of volumes are added to their list every year. My temerity is not of such large proportions as to undertake this task. So, in a single chapter, we will take our hasty journey from the Bosphorus to the coast of Spain.

We will embark, if you please, my reader, as it was our good fortune actually to do, on the Russian steamer *Tchick-*

atchoff, which sails from Constantinople to Athens. One of the finest steamers on which we have sailed since we left home, is this same Russian vessel with the unpronounceable name. The staterooms are large and airy, the table is most bountifully spread, the decks are clean and broad, and the saloons fitted up in the most elegant style of naval architecture and decoration. We are almost ready to relent and to shade down our deep-seated antipathy to the tyrannical Czar when we find that he charters so fine a steamer to carry us from the Orient to the Occident, for this trip is nothing less than such a journey. The line of demarcation is sharp and distinct. The Orient sweeping eastward comes as far as Constantinople and ends there, the Occident sweeping westward breaks with its waves of nineteenth century progress, unavailingly on the shores of Bosphorus. It makes but little impression even upon Constantinople, and none at all upon the country beyond.

Not only do we go from the Orient to the Occident, but from the middle ages into modern times, from the twelfth century into the nineteenth, from conservatism, stagnation, retrogression, to progress, advancement, and the seething, vigorous life of modern days, when we journey from Constantinople to Athens.

Past ancient Troy we sail, where, with the help of a powerful spy-glass and a still more powerful imagination, we almost make ourselves believe that we can see the excavations of Dr. Schliemann; past the barren island of Tenedos, where in ancient times the Greeks made the wooden horse by means of which they conquered Troy.

Tenedos, however, in ancient days must have been a different island from what it is to-day, for there are not enough trees upon it now or upon any of the islands in the vicinity to make a hobby-horse for a baby, much less an animal with

such a capacious interior as that in which the Greeks made their famous entrance into Troy. How the Greeks managed to get this huge wooden monstrosity across the wide stretch of turbulent sea which runs between Tenedos and Troy is another of the mysteries upon which history is silent. But we are not iconoclasts, and we do not wish to suggest harrowing doubts concerning cherished fables to the future generations of classical scholars.

We passed through the beautiful Hellespont early in the morning and not a great while thereafter reached the Pyreus, the harbor of Athens. To attempt to "do" Athens in the space of a few pages is such a manifestly absurd task that I will only say that we stood reverently upon the Parthenon while our souls did reverence to the genius of ancient days, embodied in the Propylæum and the Erechtheum with its stately caryatides; that we visited the Tower of the Winds and the arch of Hadrian and the Temple of Theseus; that we stood upon the Pnyx where Demosthenes delivered his world-famous speeches, and that especially our souls did homage to the place most full of great memories to us, when we stood upon Mars Hill. Here, in imagination, as we looked off upon the historic city lying at our feet, with its temples and its altars and its crowded thoroughfares, filled as they were in ancient times, with a volatile, excitable, but intellectual people, we heard St. Paul saying, as he stood upon this very spot: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious, for, as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found an altar with the inscription: 'To the unknown God.' Whom, therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

That speech, with all that it revealed of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of men whom God made "of one blood to dwell upon all the face of the earth," did more

for mankind and for the perpetuation of the memory of Athens, than all the works of Phidias and the conquests of Hadrian and the orations of Demosthenes, which also have made the city memorable.

The thought is sure to come to every thoughtful man who stands on the heights of the Parthenon, "What has made this little city famous in all the ages of the world?" Its situation, while beautiful, is no more remarkable than that of scores of other cities on the blue Mediterranean. Its natural advantages are not so great as those of other cities of ancient and modern times. The tributary country is comparatively barren and poor, the population was never large, as the great modern nations count populations.

What, then has made Athens so famous in all the history of the world? There is but one answer to the question. She was the mother of heroes and the mother of historians. Brave men won her battles and true patriots ornamented her public squares and erected her famous buildings, and, more than that, poets were born to sing their virtues, and historians to record their deeds of praise. The sword alone could not have made little Greece memorable among all the nations of the world, but the sword supplemented by the pen, the great deed not only done but sung, has given her an imperishable name, and attracts to her to-day scholars and lovers of everything that is noble and beautiful and true.

The railway journey from Athens to Patras is one of the most charming which can be taken in any continent. All the way the railroad runs within sight of the sounding sea, affording most picturesque glimpses of the famous mountains of Greece, every one of which has been glorified in song and story.

Mount Olympus and Mount Parnassus, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, we see them all, and what classic memories they

evoke! Some of these memories are a little cloudy, like the mists which hover about the tops of the mountains themselves, but, nevertheless, the mountains are very real things behind the mists, and so are the school-day memories which cluster around them very real to us, though hid by the haze of succeeding years.

Another delightful journey is the sail by steamer from Patras to Brindisi over the Ionian Sea, a journey of some thirty hours, with a stop by the way at Corfu, one of the most lovely spots which the whole map of the world affords.

From Brindisi to Naples is an all-day's ride over one of the slow Italian railways, but a ride full of enjoyment, as we see the fertile fields, the smiling vineyards, and the flower-decked pastures of sunny Italy. At last, Vesuvius, with a thin wreath of smoke curling from its peaks, breaks upon our view. We rumble past the buried city of Pompeii, rattle over the tomb of Herculaneum, and go puffing into the great station of Naples just as the setting sun makes doubly glorious the always beautiful blue bay.

Naples has few attractions in itself, but is noted for the beauty and interest of its surroundings; and while Pompeii lies at its very door, with the paint of nineteen hundred years ago still fresh upon its ruined walls, with the ruts worn by the chariots of old still visible in its streets, with the shops of its bakers and its oil merchants and its wine sellers, just as they left them when they sold their last loaf of bread and flask of wine nineteen centuries ago, Naples will never lose its attractiveness for the traveler and the antiquarian.

More full of unique and thrilling interest than almost any spot on earth is this ruined city which was overwhelmed by the wrath of God in a single night; its polluted streets and houses, which even now indicate depths of depravity that have seldom been witnessed in the history of the world,

ruined and utterly destroyed as habitations for the living. Surely the moralist will be excused for drawing his lesson from the destruction of this comparatively modern Sodom and Gomorrah.

There are two ways of ascending Vesuvius. The old-fashioned way takes us on horseback from the guides' house near Pompeii through vineyards and villages, and across the ashes and pumice and scoriae of a hundred eruptions, to the base of the volcanic cone itself. Then we dismount from our horses, leave them in the hands of some villainous-looking guides who are waiting to devour as much of the substance of the average traveler as they can lay hands on without getting into jail, and then make the sharp, steep climb on foot to the very summit. This is not a holiday task, by any means, and I do not recommend it to those who do not have stout muscles and strong lungs and a good degree of physical endurance. It is, however, the more picturesque and romantic method, for the other way takes us by railway to within a few rods of the very top. Then we pick our way cautiously over the steaming vent holes and across the hot sulphur and burning ashes until we stand on the ridge of the crater, and hear below us the sullen, awful "swash" of the lake of fire and brimstone.

One cannot always see the seething lake itself because it is generally hidden by the almost continuous sulphurous fumes which rise from its surface. But that which is not visible to one sense is audible to another, and the beating of that lake of molten fire upon the sides of the imprisoning mountain seemed to me the most awful sound I ever heard. More vivid than ever before was the dreadful Scripture imagery which typifies of the final destruction of those who hate all that is good and true.

A few days after a visit which I once paid to this crater,

two gentlemen were standing on the very edge, where a little while before I had stood unconscious of any danger, when the fumes from the pit being blown that way by a peculiarly strong gust of wind they were overcome by it. Blinded and suffocated they fell headlong into the dreadful lake which boiled and blistered beneath. The only circumstance which mitigates the dreadful accident was that their sufferings must have been absolutely momentary.

When we reach Rome, as we shall after three days in Naples, how can we hope to even touch upon its grandeur and beauty! We are filled with the hopelessness of our task at the very beginning, and the longer we stay roaming through its miles of picture galleries, visiting its acres of statuary, strolling into church after church, each one of which is worth a week of study, roaming among the ruins of the palaces of a score of Cæsars, we are ready to aver that one cannot hope to see Rome thoroughly unless he has months at his disposal.

Among all the sights of ruined Rome the Colosseum impresses me most deeply. Here the imagination has full play. Here the poetic fancy can ask for nothing more. Story on story rise the tiers of seats for the spectators who rejoiced in the bloody tragedies of those cruel days. Eighty thousand people could here be accommodated, and in the ampitheatre upon which all these tiers of seats look down, how many dreadful tragedies were enacted!

Here came the Christians to fight with the wild beasts. Here came the gladiators to struggle in mortal combat, with never a merciful thumb raised from the spectators who enjoyed their agony. Here assembled the beauty and chivalry, the aristocracy and royalty of Rome in her most glorious days, but at the heart of this royalty and chivalry and beauty was the corrupting worm of selfishness, cruelty,

corruption, and tyranny. The Colosseum is a type of all that is grandest and of all that was basest in ancient Rome. It is the living exhibition in substantial stone and mortar of her grandest days and her weakest days, of her power and her poverty alike.

We are glad that it is now a ruin, for the Colosseum was always dedicated to that which was mean and base. We are glad that the ruin still stands, for it teaches the whole world that material power and grandeur and wealth, beyond anything which the ages have known before or since, are not sufficient of themselves to make a nation truly great or permanently powerful.

Of course we will go into St. Peter's before we leave the ancient city. It is the fashion for many travelers to say that they are disappointed in St. Peter's, and no doubt such a feeling does come to one as he looks first at the unworthy and meaningless façade which greets him as he walks up to the entrance. But all sense of disappointment disappeared, so far as I was concerned, when I entered its vast portals and found myself beneath its mighty domes. Everything that marble and gilding; frescoing and mosaic work can do to make a building sublimely, grandly beautiful, has here been done. The wealth and genius of the ages have been lavished upon this wonderful church, and we do not wonder that it is the Mecca of every devout Catholic.

To the Protestant, however, accustomed to the more severe simplicity of his own modest sanctuaries, there is very much that is wanting, even in this magnificent church, to make it all that he dreams concerning the constant abiding place of God. Here the Pope seems to be glorified more than the Master of the Pope. St. Peter is more conspicuous than the one who said to him, "Henceforth thou shalt be called Peter, for on this rock will I build

my church," and the Virgin Mary is vastly more honored than her Divine Son. With an unsatisfied, hungering sense of want, the Protestant Christian is likely to go out from this gorgeous cathedral, feeling that amid all the gilding and painting, the statuary and the famous shrines, he has not found God or drawn any nearer to the Saviour's side.

Where else shall I conduct my readers in this land of Italy, crowded as it is with places of supreme historic interest? Shall we go to Pisa and visit its cathedrals and its baptistry, its Leaning Bell Tower and its Campo Santo? We should certainly enjoy the day there, for all its sights are crowded close together, and one has no wearying walk to take in going from one to another.

The Campo Santo, or sacred place of burial, is to me the most interesting spot in little Pisa. Here, seven centuries ago, the Crusaders brought shipload after shipload of sacred soil from Jerusalem, whither they had sailed from Pisa when it was a great commercial port. Their ships went out crowded with eager, adventurous youths, many of whom, alas, were to lay their bones in the land of Palestine or on the way thither, and the ships which sailed forth bearing the pride and bloom of Italian chivalry came back loaded only with dust and ashes from the Sacred City. Fifty-three shiploads of this sacred soil were deposited in this great rectangular enclosure, and here many Crusaders and other famous men were buried. From the walls around the Campo Santo, on every side, look down pictures of Biblical scenes painted by the most famous artists centuries ago, pictures which are still bright and fresh and vivid as though the colors were laid on but yesterday.

Shall we go to Florence together and visit the miles of picture galleries, its beautiful park and its lovely drives along the historic Arno? Shall we feed our souls on the

memories of the great deeds which were done by the great men of Florence in the days of her pride and strength? When my readers do take this journey, not in this hasty fashion, but in reality, they will agree with me, I am sure, that no days are more pleasantly spent than those that are devoted to charming Florence.

But we must hurry on, not even stopping to spend a few lazy days in the gondolas of Venice, feeding the pigeons in St. Mark's Square, or watching the glass-blowers in the factories which line the great canal, for we must tarry at least a time in Genoa, the Superb. With our souls fired with admiration for Columbus, Genoa presents a magnet quite too strong to be resisted, and yet when we reach the city of his birthplace, we find remarkably few memorials of the great discoverer. The house in which he was born, or in which he is said by some people to have been born, is situated several miles beyond the city limits, and an autograph letter in one of the museums is about the only authentic memorial of him which we find.

But, after all, these material relics and memorials impressed me not nearly as much as the intangible things all around which are connected with his memory. Under these blue Italian skies the little Columbus played, and this lovely view of earth and sea and sky doubtless impressed his imagination and nourished the poetic germs within his soul, which made him the great discoverer of the ages.

As we mounted to the heights of the beautiful park and looked off over the housetops at the blue Mediterranean wimpling and dimpling in the sunlight, we said to ourselves, "Upon these very wavelets looked Columbus. His boyish eyes were strained to see the furthest limits bounded by the whitecaps in the distance, and his eager imagination, perhaps, as he stood upon this very height of land, asked,

'What is beyond the limits of the blue sea and the white-caps which bound my horizon?'" The answer to this question, which in some form or other every generous youth puts to himself as he grows older, was, in the case of Columbus, the discovery of America and the opening of a new world to commerce and civilization, and the religion of Christ.

After leaving Genoa our journey took us along the Riviera, where charming views are marred somewhat by innumerable tunnels through which the railroad passes. Through Nice and Mentone, famous the world over as wintering places for the aristocracy of Europe, through Monte Carlo and Monaco, the plague spot of Europe, whose wonderful natural beauties are more than matched by the unnatural depravity of its chief business; through busy Marseilles, through Narbonne and Pau and Cette, until at last we come to the very borders of Spain, and, crossing the boundary line, we enter into the country of the haughty cavalier.

At San Sebastian, one of the border towns, which is most delightfully situated on the Bay of Biscay with green hills surrounding it on every side, is the new palace of the Queen of Spain, and we were permitted to go over this abode of royalty from garret to cellar. Though it is a fine building and worthy of the gracious queen who will occupy it during the summer months, yet it is no more imposing or magnificent than the houses of a hundred millionaires which I have seen in the United States.

Some of the rooms in the palace are designed for the occupancy of generals in the army and the courtiers, and are decidedly mean and narrow. They are plainly furnished, only a few feet square, and frequently have but one window in them. The room which her Majesty herself is to occupy, and the adjoining room of the Baby King whose face appears on all Spanish postage stamps, are fine apartments, and so

are the state parlors and banqueting rooms. But there is nothing extravagant or lavish, or even particularly sumptuous, about the whole place.

The most notable thing about the palace is the view from the front entrance. It looks out upon the beautiful Bay of San Sebastian, with a broad, sandy beach stretching in the foreground, while off in the distance is the entrance to the harbor with bold, precipitous bluffs on either side, crowned by picturesque forts and lighthouses. The queen is a famous athlete in her way, and especially enjoys bathing in the surf. So strong a swimmer is she, that she is said frequently to swim out to the beautiful island in the bay, a good mile from the shore. The little king meanwhile plays upon the sand with his painted tin pail and little shovel, at least as happy, we hope, as any little Spanish ragamuffin whose privileges in sand and water and fresh air and delightful scenery are just as great as those of the small royal personage himself.

The object of supreme interest to us in San Sebastian, however, was not the palace or any of the trappings of royalty, or even the most beautiful bay with its encircling mountains, but the Institute for Spanish girls which has here been planted by American missionaries. Here are gathered several scores of black-eyed, bright, intelligent Spanish maidens, who will lead the way in the education of the women of this country, which I believe is about to awaken to a new period of youth and vigor.

Such an institution is particularly needed in this land, for women here, as in every Catholic country, have been systematically kept in ignorance and bound by superstitious fears. For the first time in all the history of Spain, a few months ago, some of the girls from this institution dared to present themselves for examination at the Government uni-

versity, competing for the same honors which their brothers had formerly monopolized altogether. It was a great day for the American Institute for Girls and a prophetic day for Spain, for several of the girls passed the examinations and came off with flying colors. They were not allowed to forget, however, that they belonged to an inferior sex, for as they went up to receive their diplomas they were hissed by the unchivalrous young men. This ungracious act, however, reacted on the heads of the young boors who perpetrated it. The professors of the university compelled them to offer a suitable and humble apology for their treatment of the girls, and the precedent was established that hereafter, in some parts of Spain at least, a young lady of intelligence and attainments will be recognized by the educational authorities of the land of Ferdinand and Isabella.

How better could America repay the debt which she owes to Spain than by liberally endowing this school, and by aiding to establish others for the education of the long-neglected women of Castile?

A very few miles from San Sebastian is the old Spanish seaport of Passages, a port which was once famous in its way, and from which Lafayette slipped away when, in opposition to the wishes of the government and his friends, he espoused the cause of American liberty and decided to stand side by side with Washington and Franklin and Jefferson. For many years the entrance to the harbor has been almost impassable, so filled up has it become with the silt washed down from the mountain sides which hem in the narrow passage on every hand. Of late years, however, new attention has been paid to the harbor, dredging machines have made an entrance for steamers of considerable size, and the old place is renewing its youth.

It retains its ancient characteristics, however, and its one

street which crawls along at the base of the hillside against which the town is built is so narrow as to be impassable to wheeled vehicles and to afford scarcely room for two passing donkeys. Here old Spanish customs and prejudices flourish with all the force of ancient times, just as though the thriving, bustling, modern city of San Sebastian was not within hailing distance. Here the people live, move, and have their being, bake their bread and eat their garlic and wash their clothes, just as they did five hundred years ago.

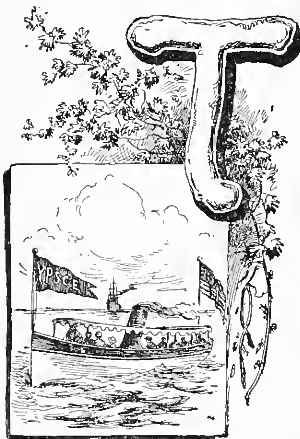
The latter operation is performed by women who stand in the water up to their knees, and cold, icy spring water it is, too, while they pound and rub and beat the very life out of their garments on flat stones in the bed of the stream. A few years since, the town provided a better place for them, but this thoughtful provision almost provoked a riot. They declared that what had been good enough for their granddams was good enough for them, that they would have none of the new-fangled, modern wash tubs even though they were provided at public expense, and that they would still stand up to their knees in water if they chose to do so. The authorities had to give way, and the new and beautiful stone wash tubs fell into innocuous desuetude.

We will follow Lafayette's example, and, leaving well-known Paris and the old mother country to those who have seen and described them so often, we will embark for America in imagination from this very Spanish port, echoing the sentiment which has been ringing through our hearts a hundred thousand times during this long journey, that no country is for us so precious as the land over which the Stars and Stripes wave, and that nothing about going abroad is so altogether delightful and satisfactory as the getting home again.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OBJECTS AND RESULTS OF OUR JOURNEY — THE FAVORING HAND OF PROVIDENCE — LOOKING BACKWARD — HAPPY MEMORIES.

The Great Object of our Journey — Australian Conventions — Unbounded Enthusiasm — The Y. P. S. C. E. Pennant — Happy Memories — In Marvelous Japan — A "United Society" for China — Among the Hindus — Obstacles in Turkey — Forbidden Words — Arresting St. Paul — Black-Eyed Spanish Endeavorers — Encouragement in Paris — Good News from the Mother Land — Steady Growth of Endeavor Societies — Impressions of Missionaries and Their Work — Cruel Misrepresentations — Globe Trotters' Slanders — A Diversity of Gifts — What are the Hardships of a Missionary to-day? — The Most Hopeful Feature of Modern Civilization — The Anglo-Saxon Missionary and His Noble Work — Saving the World through Jesus Christ.



THE great object of the journey which has been described in the previous chapters, was the advancement of the Christian Endeavor movement in foreign countries, and the visiting of missionary stations in heathen and Mohammedan lands, for the purpose of acquainting members of these societies in America more thoroughly with the needs and privileges of missionary work all the world over.

In every particular, the journey has been more blessed of Providence and prospered by God's favoring hand than I dared to believe would be possible when we undertook it.

No accident or serious detention or illness delayed us during our year of travel. No appointment was missed, no address failed to be delivered among the two hundred and fifty which made the year such a busy one. Everywhere the Christian Endeavor idea was received with surprising favor.

To be sure, we went only where we were asked to go, and addressed meetings that had been previously arranged by kind friends. And yet with all these favoring circumstances, I did not dare to hope for such enthusiastic conventions, such eager throngs of earnest young men and women, and such large favor as was accorded to this youngest child of the church, The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

In Australia the conventions were, beyond all precedent, large, enthusiastic, and inspiring. The greatest audience rooms that could be obtained in such places as Melbourne, Ballarat, Adelaide, and Brisbane, were crowded to their utmost, and the spirituality and intense earnestness and devotion of the conventions were quite as noticeable as the large throngs which attended them. The conventions usually began, practically if not formally, at the railway stations, which were usually crowded with singing Endeavorers when we arrived, and who carried their good cheer and gladness and contagious enthusiasm with them wherever they went.

Even the railway officials and the city authorities of the town often seemed to catch the spirit of enthusiastic youth, and accorded us courtesies and kindly consideration which were far beyond the merits of the humble individuals who came to advocate the claims of Christian Endeavor; and yet we realized from the beginning of our journey to the end, that not the individuals who brought the message, but the society which they represented, was honored, and every greeting and welcome and hearty hand-grasp told chiefly of the love which the young people and their pastors and their

fathers and mothers had for this new agency which God has raised up "For Christ and the Church."

One of the most significant of these welcomes, and one whose kindly thoughtfulness we shall never forget, greeted us when first we reached the bluff headlands of Sydney harbor, where we saw a steam launch approaching our steamer, flying two pennants, from one masthead the Stars and Stripes, and from another a flag bearing the letters "Y. P. S. C. E." From that moment to the day when, six weeks later, we sailed from the harbor of Brisbane for the port of Hong Kong, when the last sound that we heard was the sweet music of Brisbane Endeavorers, singing, "God be with you till we meet again," every hour was crowded with pleasant experiences, and lives as a happy memory of the great Island Continent.

During the months which have elapsed between that visit and the date of the publication of this book, Christian Endeavor Societies have multiplied at a most gratifying rate throughout all the colonies, until now there are probably at least seven hundred societies in this group of sister nations which lie under the Southern Cross, while their numbers are increasing quite as rapidly in the land whose people look up at the familiar constellations of Orion and the Great Bear.

In the mighty land of Asia with its uncounted millions, in Japan, China, and India, we found a large and most encouraging field also for the growth of Christian Endeavor societies. In Japan, that marvelous new land which is springing forward by leaps and bounds into the family of great nations, there are already some forty Endeavor societies established in connection with the missions of the various Protestant denominations. Several little booklets have been translated into Japanese and widely circulated, and much hope is expressed by missionaries and native

pastors of the future efficiency of this new agency of Christian nurture.

In China a United Society of Christian Endeavor has been established with its headquarters at Shanghai. The constitution and other literature has been translated into several dialects, and two or three largely circulated Chinese papers give constant attention, by means of special departments, to the work of the society and its possibilities in the Flowery Kingdom.

In India much satisfactory work is being planned and executed. The constitution of the society has been translated into Tamil and Telugu and Bengali and Hindustani and Marathi. Many vigorous societies already exist in connection with various missions, and it is hoped that a multitude of struggling communities of Christians and outstations where only a few can be gathered together, and where there are not a sufficient number of Christians to form a regular church, an organization of this sort with its pledge and its obligations of voluntary religious service may do much in the way of establishing firm and steadfast the much-tried faith of the new converts.

In Turkey all religious work meets with greater obstacles than in any other land at the present time, and the Christian Endeavor Society comes in for its full share of persecution and opposition. Many societies have been broken up, and many others which would have been formed have been delayed because of the threatening attitude of the government toward every possible plan for the union of young people in religious work.

A humorous story is told to the effect that a copy of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians was submitted to the Turkish censor for his inspection. He was at once greatly alarmed and incensed thereby, for he interpreted it as being

a letter to the inhabitants of Galata, which is one of the divisions into which the modern city of Constantinople is divided. In his hot wrath he at once sent a constable to the mission to apprehend this agitator Paul who was writing incendiary letters to the people of Galata. When told that the said Paul had been dead for fully 1800 years, and that he could not answer to the summons of the Turkish government, and that all the people to whom he wrote had also been in their graves for almost two milleniums, his wrath cooled somewhat, and he concluded to dismiss his posse of constables without arresting the apostle.

This story simply shows, as do other instances which were related in previous chapters, the absurd prejudices and stupid ignorance with which religious work of all kinds has to contend in the Ottoman Empire, and the end of many of these stories is more tragic than humorous.

Still, in spite of these obstacles, Christian Endeavor work and all other kinds of Christian enterprise are holding on their way, waiting and hoping for better times in the Dominion of the Turk.

In Spain, we found among the Spanish girls and their teachers enthusiastic Endeavorers, and these girls will carry the plans and methods of the society, as they finish their education and return to their home, into all parts of the ancient kingdom of Castile.

In France, too, we found very much to encourage us. A large mass meeting drawn from the seven Christian Endeavor societies of Paris, whose numbers have since been multiplied, greeted us in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., and hundreds of French Protestant pastors and religious workers came together in one of the halls of the McCall mission to talk over the adaptabilities of Christian Endeavor to their work and workers.

My visit to England on this occasion, which is not recorded in the chapters of this book, since it is so difficult to find "fresh fields and pastures new" in the well-traveled soil of the mother country, was the third which I have made within the last few years in the interests of the Christian Endeavor movement, and was by far the most encouraging of all.

I had the pleasure of speaking to large and enthusiastic audiences in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Ipswich, Glasgow, Belfast, Chester, and Liverpool, and of attending the third annual Christian Endeavor convention of the British societies — an admirable and memorable meeting. Everywhere I found the same spirit, devotion, and loyal zeal which I am accustomed to find in America, and everywhere pastors gave me their assurance, that though the growth of the society was less rapid at first than in its home-land, it was destined to do no less good and to become quite as important a factor in church life in England as in America.

Within a year of the time of this last visit, the societies have multiplied from less than three hundred to nearly seven hundred; strong Christian Endeavor Unions have been established in most of the leading centers of population, and the outlook for the future was never so bright as to-day.

I must add, in a few words, my general impression in regard to missionary work the world over; for to rectify and clarify and intensify these impressions in my own mind and the minds of others who might read or hear of this journey, was one great object for which it was undertaken. I rejoice to say, that with every mile of the journey my belief in missions and missionary work has been strengthened, my love for the missionaries increased, and my confidence in the final triumph of the religion of Christ throughout all the world has been more surely established.

Many and cruel misrepresentations of missionaries and missionary work find voice in the press, and in the comments of returned travelers who often return to their own land hostile and abusive of missionary work. I have paid my respects to these globe-trotters more than once in the course of these chapters, and no language is too strong with which to score their superficial and utterly false estimates of missionary service.

These unsympathetic travelers who live in luxury and comfort at home, who go abroad simply for their own convenience and pleasure, who have never sacrificed a dollar for the advancement of the cause of Christ, presume to criticize with vulgar sneers these brave soldiers of the Cross who have given up home and native land and dear friends, and many of them brilliant prospects in life, for the love which they bear the Master and the men for whom He died. Patience ceases to be a virtue when one considers these shallow critics of men whose shoe latchets they are not worthy to unloose. To be sure, missionaries differ as good men differ everywhere else in intellectual capacities, in natural gifts, in education, and in devotion. Some are far more efficient than others. Some are more wholly given to their work than their fellow missionaries, and some are more successful and have larger results to show for the time and money and force which they expend in foreign lands.

But this is only saying what is equally true of ministers and Christian people at home. There is a diversity of gifts, but it is also true that a genuine spirit of loyalty to Christ and of love to men, and a desire to lift them up, in everyway pervades the ranks of missionaries of the cross in all lands, and is their one controlling motive. During the past year I have visited these faithful men and women in China and Japan, in Northern India and in Southern India, in the Sand-

wich Islands and Samoa, in Egypt and Syria, in Turkey, Greece, France, and Spain, and without hesitation I can say no nobler, more devoted, self-sacrificing, and intelligent body of men and women has it ever been my privilege to meet in any land. In wit and worth, in intellectual capacity and administrative ability, in intelligence and in a large, statesmanlike grasp of the situation, their numbers cannot be duplicated, I believe, in any walk of life.

They are, for the most part, well-equipped before they leave home; they have been broadened by travel, polished by contact with many men of many minds, sweetened by love and devotion to Christ, ennobled by supreme and lofty life purposes, and are men and women who are fit to stand before kings, for they have felt the ennobling touch of service for the King of Kings.

Much of the misapprehension of missionary work arises from the fact that the difficulties and hardships are not in these days as they were at first, largely physical and material. Few missionaries now suffer for lack of sufficient food or good clothes or convenient shelter. Some of them live almost as comfortably as they would live at home, and their abodes, clothing, and table fare are above the average of the debased tribes among whom many of them work. This difference of social condition has given rise to many of the cruel jibes of unsympathetic and slanderous travelers, who accuse the missionaries of living in stately style in palaces, while their converts grovel in miserable hovels.

But the object of the missionary, as I understand it, is to lift his convert out of the hovel, and not to degrade himself to the level of the heathen. While it is true that the average missionary lives for the most part in comparative comfort, it is not true that he lives extravagantly or lavishly. He is always willing to go down among people for whom he works;

he is willing to wear their clothes, eat their coarse fare, and live in their filthy huts, if necessary, and he often does all these and more; at the same time he is constantly trying to raise the people unto whom he has been sent to a higher level of respectability and Christian manhood.

I am glad to have my last words in this book testify to the fact that missionary work of all the various Protestant denominations in all parts of the world is, in my eyes, the most promising and hopeful feature of modern civilization. For the enlargement of commerce, for the spread of civilization, for the uplifting of humanity, for the redemption of the world, there is no such force as that which is exerted by the Anglo-Saxon missionaries of the Cross, the ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Harriet E. Clark

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN FAR-OFF LANDS

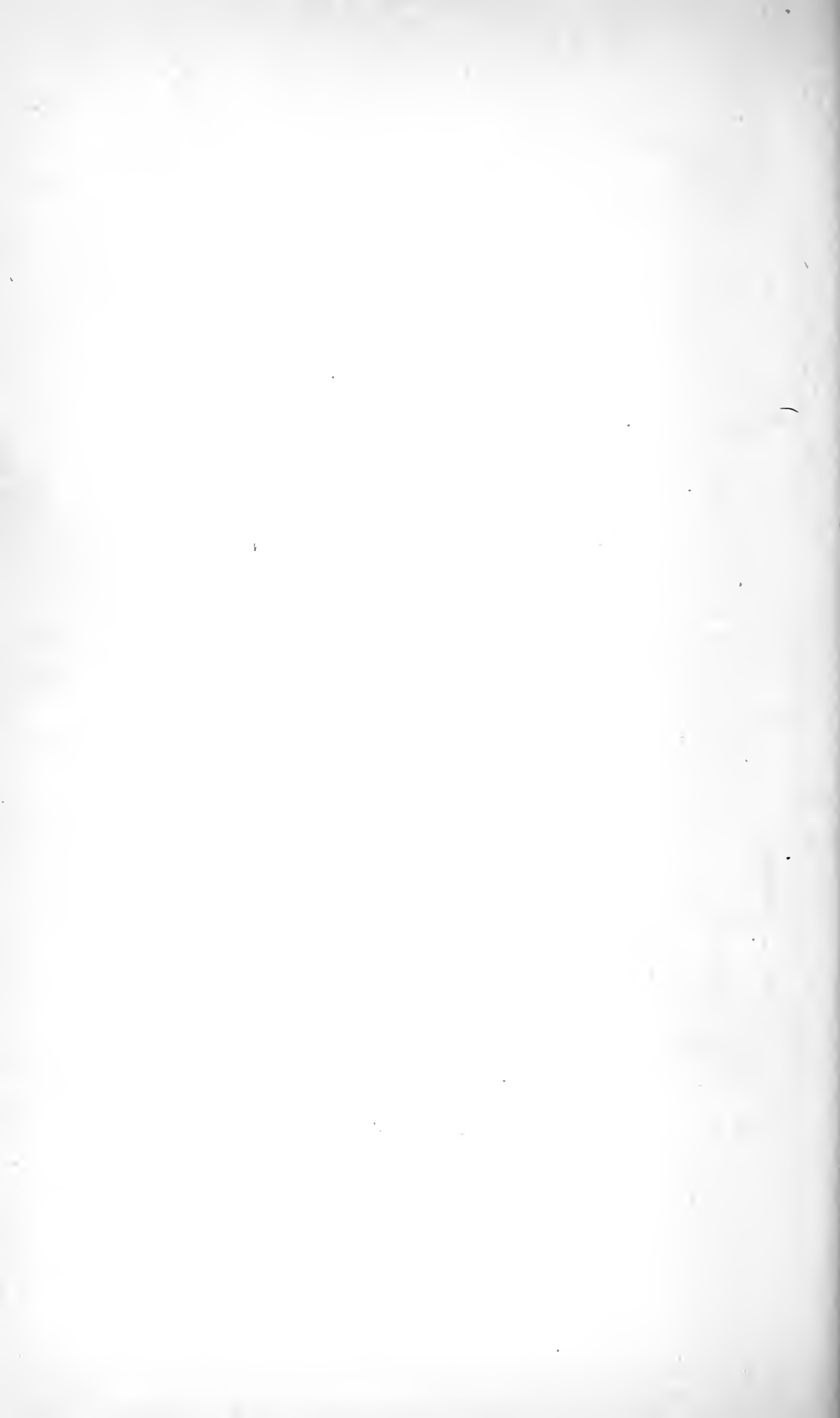
As Seen Through a Woman's Eyes.

INTRODUCTORY.

WHEN a man and a woman are journeying "Around the World" together they are likely to see all things through different glasses. The man may, perhaps, have a clearer vision and a wider outlook; but the woman, with more leisure, and with more opportunities in some directions because she *is* a woman, will notice little things which have escaped the larger vision, and yet are none the less interesting.

It is with the hope that some of the experiences and observations of an American woman in strange lands may be interesting to her sisters in the home-land, that she has ventured to present these glimpses of life and scenes among the women and children of other countries than ours, as they appeared to her.

Harriet E. Clark



GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN FAR-OFF LANDS

As Seen Through a Woman's Eyes.

CHAPTER I.

A WOMAN'S LIFE AT SEA—HOUSEKEEPING IN A FLOATING PRISON—LIFE UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

At Sea—Housekeeping on a Small Scale—Daily Life in a Floating Prison—A Consoling Stewardess—Tea and Toast in a Stateroom—A Bed that Never Kept Still—Lucid Intervals—Moving into a New Home—Arranging our Belongings—Going to Housekeeping Eighteen Times in One Year—The Back Yard of an Ocean Steamer—Sighing for a Pine Stump—A Chinese Steward, A Malay Quartermaster, and an English Captain—Life on the *Chingtu*—Under the Southern Cross—A Velvet-footed Steward—Doleful *versus* Pleasant Memories.

HOW many pleasant memories of our life on ocean steamers come back to me as I write! After traveling for weeks on land, living in trunks meanwhile, stopping two days in this place and one in the next, a homelike feeling always came over me when we moved our worldly possessions into the little stateroom of a steamer and settled down to housekeeping for a few days. To be sure, it was housekeeping on a small scale, but only think of the delight of having one room that you can call your very own for eight or ten or twelve days, and on one occasion even for twenty-four days. Just think of it, O ye

housekeepers, who can spread your possessions over a whole house and keep them there all the time, with never a thought of change save that of pleasing your own fancy.

Life and travel on land was usually a rush, a hurry, and bustle; conventions and tea meetings, sight-seeing, receptions and visiting, wrestling with trunks, waiting at railroad stations, changing cars, whirling through city streets in jinrikishas, or jolting in jutkahs, led us a busy life on shore. How welcome the change to an ocean steamer and the prospect of a sea voyage, long or short, after four or five of such busy weeks! How quiet it seemed, as we pushed the steamer trunk under the berth, after taking out the favorite articles that would be wanted first and disposing of them in different places! To be sure, my wrapper was usually the first thing needed, and my berth the first place I sought, but what of that! After the bustle and confusion on land, was it not restful to spend a few days in perfect quiet on the berth or the lounge? As for food, what could be more soothing than the cup of tea and the slice of cold toast served by the hands of the stewardess three times a day. What could be more comforting than her assurance that "the sea is growing smoother and probably it will be quite calm by to-morrow." True there are no visible indications that the sea is growing calmer, and you think it is quite probable that she only says it is from a desire to make herself agreeable; still, it is a comfort to have her say so, even if you do not believe it. All this may suggest rather a doubtful kind of rest, but it *was* rest nevertheless, and I always looked forward longingly to my floating prison.

Besides, I frequently had lucid intervals when I could go on deck and enjoy life with the rest of the party that made up our little world. There were days when the sea was calm and peaceful and I could promenade up and down the

deck, and sing in my heart that old tune our fathers and mothers sung years ago,

> "Fly like a youthful ha-a-art or roe,
> Over the hi-i-ils where sp-i-i-ces grow."

There were rough and stormy days, it is true, when the ship tossed and pitched, and I lay on my back in my berth with closed eyes, and sighed, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," or, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove." But even this was an episode, and if the voyage was long a few days of seasickness now and then served to break the monotony. Think of this, ye weary housekeepers, who can take your rest every night, and every day if you will, in a bed and keep still, and in a room which boasts at least one good-sized window!

If I have learned nothing else in this long journey I have learned to be thankful for small mercies.

There was always a pleasant excitement in going on board a steamer and starting on a new voyage. Where was our stateroom situated? Was it an outside room? Was it on the pleasant side of the ship, where we could have the port open? How far was it from the dining-room and how far from my seat at table? How many seconds would it take to go from the table to my berth if I should suddenly decide that I did not want any breakfast?

Then came the pleasure of unpacking our goods and settling down to housekeeping again. It was like moving into a new house. We looked about to see how large the stateroom was, what conveniences it possessed, and considered how to make the most of them. This berth shall be my room; this net which holds so many little things shall be my bureau; this hook shall be my wardrobe, or "almira," as they call it in India. Perhaps I can even have two hooks. This trunk will make a good divan when it is pulled out

from under the berth, and it can be pushed under again when it is not wanted. This lounge shall be the spare room, for the use of the family, or for an occasional guest. This little shelf under the glass shall be the dressing-table, and this camp stool the easy chair. This narrow space between the berths and the lounge will hardly do for the parlor, but perhaps we'll call it the hall, and, when the divan is pulled out, it will do for the family sitting-room. "Now we are all settled," as a certain small boy, the little pilgrim of the party, always said when he had everything arranged to his satisfaction, and we were ready to sail.

It is not everyone who has the privilege of going to housekeeping eighteen times in the course of one year, and each time in a different land, or, rather, on a different sea. The spirit moves me to write a whole chapter on the Yellow Sea, and a doleful chapter it would be, I am afraid. I would like to write a chapter on "Housekeeping at the Equator," or "Life on the *Tchickatchoff*," or "At Home on the Arafura Sea," or "Days in the Doldrums," but a compassionate spirit comes over me and I forbear.

A certain traveler, who has recorded his experiences, speaks in praise of the one steamer on which he traveled, and his delight in coming back always to the same steamer and the same traveling companions; but his experience was not ours, and to us a change of steamers seemed much pleasanter. Perhaps, however, this may not decide the question, but may only serve to show a commendable desire, both on his part and on ours, to be content in whatever state (or steamer) one is compelled to take, and to accept the gifts the gods provide and be thankful. Suppose your stateroom *is* small, and on the wrong side of the ship so that the ports must often be closed. Never mind, you will have better fortune next time, and "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Sup-

pose your fellow passengers are *not* the most agreeable people in the world? Never mind, they are only going on this voyage, and you will leave them at the next port. Suppose, on the other hand, that they are all very agreeable people, and you are sorry to leave them. Never mind, you will make other delightful acquaintances on the next steamer, and we shall be sure to meet them again, sometime, somewhere; and oh, how many delightful friends we shall have before the year is over! Suppose you do not find the table or the service quite satisfactory. Never mind, they are sure to be better next time.

Think, too, of the delights of keeping house in a different place each day. Oh, tired housekeeper in the dear homeland, did you ever weary of looking out upon the same sights day after day? Did you ever get tired of the tree in front of your kitchen window and wish it were a post or a rock, a flower-bed or a fountain? Did you ever weary of looking into your neighbor's back yard? Then you will understand how delightful it is to find your house in a new place every morning. If you do not like your front yard to-day, you can console yourself with the thought that it will be your back yard to-morrow. If you are not pleased with the Banda Sea this week, you know you will have the Sulu Sea next week. If Thursday Island does not suit you, wait a day or two and you can have Friday Island, or Saturday Island.

It is true that all water looks very much alike, whether it is the Yellow Sea or the Bosphorus, but then you can always assure yourself that it is not the same, and that you are looking out upon a different place from yesterday.

I must confess to an occasional wild desire to tie our house to a tree somewhere, and keep it still for a little while, and to certain unappeased longings for an old stump that I

have often looked upon as a disfiguring blot upon the landscape. There were days when I should have considered that stump "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," if I could have been set down suddenly beside it. However, this only goes to show what discontented creatures we mortals are. When we have a stump we sigh for something else, and when we have something else we pine for a stump. Such is life!

I remember three or four different steamers which seemed to me particularly delightful. I shall never forget the day I climbed up from the *Tarshaw*—a little steam-tug that had brought us out from Brisbane—over a high railing and down on to the deck of the *Chingtu*, thence into our stateroom, which was to be our home for three weeks. We were all tired after a long series of meetings for nearly six weeks, and the prospect of rest was comforting. As we arranged our household effects in the little stateroom, what a delightful feeling of peace and quietness came over us! No more meetings, no more hurrying to catch a train, no more packing and unpacking, nothing to do but to rest and keep house for three weeks with everything new and interesting, for the steward of the *Chingtu* was a Chinaman, the quartermaster was a Malay, the captain was an Englishman, with a general disregard of his h's, and the passengers were mostly Chinese.

Nothing can be more delightful than early morning in the tropics. After the hot night in the little stateroom below it was refreshing to go up on the cool deck, and, reclining lazily in a steamer chair, look off upon the land and sea, for we were inside the Great Barrier reef and were almost always in sight of land. Often a soft footfall on deck announced John Chinaman, our table steward, bringing a cup of delicious tea and some dainty little pieces of toast, hot, crisp, nicely buttered, and tempting to the appetite.

At half-past eight came breakfast in the cool dining-saloon, with punkahs moving briskly to make a breeze, and Chinese stewards, in their white jackets, flitting about the room attending to the wants of the passengers.

The forenoons always passed quickly with reading and writing and sewing, for this was an easy, lazy kind of housekeeping with no household cares to attend to. Before it seemed possible that it could be so late would come the call to tiffin, and we were always ready to respond, for there is nothing like a sea breeze to give one an appetite. Then an afternoon nap, a game or two of quoits on deck, a little writing, and, almost before we know it, it is "eight bells," and John Chinaman again appears with more tea and toast. Strange as it may seem, we are ready for it again, and the tea is so good and the toast so hot and so daintily served that it would tempt the poorest appetite.

Ding, dong,—two bells. Can it be five o'clock? Almost dinner time, and we have only time enough for a little promenade.

How delightful the cool, evening breeze, and what a gorgeous sunset! If morning in the tropics is always beautiful, the long, moonlight evenings on the steamer's deck are no less so, with the Southern Cross looking down upon us! It was hard to realize on those warm summer evenings that our friends at home were shivering in the chill November blast, while we sat lazily in our steamer chairs enjoying the cool soft air and dreading the descent into our stuffy little stateroom.

Then there was the *Empress of China* with its large, convenient staterooms, which seemed to us like palatial apartments, with its broad, shady decks, and little English children running about under the care of their Chinese Ammahs. There was the Japanese steamer, the *Yokohama*

Maru, on which we spent such a dismal Christmas on the Yellow Sea, and the *Peru*, which carried us safely through a Typhoon on Thanksgiving eve, and the Russian steamer *Tchickatchoff*, one of the very pleasantest steamers of them all, and the *Victoria*, and many others which might be mentioned. All of these floating homes of ours have pleasant memories connected with them, besides not a few gloomy ones. What a fortunate thing it is that the doleful memories fade away and only the bright ones linger.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF JAPAN—A JAPANESE PRAYER MEETING—NATIVE POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE—MY EXPERIENCE WITH CHOPSTICKS.

Compensations—The Brown Babies of India—The Yellow Babies of Japan—Queensland Lucy—A Forlorn Little Black Girl—The Hottest Place on Earth—Home Life in Japan—Going to Prayer Meeting in a Jinrikisha—A Shuffling, Awkward Gait—Where We Left Our Shoes—Japanese Etiquette—A Cordial Welcome—Bowing to the Floor—"Rock of Ages" in Japanese—An Interesting Meeting—Struggling with a Foreign Language—"Sayonara" to our Friends—Japanese Refreshments—Eating Bean Soup with Chopsticks—A Difficult Operation—Drinking Soup from a Bowl—Delusive Beans—New Use for a Sleeve—A Japanese Pillow—The Professor of Flowers.

SOME of the compensations that come to a woman who for the sake of taking a journey around the world has given up her own home, are the delightful glimpses she gets of other homes, and the pleasant acquaintances made with other women and children. If she cannot cuddle her own babies she can cuddle the little brown ones in India or Ceylon, or the yellow ones in China and Japan, and in talking with their mothers she cannot help but feel a sympathy with home life in other lands such as never could have been awakened by books or travelers' tales.

One of my first native acquaintances was little "Queens-

land Lucy" (as we called her), on the *Mariposa*, the steamer which carried us from San Francisco to Sydney. Her sad little face was the blackest one I ever saw, and she was so thin and poor that I wondered if she ever had enough to eat. As I became better acquainted with her, I found that the sober face could light up with a smile, and that in spite of her forlorn appearance she had a comfortable home. She was an aboriginal Australian girl from North Queensland, who had been adopted by white people, who cared for her as if she had been their own. She was a most forlorn little miss to look at, however, and seemed to have very little idea of life as happy, rolicking children in America know it. During all those twenty-four days on the *Mariposa*, I never saw her run about and play like other children. She would sit alone most of the time with her patchwork in her lap, sometimes sewing a little, sometimes reading, and often with her hands folded, doing nothing. She seemed to be happy, however, in her own quiet way, and an occasional walk on deck seemed to be recreation enough to satisfy her. Afterwards we saw more of these aboriginal inhabitants of Australia at Port Darwin. They are repulsive looking people, most of them as thin as skeletons, all of them with very black faces, but seeming happy and contented with their lot in life.

It seemed to me that Port Darwin was the hottest place on the face of the earth, but a few European people manage to live there, and the natives seemed to like the terrific heat. Groups of mothers and children sat on the ground basking in the sun. The mothers seemed to be very fond of their black babies, and some of them were bright looking little tots, though none were pretty. In every other country I invariably found bright, pretty, attractive children, no matter what their color or their costume might be, but

among all these little black babies in North Australia I did not see one that looked kissable or even as though it could be made so.

So far as I could learn, but little is being done to civilize or Christianize these people, though I believe there are a few missionaries among them. My heart went out to those poor, dirty, black babies, and I wished with all my heart that I could do something for them.

We had delightful glimpses of home life in Japan. On one occasion I was invited by a missionary lady to attend a women's prayer meeting in Yokohama, an invitation I was glad to accept. She called two jinrikishas, which soon appeared at the door, and after the jinrikisha men had wrapped their red blankets about us we started off. This is a comfortable way of traveling; indeed, it is almost the only way in Japan, though there are now a few horses in Yokohama, and also in Tokio.

A JAPANESE MOTHER.

How I wish the friends at home could have seen the people we met that afternoon! The demure Japanese maidens with their pretty costumes and obis, shuffling along on their wooden shoes; the little boys and girls with babies tied on their backs,— the babies' heads bobbing about in every direction as the children ran and played; the old women with their wrinkled faces and their black teeth; the jinrikisha men waiting at every corner, standing by their little carriages or sitting between the

shafts with their gay blankets wrapped about them; and occasionally a stylish Japanese lady out for a ride, or an Englishman out for a walk.

It began to rain a little while we were upon this our first journey in a jinrikisha, and while we were quite well protected by the covering overhead, our carriers protected themselves by putting on their rain-coats — not mackintoshes, dear reader, or rubber monstrosities such as we wear at home, but a cheap and convenient affair made of rice-straw, which sheds the water like the feathers of a duck. Thus thatched, our jinrikisha man looked like an animated haystack. His rain cloak covered him almost from head to heels. In the crowded street he was continually shouting, at the top of his voice, "Hi-hi," which may be translated into English, I suppose, as "Look out there," "Get out of the way," in order to clear a passage for our little procession.

A JAPANESE MAIDEN.

Some of the Japanese maidens who passed us in the street were very pretty, though I wished they might learn to walk more gracefully instead of shuffling along in an awkward manner in their clumsy wooden shoes.

After a half-hour's ride, we arrived at last at the private house where the class-meeting was to be held. Before entering we sat on the doorstep, took off our boots, and put on some soft felt slippers which we had brought with us.

CARRIAGE RIDING IN JAPAN—A JINRIKISHA MAN IN HIS RAIN CLOAK. (*From an instantaneous photograph.*)

Thus thatched, our jinrikisha man looked almost like an animated haystack. His rain cloak covered him almost from head to heels. In the crowded streets he was continually shouting at the top of his voice, "Hi-hi!" which may be translated into English, I suppose, as "Look out there," "Get out of the way," in order to clear a passage for our little procession.

As soon as we were inside the house, I understood why custom required us to take off our boots, for the floor, which was covered with dainty, soft straw matting, was immaculately neat and clean.

Japanese women wear wooden shoes, which are held on by a strap across the top of the foot and are easily slipped off at the door; they wear only stockings on their feet while they are in the house.

A little company of women sat on the floor waiting for us. They politely pointed to some cushions which had been placed ready in anticipation of our coming, whereupon we, too, sat down on the floor. It was a cordial Japanese welcome, our hostesses bowing down until their foreheads touched the floor. We returned the salutation as well as we could, though it was not easy to do it gracefully.

The meeting opened by singing the hymn, "Rock of Ages." My hymn book contained a translation of the hymn in Japanese, and I joined with the others in singing:

"Chiyo heshi iwa yo,
Ware wo kakushi ne,
Sakareshi waki no,
Mizu to chishio ni,
Waga tsumi toga wo,
Arai Kiyomeyo."

I realized as never before that we were all children of the same Heavenly Father and that Christian men and women owe something to their brothers and sisters in other lands, whether we recognize the obligation or not.

Christ's last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," simply means, find out your brothers and sisters everywhere, help just as many of them as you can, tell them of their Heavenly Father and of His love for them. I wish that those people who think mis-

sionaries are not accomplishing anything could have been present at this little meeting!

One after another Japanese woman took part. They spoke earnestly and freely of their religious experiences. I could not understand their words, but I could see the reverent spirit they showed and could unite with them in prayer.

When I was asked to speak a few words to them I realized the difficulty missionaries experience in struggling with a foreign tongue. It is never easy to speak through an interpreter. As this was my first day in Japan I had not learned even one word of their language. The meeting closed with another hymn, and after many salutations and much bowing we departed.

Sitting on the doorsteps once more, we put on our boots, and my missionary friend turned and said to our hosts, "Sayonara" (good-bye). I thought I could manage as much as that, so I, too, said "Sayonara," and the good sisters laughed and bowed and seemed much interested.

Afterwards I visited other Japanese homes, and all were attractive places. Clean, white, soft matting on the floors, the ever-present vase of flowers, the pretty screens, even the absence of furniture was pleasant to one who had been accustomed to see so many over-furnished and over-decorated American homes.

I cannot say that I enjoyed Japanese refreshments. I took several lessons in the use of chopsticks, but never became proficient in managing them. It must require years of practice to use them skillfully and gracefully.

I remember especially one experience soon after we reached Japan. I had been at a woman's prayer meeting and at the close refreshments were brought in. We sat on the floor in true Japanese style, not a very comfortable fashion for one who is not accustomed to it. Our hostess

served refreshments on little square trays of lacquer work, setting one tray on the floor in front of each guest. On each tray was a little bowl of bean soup, a pair of chop sticks, a cup of tea, some little cakes, two oranges, and four persimmons. I looked at mine in despair, for I was not hungry and did not know just how much native etiquette required me to eat.

Evidently the bean soup was the thing to begin with. I watched the others and then began on mine as they did on

JAPANESE REFRESHMENTS.

theirs, eating the beans and the rice cakes with the chop-sticks and drinking the soup from the bowl. The rice cake was too big to eat whole and it was certainly rather hard to manage with the chopsticks. Moreover the soup was sweetened, and as I prefer salt and pepper in soup, I did not enjoy it very much.

However, I struggled with my chopsticks and fished out as many beans as I could, and drank the soup. But those beans were a delusion and a snare. After wrestling with the chopsticks and at last catching a bean I would raise it to

my lips, my mouth would open to receive it—and down would go the bean into the soup. Then I would drink a little soup and try again. I succeeded in capturing several beans, but it was the work of time and patience, and at last I gave it up; for I found that the others had all finished theirs and had leisure to observe my frantic efforts.

The tea was very strong, without milk or sugar, but it was served in such dainty china cups that one could hardly

WASHING DAY IN JAPAN.

refrain from drinking it. The little cakes, too, were good, and the oranges and persimmons delicious, but must I eat them all?

As I watched the other guests, I saw that they ate what they pleased and put the rest in their sleeves. My sleeves were not large enough to be very useful in that way, but my missionary friend produced a handkerchief which she had thoughtfully provided for the occasion, and the left-over dainties were carried home.

After we had partaken of refreshments came the leave-

taking, which could not be hurried. One at a time the ladies rose and bowed to the floor, first before the hostess and then before each of the other guests. As there were twenty-five or thirty ladies present it was some time before the proper amount of bowing was done; but at length the last farewell was spoken and stepping into our jinrikishas we were trundled through the narrow streets and back to our home.

I have never experienced sleeping in a Japanese bed, but I saw a good many of them and they looked inviting. Thick comfortables were laid on soft, white straw matting, but the hard, round pillow did not seem conducive to rest. The Japanese wooden pillow never had any attractions for me, though unless one tries to copy the fearful and wonderful style of hair-dressing adopted by many Japanese women there is no need of using it.

STREET CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

A missionary school in any foreign land is always an interesting place. I remember going into one of them in Japan just at the time when the floral professor (if that is his title) was giving lessons in the arrangement of flowers. It was a pretty sight to watch a demure Japanese maiden as she took up a little flower stalk, or a dry twig broken from a leafless tree, and tried it first in one position and then in another, turning her head prettily to one side and then to

the other, all the time looking anxiously at the flower to study the effect, while the professor looked gravely on or offered an occasional suggestion.

From one pupil to another the professor went just as I have seen a teacher of drawing go around among his pupils, giving a word of praise here, offering a suggestion there, or a criticism somewhere else. How earnestly the girls worked at their task, and how pleased they were with a word of commendation!

At first, one is inclined to question whether their time might not be more profitably employed; but as I saw the results of their skillful and artistic work in the graceful arrangements of flowers, and thought of some of the useless fancy work I had seen girls do in American homes, it seemed to me that this part of a Japanese maiden's education is worthy of all praise and could well be followed by girls of other lands. Such a tasteful arrangement of flowers was new to my American eyes. Who would have thought that four or five dry twigs broken from a leafless tree would make such an artistic bouquet, or that a vase with only three sprays of chrysanthemums could be so beautiful?

After looking at these dainty vases, each one holding but three or four sprays and only one kind of flower, each spray arranged with careful reference to the others and all drooping in the most graceful manner,—how coarse and awkward our great round American bouquets seemed, with all kinds of flowers, arranged often without the slightest regard to color or harmony. I shall never look at another bouquet without thinking of the beautiful flowers, always artistically arranged, that can be seen in so many homes in Japan.

Twice a week, in some of the schools, the girls spend an hour with the floral professor in studying this science; for it is a real science as they take it up, and there are definite

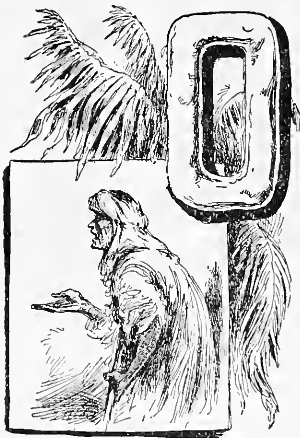
rules governing not only the arrangement of each flower spray, but its relation to all the other sprays and to the vase that is to hold them.

Let it not be thought, however, that this is the only or most important study taken up by the Japanese girls. Many of these mission schools would rank well with our own high schools and seminaries at home, and the girls at Kobe College or the Doshisha would compare very favorably with the girls at Wellesley or Smith or Vassar.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF INDIA — NATIVE DRESS AND ORNAMENTS — LIFE INSIDE A RICH HEATHEN HOME — HEATHEN DOLLS, BRIDES, AND WIDOWS.

Children in Ceylon — Persistent Little Beggars — Curly-Headed Karo — "My so Poor" — Pretty Brown Babies — Little Hands Stretched out for Alms — Ceylon Dandies — Picturesque Waiters — A Race of Beggars — Tipping an Army of Attendants — Starting on a Journey at Three o'clock in the Morning — A Wagon Ride of Seven Miles in the Moonlight — Through the Streets of Vellore — Arrival at a Mission Bungalow — A Native Girl's Boarding School — A Bridal Trousseau in Red and Yellow — Life Inside a Heathen Home — Our Reception by the "Bo" — A Peep into the "Baboo's" Apartments — A Display of Jewelry — An American Doll in India — A Heathen Doll — Mrs. Grundy in a Zenana — Ten-Year-Old Brides — Child Widows.



ONE does not always realize, when looking at the little spot on the map marked "Ceylon," what a big island it is. In Colombo I was much interested in the little brown-faced, black-eyed children, many of them beggars, and the most persistent, irresistible beggars I ever met. Whenever any of them intercepted me in my walks I was wholly at their mercy, for it was almost impossible to say "no" to such winsome, tiny pleaders.

I remember especially one small maiden who told me her name was Karo. Her tangled curly hair fell to her shoulders, her black eyes sparkled, and her merry brown

face made a most interesting picture. She wore a bright red cloth, gracefully draped, and her brown arms and hands were covered with bracelets, bangles, and rings.

She was among the first to greet us when we left the steamer, and persistently followed us to our hotel, which was only a few steps away, begging all the time. "Mama, give my a penny, my so poor. Please, mama, just one penny. I make you salaam, you just give one penny, my very hungry, my so poor, you got plenty money, my so hungry." Then she would draw down the corners of her mouth and put on a pensive look, and in spite of herself would break into a merry smile. She did not appear to be suffering from hunger, neither was she very poor as one reckons poverty in Ceylon, yet it was almost impossible to resist her importunities. She was quick to see my helplessness and was always lying in wait for me.

COLOMBO CHILDREN.

The little brown babies in Ceylon were attractive, too. Almost every woman carried a baby sitting astride her hip, while she threw one arm around it to keep it from falling, and the little creatures looked around with as much interest and wonder as any American baby would show.

It was simply impossible to pass them by without speaking to them, and at least patting their chubby hands. Generally the little hand opened for a penny, for they learn

to beg before they learn to walk. It is comparatively easy to resist a larger beggar, but when a little hand is stretched out for alms the temptation to give is very strong.

The people in Colombo are all interesting, because so many different nationalities are represented — Hindus, Portuguese, Malays, Singhalese, and many others, each one seemingly more picturesque than the others. Many of the men wore their hair long and done up in a pug behind, while others wore round combs on the top of their heads, such as little girls at home often wear to keep their hair out of their eyes. Imagine a tall, full-bearded, imposing looking man, brown faced and barefooted, dressed in a white jacket, with a plaid skirt reaching down to his knees, a round comb on the top of his head, and a generous pug behind. This is a picture of all the waiters at the hotel, and they make the dining-room so picturesque that there seems to be no need of using other decorations.

A HAPPY MOTHER.

Then there are men with long, black, curly hair parted in the middle, and falling in ringlets on their shoulders, and young men of eighteen or nineteen, who look so much like girls that it is hard to tell whether they are men or women. All wear ear-rings, and many of them wear bracelets, too. One man was adorned with half a dozen silver bangles hanging from each ear, just such bangles as young ladies in

America would wear for bracelets. The babies wear little or no clothing, just a string of beads around the neck, and sometimes a string around the waist, but plentifully decorated with bangles and bracelets.

The voyage from Colombo to Tuticorin is short, and it hardly seemed worth while to unpack our goods and set up housekeeping again just for a single night. Everyone had promised us a rough passage, but we were wonderfully

PITIFUL LITTLE CREATURES.

favored and succeeded in getting across without seasickness or tribulations of any kind.

It was a trial to me to have to anchor five miles from land and go ashore in a small boat. The water was rough, but we all survived a thorough shaking up and rejoiced to find ourselves safe on *terra firma* again.

What a difference all at once in the people and their costumes! The pretty babies, merry children, and curly-headed men had vanished, and in their places were men, women, and

children, with brown faces, to be sure, but neither good looking nor picturesque. The men were dressed in white cloth, instead of bright red skirts, and the babies were most pitiful little creatures. The women and girls were adorned with cheap brass finery, ear-rings, finger-rings, toe-rings, anklets, bracelets, necklaces, and nose jewels, all in such abundance that they reminded us of the old nursery rhyme,

> "Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
> And she shall have music wherever she goes."

There were no English-speaking people to be found, and we were not well versed in Tamil; but by means of gestures and the use of vigorous English, we succeeded in engaging some of the natives to carry our luggage to the custom house, and then to the station, and after a hasty tiffin and a ride through the hot, dusty little town, we were glad to find ourselves seated in the train for Madura.

Then what a retinue of men gathered around us begging for remuneration for some real or fancied service which they had rendered us! There were the four men who had brought our luggage to the station; the man who gave us our tiffin; the man who waited upon us at table; the man who cooked the food; the men who stood by and watched us eat it; the punkah-wallah, who pulled the punkah for us; the man who stood by our luggage while we were gone to tiffin; the man who drove us around the town; the men who lifted our luggage from the platform into the car; the man who picked up a key which had been dropped; the man who stood and looked on while he did it; to say nothing of all the men who wanted to do something for us, and who also wished to be remembered.

Fortunately none of them expected a large sum, and they were paid off and dismissed just as the train started on the long, slow journey to Madura.

A visit to the girls' boarding school at Vellore afforded a glimpse of girl life in India at once interesting and instructive. We started from Madanapali at three o'clock in the morning. The boys of the mission school were up, even at that early hour, to see us off, and, escorting us to the gate, they sung us a farewell song as we started off in the moonlight for the seven-mile drive to the railroad station, where we arrived just after sunrise.

The cars of the South Indian railway are not the most comfortable in the world, and after a long, hot, dusty ride, we arrived at Vellore at three o'clock in the afternoon. To one who only looks at the map, the two little dots which stand for Madanapali and Vellore look very near together, but the journey takes nearly twelve hours.

After lingering around the station, wondering how we were going to find our missionary friends, we were accosted by a native, dressed in a white cloth and a white turban, who held a piece of paper in his hand. He could not speak a word of English, nor we of Tamil, but as the paper bore a familiar name we took it for granted that he had been sent, and followed him to a carriage which stood near by with seats for three.

He indicated to us by gestures that we were to get in and drive, and although we had no idea which way to go we seated ourselves in the carriage and drove off, the native running on behind or on one side, occasionally going on in front to clear the way. After a delightful drive through the cool, shady streets of Vellore, we drew up at last in front of the mission bungalow, where a cordial welcome awaited us.

The Girls' Boarding School numbers about one hundred and fifty girls from fourteen to twenty years old. If the mission schools of India had done nothing else they would

be deserving of liberal support for having saved so many girls from the evils of child marriage. But that is very little compared with what the missionaries have done and are doing for the girls and women of India.

Some of the older girls were getting ready to be married, and were making their wedding skirts of bright yellow cloth with large red figures. Others were busy with their books or their sewing.

A run over the building, and a peep into the sleeping rooms, dining-room, kitchen, and school-room followed.

All the girls sleep in one large room. Each bed consists of a long, wide board over which is laid a piece of straw matting. The board is laid on the floor, the matting is thrown over it and the bed is made. Each girl has also a sheet and a blanket that she can use if the weather is cool. A large brass dish, about the size and shape of a wash basin, and a brass drinking cup, comprise all the dishes furnished to each girl. Rice, curry, and plantains constitute the usual food. They are neat in their habits, and although they eat with their fingers, they do so in the prettiest and daintiest manner. As for clothing, all they really need is a cloth of any bright color, which they know how to drape very gracefully. Many of them, however, do wear a skirt as well as a cloth.

Toe rings and anklets seem to answer all the purpose of shoes and stockings.

These girls receive a fair education, learn to sew and to care for their homes and families, and best of all, most of them return to their homes as Christian girls.

Going one day with a missionary friend in Calcutta to visit some of her Zenana friends, I had a rare opportunity to see life in a rich heathen home. The house was a large three-story one with an open court in the center into which

rooms opened from all sides of the building. A servant answered our knock at the door, and in reply to our inquiries told us that the "bo" would be glad to see us up stairs. I wondered why the "bo" did not come to meet us, but soon discovered for myself that it would not have been proper for anyone in her scant attire to come downstairs.

She met us at the top of the stairs and invited us into her private apartments on the third floor. She was proud of her parlor, which was furnished with three chairs, a mirror, and a book-case with glass doors, in which she kept her special treasures and bric-a-brac, consisting of little pewter and china tea sets, toy match-safes, cheap vases and images; and on the top shelf, far out of reach of little fingers, was an American doll which had been given as a prize for regular attendance and good behavior at the mission school. The little owner of the doll looked at it wistfully, but she was never allowed to touch it. "Do you ever play with it?" I asked, through the interpreter who accompanied us. "No, she only looked at it." When I asked if she had a doll that she did play with, she brought me such a poor consumptive image of green and red clay that my heart was moved with pity, not only for her but for the little brown maidens all over India, who know so little of the delights of childhood.

"Would I like to see her jewelry?" the mother asked me. Of course I would. Whereupon, she brought forth her jewel box, and spread before us such an array of gold and silver and precious stones and strings of pearls rarely seen outside of a jewelry store. There were rings, bracelets, anklets, nose jewels, earrings, finger rings, and chains, most of them of solid gold or silver. The heavy bracelets were of solid gold, and so were the costly anklets and earrings which looked as though they would be burdensome to wear.

"Would I let her look at my jewelry?" she asked. Certainly I would. I showed her my watch and plain gold ring, remarking, that while her ornaments were very pretty, I should think they would be troublesome to carry, adding, that mine were all I cared to wear.

"Yes," she said reflectively, "Your way is the best and my bracelets and anklets hurt me, and I do not like to wear them very often, but must sometimes or people would not know I had them." So I found that even in the Zenana Mrs. Grundy holds sway.

Before we left the "bo" invited us into the "baboos" apartments, which were on the second floor and were much more elegant than his wife's. She also showed us her son's room, and a poorer, smaller one where her little daughters slept. Then escorting us to the top of the stairs, she bade us good-bye, and we were left to find our way out alone.

So we left this poor "bo" to live her secluded life, the monotony of which was broken only by combing her hair, doing a little embroidery, gossipping with neighbors who chanced to call, and looking at her jewelry.

We were in India in February, the popular month for weddings, and almost every day we heard the sound of music announcing a wedding procession, and often saw the youthful bridegroom and his tiny bride. My heart was moved with pity for these little brides. The little widows, too, aroused my deepest sympathy. Just think of it, mothers at home! Think of a ten-year-old widow, doomed to a life of misery and woe, because it is supposed to be her fault if her husband dies. When I think how we cherish and guard our own daughters at home, doing our best to keep sorrow and trouble away from them, and then remember these poor little children, my heart cries aloud for help to rescue the benighted women and innocent children of India.

CHAPTER IV.

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY ACROSS TURKEY IN A WAGON — A MEMORABLE NIGHT IN A TURKISH KHAN — TURKISH VILLAGE LIFE — INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Learning by Experience — My Traveling Companions — "Coming out Strong" — Mark Tapley's Opinion of the Sea — Our First Experiences in a Turkish Custom House — Searching for Concealed Books and Papers — A Novel Cavalcade — In a Turkish Khan — A Memorable Night — Rooming with Donkeys, Camels, and Horses — Our Wash Basin — Over the Taurus Mountains — An American Spring Wagon in Asia Minor — A Dismal Prospect — Filth and Dirt Everywhere — Sickening Sights in Village Streets — Hobson's Choice — In a Native House — Putting an Armenian Baby to Bed — A Cheerful Infant — A Peep into Paradise — Dirty Turks — Eating out of the Same Dish with Them — A Plague of Fleas — Some Pointed Questions.

T is hardly possible for women in America, accustomed to journeying in express trains and luxurious drawing-room cars, to understand just what a journey of several hundred miles across Turkey in a wagon was to the one "lone, lorn woman" who accomplished it, and whose companions were seven men! How she counted up the comforts and blessings of life in the homeland, and how often she resolved, that if she ever lived to see her native land again she would never complain of any hardships or tribulations which come to an ordinary housekeeper in America! How many lessons she learned of thankfulness for small

mercies! How soon she learned, too, that it was possible to live without a good many things that most people count among the necessities of life.

The whole trip across Turkey from the landing at Mersin to our departure from Constantinople, was what Mark Tapley would have called "jolly." "I'm always a thinking," said that cheerful philosopher, "that with my good health and spirits it would be more creditable in me to be jolly where there's things a going on to make one dismal. It may be a mistake of mine, you see, but nothing short of trying how it acts, will set it right. I don't believe there ever was a man as could come out so strong under circumstances that would make other men miserable as I could, if I could only get a chance."

Some of our experiences on the Mediterranean Sea were very like Mark Tapley's description of life at sea.

"The sea," he continues, "is as nonsensical a thing as anything going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them polar bears in the wild beast shows, as is constantly nodding their heads from side to side, it never can be quiet, which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity."

"Is that you, Mark?" asked a faint voice from another berth.

"Its as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work," Mr. Tapley replied. "What with leading the life of a fly ever since I've been aboard (for I've been perpetually holding on to something or other, in an upside down position), what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out in various ways, there ain't too much of me to swear by. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity."

To at least one of the three pilgrims, the Mediterranean Sea has left some jolly memories. The landing at Mersin was "jolly"; trying to walk down the steps from the steamer into the little boat which takes passengers ashore, was not the easiest thing in the world; the tossing about on the rough waves, and the landing at the steps, and the rough greeting from the Turkish Custom House officials, all these things were sufficiently "jolly".

No one who has not tried it can quite realize how trying to a woman's soul was the treatment given to those trunks in that Turkish Custom House. Unfortunately for the pilgrims, one of the first discoveries made by the inspectors was a book. Then, alas for the travelers, and alas for the trunks! Such rummaging, such unrolling of bundles and opening of boxes and packages, such searching for concealed books or papers, until at last every book had been seized, and our crumpled clothing and crushed bundles and packages were tossed back into the trunks in one confused mass! From the first moment those rude inspectors opened our trunks until our dismantled and disheveled belongings were thrown into them again, one woman lost all the respect she ever had for the Turkish government. And that experience in the Custom House was only a sample of all the courtesy and kindness, or the lack of it, that was shown to the travelers by Turkish officials in all that memorable journey across the country.

I think we all breathed a great sigh of relief when at last we shook the dust of Constantinople from our feet, and sailed away through the Dardanelles to Italy and the Ionian shores.

The journey began at Tarsus, that ancient city where Paul was born. The wagon, which was a palatial affair for Turkey, was very much like an emigrant's wagon, a large,

heavy, baggage wagon with a white canvas top. The procession started off in great style, first the Turkish "Zabtieh" "saddled, bridled, and fit for the fight," as the nursery rhyme has it, then the white-covered wagon which carried the three pilgrims and their missionary friend who was also guide, conductor, and driver, with bedding and food enough to last the four for a week; and last, the clumsy native wagon which carried the trunks, two Turks for drivers, and Ali, our Turkish servant and trusty helper.

The jouncing and jolting and the thousand and one discomforts, big and little, soon began to make themselves felt, and we realized that we had a chance "to come out strong."

Twenty or twenty-five miles a day would not seem to the American mind to be much of a journey, but it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. When at noon the wagon drew up before a Turkish khan, it was a great surprise, to one of the wayfarers at least, to be invited to alight and go inside to eat dinner.

What! go into such a place as that, eat dinner there, rest there! Never, so long as she had the spirit of a woman would she so demean herself! "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I," was the feeling in her heart as she meekly answered, "Would it not be pleasanter to sit right here in the wagon and eat our lunch in the open air?"

Her suggestion was accepted and the first dinner was a pleasant picnic lunch. But when twilight came and the wagon drew up before another khan even more unattractive in its appearance than the first, and a dismount was inevitable, the one forlorn woman in the party felt like a veritable "Mrs. Gummidge" when she found it was really expected, not only that she would go into such a place, but that she would eat her supper and sleep there.

However, there was no help for it, and she meekly accepted the situation, and gathering her skirts about her, she tiptoed her way through the dirty stable-yard into a little low, dark room opening out of it, and tried to be "jolly".

Who shall describe that first night in a Turkish khan! It is impossible for any American woman to appreciate the situation.

Imagine a little, low stone building mostly under ground, with a square courtyard in the middle, out of which three rooms open. One of these rooms was assigned to the pilgrims, one to the Turkish drivers and a few other Turks, and the third to the donkeys and camels and horses.

Can you imagine what the best room in the khan is like? The carpet is of a dark brown color and is what is commonly known as dirt. If our visit had happened to be in rainy weather it would have been mud.

There was one small mercy to be thankful for, it did not rain. Along each side of the room, about two feet from the floor, were wooden platforms about four feet wide with just room enough to walk between them. On one of these platforms we set up a narrow cot bed, and arranged our trunks, boxes, and food; for all our valuables must be kept in the same room with us or they would probably be stolen. On the other platform were two other tipsy cot beds which also served for sofas and tables.

The walls of the room were of rough stone and mortar, frescoed with smoke. The ceiling was of rough rafters also frescoed with smoke. The chandelier was a tallow candle. This room was to be not only sleeping-room, but sitting-room and dining-room and parlor for all of us! The other occupants of the room were fleas and other objectionable roommates. This room was a fair sample of the quarters in

which we ate, and slept every night during the whole journey across Asia Minor. There was abundant opportunity "to come out strong".

In the morning there was sometimes a mountain stream to wash in, and that was a great luxury. Oftener there was a tin or brass vessel, something like a teapot, from which a little water could be poured on our hands and an unsatisfactory apology for a bath could be obtained.

Nevertheless, the journey over the Taurus mountains was delightful and interesting, and the scenery was grand enough to make up for all the weariness, discomfort, and annoyance. All that any wagon could do, that wagon did; but there are limits to the possibilities of even an American spring wagon in Asia Minor, and when the road was absolutely impassable, as was frequently the case, we were obliged to walk. Anyone who could have looked across the lands and seas at the close of the last day of that wagon journey would have seen one of the most forlorn-looking women in Turkey.

After traveling for days across a barren, treeless plain, we at last saw indications of approaching civilization, and it was evident that we were drawing near to the land of railways. The villages became more frequent and life more interesting. We had been riding all day from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, stopping at noon at a little Koordish village for lunch, which we had eaten in the wagon. Our lunch consisted of bread — which was rather dry, after having been carried in the wagon for six days — some native butter, which, at its best was never inviting, boiled eggs, cold meat, and doughnuts, all of which were stale enough after their long journey. It was cold in the wagon, but it was so much cleaner than any other place in the neighborhood that it seemed desirable to stay there.

Ali, our trusty servant, succeeded in finding a fire somewhere, sufficient to brew some tea, which made the repast a trifle more cheerful, for the tea at least was hot. The village was one of the poorest and dirtiest on the route. From my seat in the wagon were to be seen, by actual count, thirteen dead sheep, a dead camel, a dead dog, and a dead donkey, all lying in the village streets, left there for nature to take care of. Some of them had evidently been dead a good many days. Not a pleasant outlook, to be sure, nor one that contributed to the enjoyment of our frugal meal.

It hardly seems possible that people could really live amid such surroundings. And yet the little, dirty, ragged children trotted about the streets, picking their way past dead animals and live dogs with equal indifference, and apparently as happy as any other children anywhere, and looking hale and hearty, too, in spite of the filth and dirt.

We often found compensation for all the jolting over rough roads in the great beauty of the scenery, after leaving the barren plain and getting into the hilly region again. With a north wind blowing in our faces all day we found ourselves so cold, as the night drew near, that we were glad enough when at last we reached the little village where we were to spend the night, knowing full well what kind of quarters we should probably find.

Did it ever happen to you, my sister, to take a long, cold, wearisome journey, and then to find when you reached home at night, a warm, pleasant room, with a bright, cheery open fire, and a good hot supper waiting for you? Did you not forget all the weariness of the journey in the pleasant home-coming? Visions of that sort entranced us occasionally as we journeyed, but alas, they were only visions. What we usually found at the end of the day's journey was the same

little dirty Turkish village of low stone buildings, occupied by surly Turks. I remember one night, especially, when the owners of the miserable house were so cross that they either could not or would not find the key to the only guest chamber in the village. They were tired and hungry, for it was the month of "Ramazan", — they had been keeping fast all day — and they did not feel amiable enough to do anything for those "Giaours".

At last, however, after patient waiting, the key was found and the door unlocked. Passing through the stable, which was worse than any American stable could possibly be, then up a flight of dirty stone steps, we were ushered into a little room directly over the stable. Leaving me to my own meditations, the men hurried out to unpack the wagon. I looked around for the cleanest place in the room, but there wasn't any. There was no place to sit down, so I stood up, glad that it was so dark that I couldn't see how dirty it was. How I longed for my own cellar at home, or my neighbor's barn chamber! I even felt a sympathy for the prodigal son when he envied his father's servants. Fortunately there was not much time for the dolefuls, for soon the tramping of feet on the stairs proclaimed the arrival of the bed and trunks and provisions. It seemed to be absolutely necessary either to laugh or cry, and with a "Herculaneum effort," as Mrs. Partington would have said, I decided to laugh. The cot beds were soon set up, and one of them served for a table and the other for a lounge. The one small candle gave a feeble light, reminding one of those lines of Milton's,

> "No light but rather darkness visible
> Served only to discover scenes of woe."

The canvas-covered, rickety cot bed made a table that was never to be depended upon, and neither was it so attractive as some; but when it was covered with a table-

cloth it answered the purpose very well, and harmonized with the surroundings. Ali succeeded in getting some hot water, and made something which he averred was cocoa, and though we had neither milk nor sugar to go with it, we supped and ate our dry bread and stale butter, and tried to be thankful that things were no worse.

When the door of the room was shut it kept out some of the odors of the stable. There were three tiny little windows in the room, each about eight or nine inches square and completely covered with paper tightly pasted on. After bearing it as long as we could, we broke some of these paper panes for the sake of fresh air, though the outside air was not much better than that on the inside.

Perhaps my readers may wonder why we were willing to sleep in such a place, but such wondering is easily anwered. In the first place it must be said that we did not *sleep* much, we only stayed there, and in the second place it was only "Hobson's choice"—it was that or nothing. That was the best room in the village, and the next village was twenty miles away.

We were thankful when the night was over and were perfectly willing to rise early in the morning and go on our way. The experience of each day and night was very much alike. We enjoyed the interesting glimpses of home life to be seen nowhere else than on such a journey as this, and one or two days spent with native Armenian families added variety to the experiences. We were cordially welcomed in these native Christian homes and were treated with great hospitality, and although Armenian ways are not American ways, and some of their customs were not easy to adopt, yet we retain only pleasant memories of those visits with our Armenian friends.

It was an interesting sight to see a tiny Armenian baby

put to bed in one of these homes. A little blanket was first laid in the cradle, then a small sheet, then some warm, dry sand, and last the baby. The sheet, blanket, and two or three little quilts were then drawn around him, and the baby was securely tied down, blankets and quilts and all, and there he must lie till morning, with no power to move anything except his head. The little one usually accepted the situation cheerfully and submitted with good grace.

The women in these Christian families were treated kindly by their husbands, but their position was an inferior one. They waited upon their husbands and their guests at the table, and then took their own meals by themselves afterwards. They appeared happy and contented, but to an American woman their lives seemed hard and narrow.

But what a joyful company we were when the first part of the journey was over, and we arrived at the homes of missionary friends in Cæsarea and Talas. It was like a peep into paradise to come into a clean Christian home.

How we appreciated the common, every-day mercies that we had so often forgotten before. Did you ever count up your mercies, good housekeepers at home? Do you know how good it is to live in a house and sleep in a bed? Are you sufficiently thankful for clean dishes, or for the privilege of making them clean? Are you grateful for cold water and a clean glass to drink it out of? Did you ever think how pleasant it is to have a plate all to yourself to eat breakfast from, instead of having one dish set in the center of the table for all the family to dip their spoons into? Are you thankful enough for the good bread that you eat every day? Do you ever thank the Lord that you have not a house full of fleas? Are you thankful that your neighbor has clean hands so that you can shake them without a shiver?

If my experiences on this overland journey through Turkey serve to make any one more thankful for the blessings of home, or to make any of us feel more sympathy for our missionary friends who have to endure many more discomforts than have been hinted at here, and who endure them cheerfully and gladly for the sake of the work, then the purpose for which this brief record has been written will have been accomplished.

CHAPTER V.

GOOD-BYE.
'GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN."

The Departure from San Francisco — The Crowded Wharf — "All Ashore that's Going Ashore"— The Song of Farewell — The Captain's Encouragement — Good Cheer for All — A Never-to-be-forgotten Song — In Moreton Bay — On Board the *Chingtu* — Our Friends on the Launch — Chattering Chinese — A Voice from the *Tarshaw* — An Unappreciative Listener — Another Precious Memory — At a Railway Station in Okayama — Japanese Courtesy — The Train Waits for the Song — In a Chinese Schoolroom — The Lively Little Junior — The Dear Old Hymn in Chinese — In a Little Hill Town of India — Departure in the Early Morning — Surrounded by Ghosts — "God Be With You" in Hindu Dialect — A Brown-faced Boy Choir — Sweet, Lingering Echoes — A Blessed Memory of Friends in Distant Lands.

THE good steamship *Mariposa* is just ready to sail from San Francisco for Sydney. The last warning has been given — "All ashore that's going ashore"— and the wharf is crowded with people who are waiting to wave a last good-bye to friends on board. The last whistle sounds and the steamer is off. But as she starts, some earnest Christian Endeavorers on the shore lift up their voices, and the sweet strains of "God be with you till we meet again," float on the air.

The passengers are walking up and down the deck talking busily together, but they pause a minute as they hear the

sweet sounds. The captain is full of serious thoughts of the long voyage before him, and of the great responsibility that rests upon him, and there is a lump in his throat, so he tells us afterwards, as he stops to listen to the words:

> "When life's perils thick confound you,
> Put His loving arms around you."

and the "God be with you" will linger in his mind for many a day as he sails over the lonely seas.

The sailors who are hoisting the Stars and Stripes, pause a minute as they catch the sound of

> "Keep love's banner floating o'er you,"

and the timid passenger who feared the dangers of the long voyage was cheered as she heard the reassuring words.

Fainter and fainter grow the sounds, but three pilgrims still linger, looking longingly towards the shore to catch the very last strains. They are starting on a long, long journey, and their hearts are sore at the thought of all they are leaving behind them, and of the long year that must intervene before their return. As the last faint

> "God be with you till we meet again"

dies away upon the air, their hearts are cheered and comforted, as they go on their way.

Perhaps those Christian Endeavorers will never know just how many were helped and strengthened by their song that hot August day, but those who were helped will not soon forget the song or the singers.

IN AUSTRALIA.

Once more the scene is on shipboard, but this time the crew and many of the passengers are Chinese. The steamer *Chingtu*, which has been anchored for a few hours in Moreton Bay, is just starting on a three-weeks voyage from Australia to China. Near by is a little steam launch which has

come from Brisbane, to bring some passengers; and a company of our friends, who have come so far with us, are waiting for a last good-bye.

The captain stands on the deck talking with one of the passengers. The crew are busy in their several places, and the Chinese passengers on the forward deck are jabbering fast and loud. Three pilgrims on the upper deck are leaning over the rail for a last look at kind friends whom they are leaving, and, just as the steamer starts, a voice from the *Tarshaw* strikes up the tune "God be with you till we meet again."

A gentleman who is standing near, turns to the captain and remarks: "You never had such a send-off as this before, did you?" "No," says the captain, gruffly, "and I don't want to again," and they both turn away and walk to the other side of the deck, but, as he turns, the captain cannot help hearing the sweet "God be with you," and it may be that the words still linger in his memory to help him in some future hour, though he cares not for them now.

The few first-class passengers seem indifferent, and the Chinamen on the lower deck cannot understand the song; but to the three pilgrims, who are still looking lovingly across the water as the *Tarshaw* sails away, the words have another precious memory associated with them, and they listen eagerly till the very last note dies away in the distance.

IN JAPAN.

This time the scene is in a railway station in Okayama. We have taken our seats in the train, and while we rejoice to be facing homewards, yet our joy is tinged with sadness as we say a last good-bye to dear missionary friends and Japanese friends alike.

We wonder when or where we shall meet again these

friends who are so dear to us, when suddenly, the sweet notes of "God be with you till we meet again," ring out on the air. Japanese voices and American voices take up the strain, and the Japanese railway guards stop to listen. It is past the hour for the train to start, but Japanese politeness will not interrupt the sweet good-bye, and even the "Imperial Japanese Railway" waits for that song.

As the last "God be with you" dies away, the train starts on its journey, while the three pilgrims go on their way with a song in their hearts.

IN CHINA.

Imagine a large schoolroom not very unlike an old-fashioned New England schoolroom. The desks are not of the latest style, and the room is not very elegant, but it has been prettily decorated. On the walls hang bright-colored scrolls, with Chinese characters inscribed on them, expressing cordial greetings. In the back of the room are pretty floral decorations, also in Chinese characters, giving a Chinese welcome. The rows of benches are filled with bright-eyed boys and young men, dressed in Chinese costume, and with their long queues hanging down their backs.

In the back of the room are a few Chinese women, and one little Chinese baby, who has come to this Christian Endeavor meeting, probably to represent Junior Endeavor. The meeting is a very interesting one though it is all in Chinese, and the little junior adds to the interest by creeping down the aisle and expressing his applause by patting on the platform with his baby hands.

Just before the close of the meeting, some slips of red paper on which are inscribed some Chinese characters, are passed around among the audience. A twelve-year-old Chinaman takes his place at the cabinet organ, and the audience all rise and begin to sing. The complicated Chinese

characters on the red paper are unreadable, and the unpronounceable words have no meaning to American ears, but there was no mistaking the tune. Once more the three pilgrims listened to the beautiful "God be with you," and though they could not join in singing the Chinese words, yet they understood the tune and in the spirit could join in the song. Then in Chinese and English, the prayer arose,

> "By His counsel's guide, uphold you,
> With His sheep securely fold you.
> God be with you till we meet again."

May that prayer be answered, and may all who sung it that day in that great heathen city be ready always to follow the teachings of the "Good Shepherd," and be led by Him in the paths of righteousness!

IN INDIA.

It was early morning in the little hill town of Madanapali, so early that even the first rays of the sun could not yet be seen, and the moon was still shining brightly in the heavens. It is three o'clock in the morning, and the three pilgrims are just starting on their homeward journey. The large old-fashioned missionary wagon, drawn by diminutive white oxen, stands at the door, for they are seven miles from the nearest railway station.

As they climb up into the high wagon, and start on their long drive, they take one last look around them. How quiet and peaceful it all looks! There is the mission bungalow and the long, low school building, and the little church on the other side of the compound. Suddenly, some ghostly figures rise before them in the moonlight and surround the wagon. Before they have time to be alarmed, they recognize the ghosts, for these are the boys from the mission school. Draped in their white clothes, some with white tur-

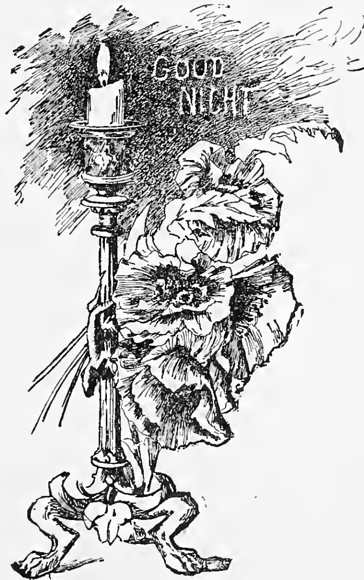
bans and some with brown caps on their heads, they have come out at this early hour for a last good-bye.

As the little white oxen start, the boys run along by the side of the wagon, singing their farewell:

> "God be with you till we meet again.
> When life's perils thick confound you,
> Put His loving arms around you,
> God be with you till we meet again."

This time the song is sung in the Telugu tongue, but it sounds sweetly in the ears of the pilgrims as they ride away over the hills, and they will not soon forget the bright, brown-faced Indian boys who sung it.

Many more memory pictures might be given if time and space allowed. To these three pilgrims the song, "God be with you till we meet again," will always bring up many delightful memories of their journeyings in other lands.



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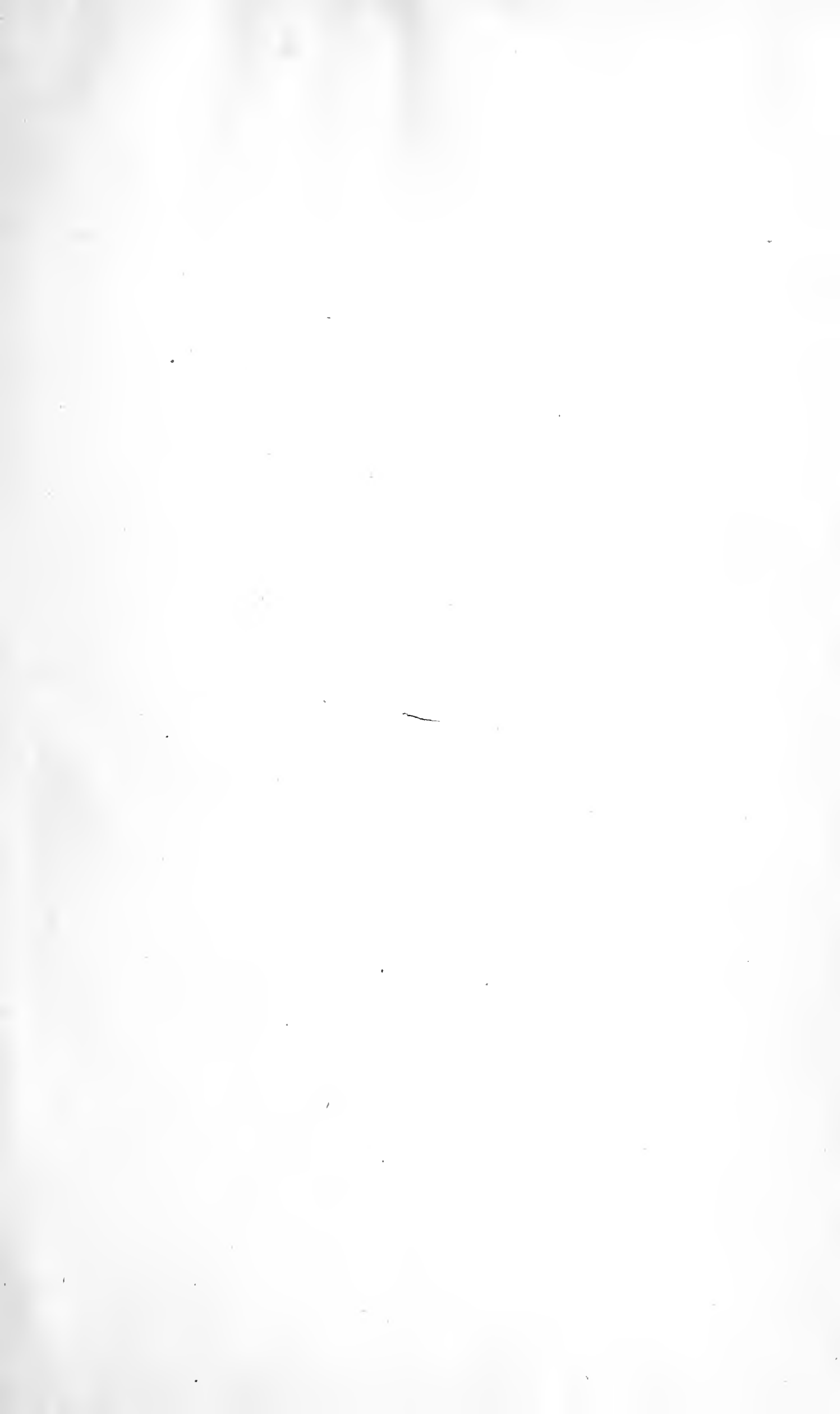

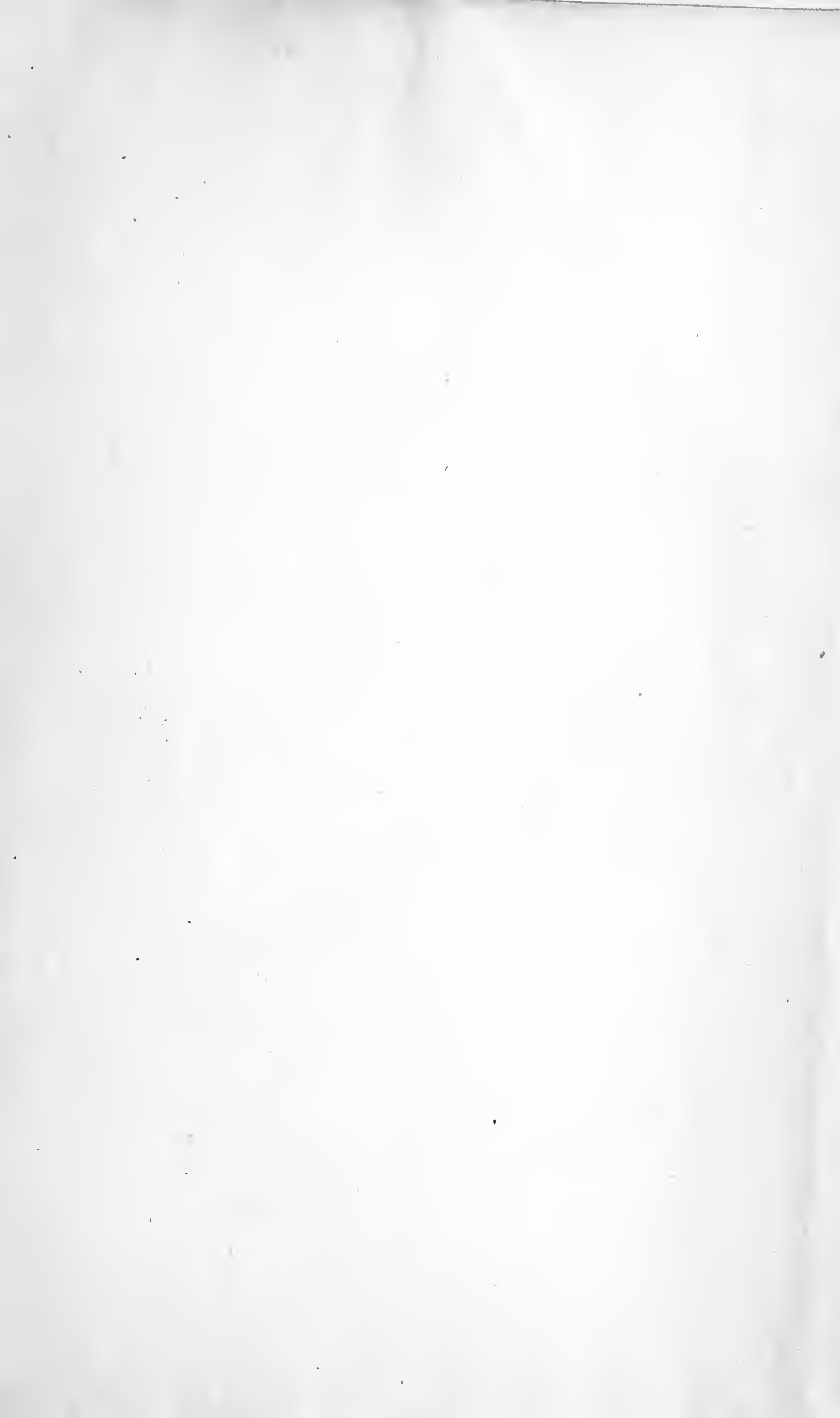

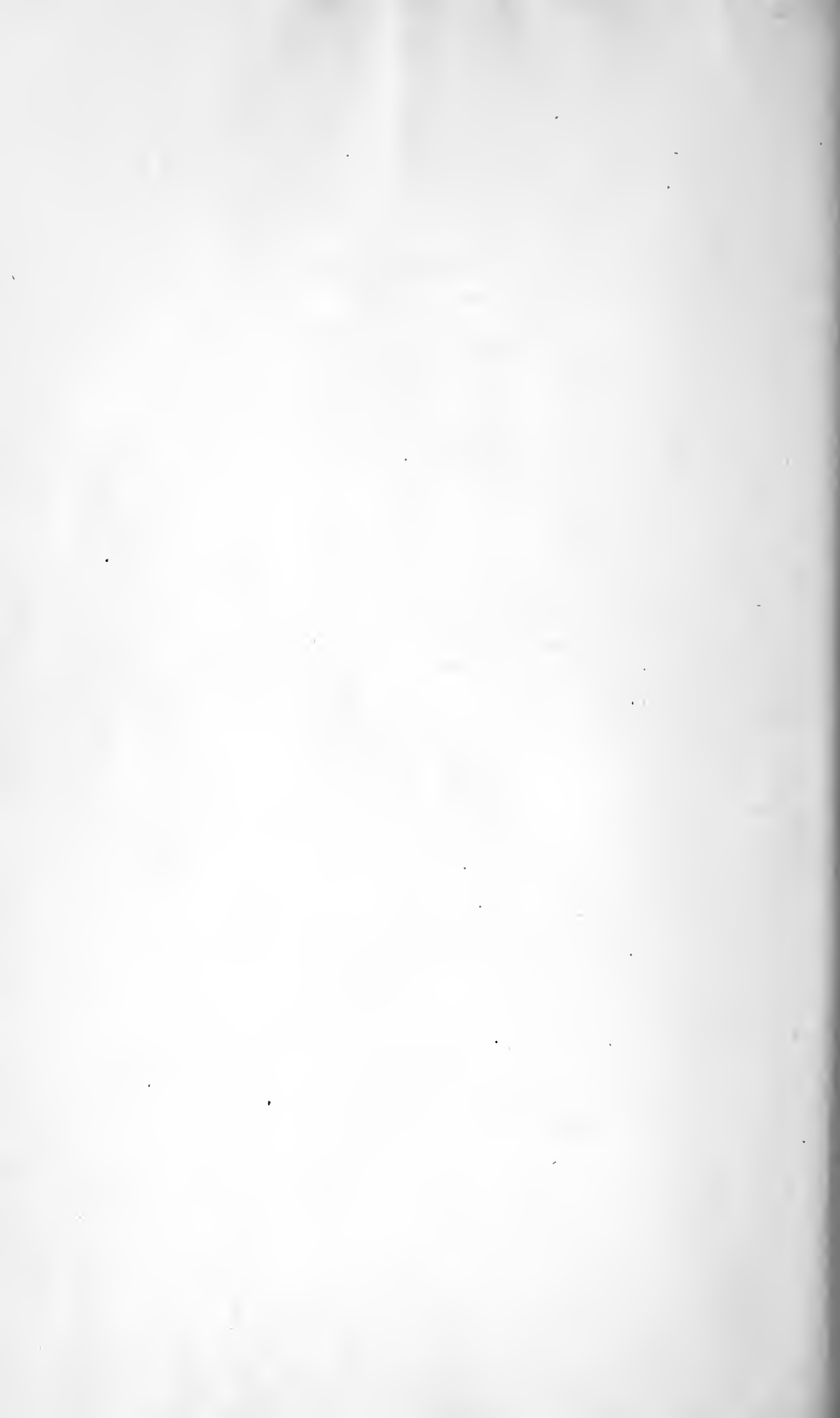

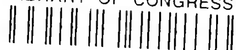
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